

THE
CALCUTTA MAGAZINE

AND
MONTHLY REGISTER

Containing

- I. ORIGINAL PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.
 - II. THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.
 - III. GLEANINGS—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.
 - IV. REGISTER OF ECCLESIASTICAL, CIVIL, MILITARY,
MARINE, COMMERCIAL AND DOMESTIC
OCCURRENCES.
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THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

No. 1.—JANUARY, 1830.

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Notice to Correspondents.

Several contributions have been unavoidably postponed to our next number; among these is the Poem of "The Dying Buccaneer."

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read the following words—"Don't be discouraged; march, for the holy cause of poor Germany. May God protect you! This is the sincere wish of your early playmate AMELIA." Amelia was the daughter of Mr. Guyot.

Watteville was more gratified by the heroism of the girl, than the receipt of the money, which probably was taken from her savings. He wrote immediately to a friend in Herbesheim inclosing some lines to Amelia expressive of his gratitude and pleasure, and departed to join the army.

THE INCOGNITO.

I shall not relate Watteville's martial adventures; suffice it to say that he was present in the hottest actions and behaved nobly. Napoleon was sent to Elba. Watteville did not return home like the other volunteers but accepted of a lieutenancy in a regiment of infantry. He was better pleased with the life of a soldier than a lawyer. His regiment joined the second campaign against France, and he returned home, at last, amid the sounds of trumpets and triumphal songs.

Watteville though he was present in two great battles and various skirmishes, had the good fortune to return free from wounds. He flattered himself that as a reward for his valorous conduct in the service of his country he might speedily obtain a civil employment. But he found himself disappointed.

He remained therefore a lieutenant and though Mr. Guyot, his old tutor, had long ago sent him the balance of his small paternal property all of which had vanished, he rambled about in his garrison, made verses in the guard room, and philosophical reflections on the parade. At last the troops were ordered to remove, and his company had directions to march to Herbesheim. At the head of his company (for his captain, a rich baron, was on leave of absence) he entered his native town. How much did he feel when he saw the high black steeple! At the town house the drum ceased to beat. Two counsellors distributed the billets, and the commander was of course quartered in the first house of the town. It was Mr. Guyot's!

Mr. Guyot had quite forgotten him, and receiving him as a stranger showed him very civilly into a fine apartment. "Captain," said Mr. Guyot, "this and the adjoining rooms were occupied by your predecessor, pray make yourself at home."

Watteville preserved his incognito. As soon as he had changed his dress, dinner was announced. At the dinner table he found, besides Mr. and Mrs. Guyot and various visitors all of whom he recognized, a young lady whom he could not recollect. The company spoke of the regret of every one at the departure of the soldiers that Watteville had relieved.

"I hope" said Watteville "that you will have no less reason to be satisfied with my soldiers and myself when we have become familiar with you."

The captain, who was astonished at not seeing his play fellow Amelia, to whom he still owed the 15 Louis d'or, inquired of his hostess if she had any children.

"A daughter" replied Mrs. Guyot and pointed towards the young lady.

Watteville was thunderstruck. "Heavens!" thought he "what a superior being is the little Amelia grown!"

"Mrs. Guyot then mentioned with tears in her eyes, a son who died when very young. Don't grieve for him, my dear, said Mr. Guyot, who knows but he might have turned out as great a ragamuffin as Fritz."

Watteville felt not a little embarrassed, for the ragamuffin Fritz, was no other than himself.

"But do you know Papa if Fritz has continued such a wild fellow as you represent him?" said Amelia. The question warmed the Captain more thoroughly than the glass of Burgundy, which he had just raised to his lips.

There was a trace of old friendship in the question: Such an interesting question from such interesting lips, and put in so sweet and heart-moving a voice, could not but gild the bitter pills which Mr. Guyot unwittingly compelled him to swallow.

To justify his severe sentence he related to his guest, the history of Watteville's own follies. "If that fellow" said he, concluding his narration with a moral application, had applied himself to any good purpose in the university, he would not have enlisted amongst the Soldiers. Had he not become a Soldier, he might now have been a counsellor of State, and might at all events have gained an honest livelihood."

"I don't know" replied the daughter "whether he was industrious at the university, but I know that he went with a good heart to sacrifice himself for the holy cause."

"Do not always pester my ears with that holy cause," exclaimed Mr. Guyot, "whereabouts lies that holy trash? I ask where? The French are chased away, true, but the holy empire in spite of it is gone to the Devil. The old taxes are kept up, and new ones added. Those confounded Englishmen with their merchandize, are suffered to come here, as before, to spoil our markets and no one cares if we, the holy Germans, become holy beggars."

Watteville perceived by this conversation that old Guyot was still the same lively, hot and eccentric being, with whom notwithstanding his singularities it was not possible to get angry.

As it was necessary to pronounce a decision in the contest between father and daughter, the Captain had the prudence and complaisance to agree entirely, with the father, in respect to the

holy cause, which increased Mr. Guyot's good opinion of his understanding. But then as he could not directly condemn himself, he took the part of his fair intercessor, with regard to the good heart with which Fritz had sacrificed himself for the supposed holy cause.

"Observe now" exclaimed the old man "The Captain is more sly than Paris with the three foolish maids of Troy; he cuts the apple in two parts and gives each a bit."

"No, Mr. Guyot, your Fritz was in the wrong, but not more so than many thousand other men. I too joined the march for the liberation of Germany, and forsook every thing. Our armies, you know were destroyed, the nation was obliged to rise *en masse*. There was no time for hesitation, the sacrifice of our blood and chattels for the honor of the nation, was deemed necessary; that we have performed; now we may expect prosperity. Our ablest statesmen cannot work miracles, and instantly produce a paradise. For my part, at least, I do not repent the steps I took."

"I have every respect," said Mr. Guyot with a low bow "every respect for your individual case. The exceptions are in this world always the better part of the rule. But it certainly is curious that we, peasants, citizens, merchants and manufacturers should give our money for twenty years, to feed in time of peace an army of a hundred thousand idle protectors of the throne and to clothe them in velvet, silk and gold, and we in the twenty first year when the protectors of the throne are destroyed must rise ourselves, to bring the wheel again into its track."

THE DISCOVERY.

The discovery of Watteville's real name was made before he knew of it. Mrs. Guyot a quiet well observing lady, who spoke little but reflected more, as soon as she heard his voice, remembered the boy's features, compared them with his more manly ones, and recognized him. His visible embarrassment when the conversation turned on the ragamuffin Fritz confirmed the supposition. Yet not a word escaped her of her discovery. Thus she always used to act. No woman had a less womanish way of keeping her thoughts to herself, she suffered every one to speak as they chose, while she listened, compared, and drew her conclusions. Hence she always knew more than every one else in the house and conducted imperceptibly all business and enterprises without many words; even her husband, that lively curious old man who of all thought to obey her the least, without suspecting it, obeyed her the most. That Watteville did not discover who he was, appeared to her somewhat suspicious, and she kept silent, to discover what might be his motive for acting so..

Watteville had no bad motive for concealing his name, he only aimed at surprising the family at a proper opportunity. Towards the evening when he was called to tea, he found no body else in the room but Amelia. Watteville went up to her saying "I have to thank you in the name of my friend Watteville for the aid with which you had the goodness to supply him."

"You know him then Mr. Commandant?"

"He often thought of you, but not so often as you deserved."

"He was educated in our house. But yet he became a little ungrateful in never paying us even a visit since he left us. Does he conduct himself well, is he esteemed?"

"There is no complaint of him. No one has so much reason to complain of him as yourself."

"Then he must be a good man, for I have nothing to say against him."

"But he is, I know it, your debtor."

"He owes me nothing."

"Yet he spoke of travelling money, of which he was in need when he joined the army, and which his tutor had refused him."

"I did not lend it, I gave it to him."

"Is he for that less your debtor, my Amelia?"

On hearing that name, Amelia gazed at him, and a light shot across her mind,—“Is it possible?” She joyfully exclaimed.

"Yes my dear Amelia, if I dare call you so—ah I am no longer to address you with that familiar epithet—the debtor, the sinner stands before you—will you pardon him? Had he known, what he now knows, he would have come to Herbesheim a thousand times instead of once." He took her hand and kissed it.

At this moment Mrs. Guyot entered the room, Amelia hastened to meet her: "Do you know Mamma the name of the Commandant here?"

She replied with a gentle smile "Fritz Watteville."

"Then Mamma you knew him and concealed it?" said Amelia who could not yet recover from her surprise, comparing the tall firm man in the military dress; with the former shy Schoolboy. "Yes indeed" said she "it is he! Where were my eyes! There is still visible the scratch over his left brow which he got in his fall when he fetched a fine apple for me which hung on the highest tree in our garden. Do you remember it yet?"

"Ah what do I not remember" said Watteville, kissing the hand of his former respectable foster mother, begging her pardon for never having paid them a visit before. He endeavoured to convince them, that it was not through ingratitude, for he had often thought of them with respectful thankfulness; nor was it

levity or indifference,—but he did not know himself why he never had had the heart to return to Herbesheim.”

Mr. Goyot suddenly entered and went up to the tea table. When Amelia told him, who their guest was, he started, but immediately after he gave his hand, saying; “Be welcome Mr. Watteville; you were a sprig and have outgrown my recollection; now I dare no longer call you Fritz, but Mr. Watteville, or likely Von Watteville? You are a nobleman now?”—“No.”

“But the riband there on your button hole? Signifies it nothing?”

“That, I with my company took a fort from the enemy and maintained it against three or four assaults.”

“How many men did that cost?”

“Twelve dead, and seventeen wounded.”

“That is twenty-seven human beings for 3 inches of riband, cursed dear! what stuff, our prince sells; and yet to be had in every shop for a couple of kreutzer. Let us sit down, and drink. Much booty made? How are the finances?”

“Watteville shrugged his shoulders “we did not fight for booty but for our country.”

“Fine, very fine. I like such sentiments with an empty pocket. And is your patrimony, secure?”

Watteville blushed and said smilingly “I am but too sure that I shall not loose it any more.”

THE DEAD GUEST.

Scarcely was it known in the town who the commandant was when his former acquaintances came to see him. Watteville was drawn into all societies, every where he was the best companion; he drew well, sung and played on the flute admirably; danced gracefully, and the ladies confessed that he was a handsome volatile young man, and therefore a dangerous one.

None however either fair or ugly of the town then cared for making conquests or suffered themselves to be conquered. On the contrary, every one endeavored to keep her heart free. The reason of this no one could guess who did not live in Herbesheim, or who had not read the manuscript chronicles of the town. This was the year of the celebration of the feast of THE DEAD GUEST, who was particularly hostile to the brides of the town. No one knows exactly the nature of the Dead Guest. But it is said, that he is a ghost who returns every hundredth year to Herbesheim where he remains from the first day of advent to the last, that he pays his addresses to every bride, and always finishes with twisting her face round to the back of the neck. What distinguishes still more this spectre from all others is that he not only appears at the “witching hour of night” but is visible in the clear day in an ordinary human shape. This guest is hand-

some in person and fashionable in his attire—he is moreover possessed of countless gold.

If he cannot find the bride of another man, he assumes the shape of a wooer, bewitches the poor hearts of the girls that he may *turn their hearts* as well as their head. No one could say how this tradition originated. In the church book of the parsonage there was still inserted the names of three virgins, who in the time of advent in the year 1720 died suddenly. The following note is written on the margin. “With the faces twisted to the back of the neck as a hundred years before: May God be merciful to their poor souls.” Though this annotation of the church book was no proof of the fact to any reasonable man or woman yet it proved at least that the tradition was an ancient one. Every one pretended that it was a ridiculous nursery story, and yet every one looked with anxiety, to the approaching advent, to know how far it was real or imaginary. According to Hamlet they thought there might be many things between heaven and earth of which philosophy has never dreamt. The old parson of the town, to whom, under the pretext of a visit every one flocked, to read with their own eyes that singular passage in the church book, expressed himself equivocally, though he was else a judicious man. “It would surprise me he would say if, but.....I do not believe it” or “May God forbid that I should be obliged to insert such a thing.” The young Gentlemen were the most incredulous of all and laughed at its absurdity. Even the young ladies were apparently indifferent, but their indifference was affected.

No one had better opportunities to observe the consequences of that tradition, than the old parson; for whenever there was an intrigue or any plan of marriage in the town all with the greatest alarm made haste to conclude the marriage ceremony before the beginning of advent, and whenever there was no hope of a speedy celebration of nuptials every intrigue, nay, even the least project of future union was abruptly broken off. How great then must have been the fears of the young ladies of Herbesheim when they found the young commandant charming, in spite of themselves! They trembled for their own heads, and the visit of the dead guest. We ought therefore readily to pardon their unnatural secret oath not to love any one before or during the time of advent, and should an angel from heaven come, not to look on him in a more courteous manner than on any one else.

I can't say exactly, if the handsome Amelia Guyot took the same oath as the other ladies of Herbesheim, but this is certain that she did not appear to regard Watteville with any feeling but that of friendship.

Mr. Guyot's house was a paradise to the commandant. He was again as one of the family. He fell unconsciously into old

habits of his boyhood, and as in former years, he called Mr. and Mrs. Guyot his father and mother.

Amelia was now nearly twenty years of age. The old man considered that he had married Mrs. Guyot when she was much younger, hence he seriously thought of a matrimonial union for his daughter. Mrs. Guyot had consented to it, and Amelia too, thought it reasonable.

THE BIRTH DAY.

In Mr. Guyot's house no one was allowed to give a person an unkind word or look, upon his Birth day, or to refuse him any reasonable request.

Of course Watteville's birth day was celebrated with the usual forms. Mr. Guyot went up to him, and presented him with a piece of paper folded in silk. It was a draft for a large sum of money. Mrs. G. came next. She presented him with a rich Captain's uniform. Then followed Amelia with a silver plate in her hand, on which there was a dozen beautiful handkerchiefs, under which there was a letter sealed with a large Regimental Seal, directed to "Captain Fritz Watteville." The Lieutenant stared on opening it to find that it was a Captain's Commission, he had long looked for an advancement, but he did not expect to receive it so speedily.

"But my gracious Captain," said Amelia with a soft smile, "do not get angry. I will confess that that letter arrived five days ago, whilst you remained absent; I detained it that I might give it you on your birth-day. I have already suffered enough by my dread, that you might hear of your promotion from some other quarter."

Watteville's astonishment and pleasure were too great to allow him to utter a word. "The main point is," said Mrs. Guyot, good humoredly, that our new made Captain will now be allowed to remain here. I should be sorry indeed if Fritz were to leave us.

"Well, my new Captain," continued the lively old man; "I intended the draft I gave you, for your travelling expenses. Now it turns out, you don't want it, and I might have given something better." "You know our house law. You may make a request and I must consent to it. Therefore express it without ceremony, demand whatever you will, and I will grant it, even if it should be my new, handsome white wig."

The Captain's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I have nothing more to ask."

"Aye be quick, collect yourself! This opportunity may perhaps not return next year!" exclaimed the old man.

"Then permit me dear father to give you a hearty embrace of gratitude."

"Ay my dear fellow, that you 'll have cheap!" said Mr. Guyot. Both sprung from their seats, at the same time and embraced each other, with much emotion. A deep silence ensued. The feeling was communicated to all present.

Mr. Guyot collected himself sooner than the rest. "Enough of this. Let us say and do something reasonable." He raised his glass and ordered every glass to be filled. "Now" said he, addressing himself to Watteville—"Wherever there is a man, there ought to be a woman, and therefore a Captain is not to remain without his consort!" He then proposed the health of the Captain's Sweetheart which was drunk with great glee.

"May she be good natured, virtuous and a good house wife," said Mrs. Guyot.

"Like yourself," said the Captain.

"And the most lovely creature under the moon!" said Amelia.

"Like yourself Amelia," said he.

The members of the family made their innocent remarks about the singular scene at table. In the first place, the bold offer which Mr. Guyot made to the Captain, to consent to every thing he might ask—an offer which Watteville, understood so ill—and then the proposed health to the Captain's future spouse. Verily the favorite of fortune must have been blind, not to see what Guyot so strongly endeavoured to make him comprehend.

"I believe," said the superintendant of the manufactory, softly to the book-keeper, "that the concern is done. What do you think? It will be a match."

The book-keeper replied in an equally low voice. "I am in dreadful alarm, for I cannot help thinking of the Dead Guest."

ANOTHER BIRTH-DAY.

The new Captain had much business to arrange. He had obtained permission to visit his General, and to balance several accounts with his predecessor. This made an absence of some weeks absolutely necessary. He parted from Mr. Guyot's house as from his paternal home. Amelia, in taking her leave, reminded him not to fail being present at her birth-day, on the 10th November.

They all regretted to be obliged to part with him. "But," said the old man, "do not let us grow a single grey hair on this account. Sooner or later, he who is above, will remove us all into different garrisons. Here, on this little ball of earth, be it in this or in that town, we are always near enough each other, often only too near. Those abominable Englishmen, for example, sit just on the neck of my manufactory."

Watteville returned at the expected period, and Amelia's birth-day was celebrated with every solemnity. Watteville

had purchased for her in the capital, a new harp, with some well selected music. He handed her both when the turn came to him, to make a present. Father Guyot was in the merriest humor. Mrs. Guyot observed the joy on his face and could not help remarking to the Captain: "Papa has yet an agreeable surprise in the back-ground."

After the usual congratulations were over, and each had taken his seat at table, Amelia, in lifting her napkin from the plate, found on it a precious necklace, of eastern pearls, and a rich diamond ring with a letter to her address.

Mr. G. looked at her with exulting eyes, and was delighted with the astonishment of all present. The ring and the pearl string were then handed round the table. In the mean while Amelia had opened and read her letter. Her features betrayed still more surprise, than she had evinced at the sight of those costly presents. Mamma looked with anxious curiosity on her daughter —.

Amelia remained long silent, brooding over the letter. At last she laid it aside.

"Let the letter also circulate," said the father. She handed the letter with confusion to her mother.

"Well, Amelia, has your surprise robbed you of your breath? does not Papa know how to contrive matters?"

"Who then is Marcus Von Huber?" asked Amelia, with a melancholy countenance.

"Who else, but the son of my old and former partner, Huber, the celebrated banker? How could you expect another for you? The old man has been fortunate in business, and his son the young Huber, takes the whole concern on himself, and you become Mrs. Von Huber."

Mrs. G. in handing over the letter to the Commandant, shook her head in silent disapprobation. The letter was as follows:

"One unknown to you, most lovely lady, invites himself to the celebration of your birth-day, but unfortunately only in mind, as the Doctor has forbidden him the journey. Ah, that I am obliged to call myself unknown! That instead of sending these lines, I cannot fly myself to Herbesheim, there to solicit your hand, and terminate what our excellent fathers, in their friendship have so happily arranged. Fair lady, I shall hurry to Herbesheim, on my first recovery.

Permit me with respect and love, to subscribe myself,

Your betrothed,

MARCUS VON HUBER."

The Commandant stared gravely at the letter. He had the look of a dreaming man. Mr. Guyot now asked Amelia to tell him frankly if she was happy.

"Papa, how can I say so? I never in my life saw Mr. Von Huber."

"Ay, you little fool. I understand you, but it is quite natural, you are anxious about his appearance. He is a handsome, slender, tall young man, with a fine delicate face."

"But when Papa did you see him?"

"The last time I was in the Capital. Let me see, about ten or twelve years ago."

"I should rather see him himself, than be left to judge of him by his letter."

Mrs. Guyot observed somewhat seriously, that her husband might as well have consulted her about the matter. "My dear," replied the old man, "the case did not require consultation."

"Your girl will not take it amiss when she is called my gracious lady. Consider her lover's rank and wealth and influence; if old Huber bends a finger, and points to Vienna, the whole court is in motion, and enquires what is Mr. Huber's pleasure? He moves his head toward Petersburg, and immediately every one bows to the ground."

"I confess, the match looks advantageous, at least from your description!" said Mrs. Guyot, casting down her eyes.

Amelia glanced at her mother, and sighed deeply. The Captain continued staring at the letter.

"Donner, Captain, haven't you done reading yet?" said Mr. Guyot.

Watteville aroused himself, and gave a last glance at the letter, and then cast it away, from him with an air of deep sadness.

Mr. Guyot was hurt at Amelia's melancholy, and attributed it to the suddenness of the surprise. He at last exclaimed with vexation; "girl, speak freely, have I made a good arrangement or not? I am sure you will whistle a more lively tune my pretty bird, when young Huber is here."

"It may be so, my dear Papa!" replied Amelia; "how can I doubt in the least your parental, and well-meaning purpose?"

"Very right, a reasonable girl should always think in this way. Mama has confessed it to me herself, that in her time, she thought so too. Therefore let us fill the glasses! A happy life to the bride and bridegroom!" The toast was drunk, and cheerfulness and good humour seemed once more to prevail.

"There is no end to foolish tricks, that young Huber must be absent on such a day as this, a handsome fine young fellow. I bet that when you see him, Amelia, you will hug your Papa, and thank him."

"My dear Papa, at my birth-day I have the right to make a reasonable request! I beg not to hear a word more of him at present."

"My daughter, this is a foolish request! However, it is granted."

"My dear," said Mrs. G. to her husband, "no reproaches to Amelia. You must not forget that this is her birth-day."

"Right, Mamma!" replied the old man. "He will be here soon. The New Moon is nigh, the weather will change, and Huber's health with it."

CONSULTATIONS.

Every morning, noon and evening, went Mr. G. to the Barometer, knocked it with his knuckle to make the quicksilver rise, and prognosticate fine weather. Amelia, on the contrary, was anxious to see the quicksilver fall, and Watteville as well as Mrs. G. often consulted the prophesying tube of Torricelli.

"The weather gets evidently better!" said Mr. G. one day, when he was alone in the room with Mrs. G. "The clouds disperse. I think Huber is already on his way."

"May God prevent it, Papa. It should appear to me much more advisable, if you were to write to Von Huber not to come here before Christmas-day. Though I do not believe in that foolish tradition, yet one can't help being anxious."

"But Madam! do you think of the Dead Guest? You ought to be ashamed of such nonsense!"

"I acknowledge, my dear, it is foolish.—But whatever might happen to our only child during the time of Advent, would be attributed to some mysterious cause. After Advent, the young people will have a hundred years before them to see and love each other at leisure, and to be betrothed and married. Why be in a hurry just now? Where is the harm of the postponement of a few weeks?"

"For shame, for shame. Do not betray such a weak superstition. For the very reason that the people are seized with this foolish folly about the Dead Guest, shall Amelia be a bride at Advent. It is necessary to give an example, it is our duty. When the people in the town see that we do not care about the Dead Guest; that we betroth our child, in spite of all the absurd traditions, and that Amelia's neck remains stationary, this silly bugbear will be destroyed for ever."

"But, for God's sake Mr. Guyot, consider if Von Huber should travel, sickly as he is, in this bad weather; what with the severity of the season, the bad roads, and a long tedious journey, his life might be the sacrifice. He might die in this very house, we should have a DEAD GUEST; and the superstition would be confirmed."

Here the conversation ended, but it left a cloud upon Mr. Guyot's mind. He thought after all that it would be better for the sake of peace to postpone the formal betrothment to Christmas-day,

Perhaps, he reflected, the devil might play some villainous trick, and then it would be ascribed to the Dead Guest. The nearer the first Advent day approached, the more uneasy he became. Fear began to seize him, and when suddenly the heavens became clear, and the full warm sunshine was spread over the face of nature, as if the summer had returned, he again knocked with equal anxiety at the Barometer, but it was now to cause the quicksilver to fall.

To his utter astonishment he perceived, that Mamma, Amelia, and the Captain regained their good humour with the fine weather. While he alone continued anxious.

FINE WEATHER.

Mrs. Guyot had perceived that Amelia had many secret and strong objections to the rich banker, that the Commandant of the town had also become the Commandant of her daughter's heart. It was not to favor the Commandant, however, dear as he was to her, that she now endeavoured to postpone the formal betrothment of the banker with Amelia. In the first place she wished to get over Advent, and in the next she desired that Huber and her daughter should have time to become thoroughly acquainted. Besides it was necessary to make enquiries respecting Von Huber's character. For this latter purpose, she wrote to one of her friends in the Capital. The answer arrived on the same day the fine weather occasioned such alarm to Mr. Guyot.

Von Huber, it was said, was one of the most respectable of men, he enjoyed the esteem of every one and had been pitied by all his friends not only on account of his miserable health, but his dependence on his old, morose, and miserly father. The young man however had just taken possession of all the affairs of his parent, who had retired on his estate, in consequence of the infirmities of old age. This good news delighted Mrs. Guyot.

Another circumstance brought pleasure on the same day to Amelia and the Commandant.

Watteville at Mrs. Guyot's request entered Amelia's room, she was near the window, her head leaning on the new harp.

"Amelia, your Mamma wishes to know if it is your pleasure to take an airing to day. The weather is delightful."

Amelia did not reply, but turned her face away from him.

"Are you displeased Amelia?" said Watteville.

She was still silent, and he then advanced towards the door, and turning round enquired impatiently whether she would go or not.

A sad negative was the answer.

Watteville was alarmed, for the tone of her voice betrayed deep emotion.

"What can be the matter with you?" he anxiously enquired. "Does Mamma" said she "wish me to meet him? Is he to arrive to-day? Has she said any thing?"

"Oh Amelia" said Watteville "and this question from you!" "Do you believe I would engage you to go if I had the least suspicion of seeing him? Would to God he were to arrive before I go away."

"Are you going then to leave us?"

"I have written to my general to request to be removed, but I have received as yet no reply."

"Fritz" said Amelia, "don't take it amiss, but that was very foolish in you."

"I wish to remain, but I dare not."

"Watteville, do you desire to make me angry with you for ever?"

"And do you wish for my death in forcing me to be your guest at your nuptials?"

"You never will be invited to my nuptials. Who has told you that I gave my consent?"

"But you dare not refuse it."

"And God knows I cannot give it!" sighed Amelia covering her face. Watteville too was unmanned by his secret grief. This was the first time they had touched upon this circumstance though it never left their minds. They had but lately discovered how dear they held each other. Each endeavoured to hide from the other the flame of love, but it served only to increase its power, and make it more visible.

"Dear Amelia" said Watteville "dare we remain together as we have hitherto done?"

"Watteville can we separate?"

"Oh my Amelia."

"Fritz, we must not part."

"But when he comes?"

"Rather ten thousand times would I be betrothed to the Dead Guest than to Von Huber."

On the following evening there was a large party at Mr. G's house. As it was only three days before the first of advent, the Dead Guest engrossed a large share of the conversation. The young ladies pretended to be very bold, but many rejoiced secretly that they were not brides. The elderly ladies, after mature deliberation, agreed, that the story of the Dead Guest might possibly be true. But the young Gentlemen were all incredulous though warned by their elders, male and female, that it was dangerous to scoff and swagger in matters of this nature.

"For Heaven's sake," said Mr. G. "let us have done with this subject! Wherever I turn I hear of nothing but the Dead Guest. Is this a fit discourse for the living?"

"I coincide with you," said the Collector of the circuit, "the subject is dull and threadbare! If Herbesheim had as little to fear from living guests, as from the visit of the Dead Guest we might be sure, that the fair sex would cease to have their *heads turned* so often as they now are."

"I should only like to know how this foolish story came into the world!" said a young counsellor."

"The tradition of the Dead Guest," said Watteville as it was known formerly, and as I heard it related in my youth from an old huntsman, is too long and tedious to relate."

"Do you recollect the story still?" enquired several voices at the same time.

"I do," replied Watteville.

"Oh, you *must* tell it to us!" said the girls, crowding round him! Resistance, and excuses were vain. Watteville, was therefore obliged to communicate the tradition as he had heard it from the old huntsman.

THE DEAD GUEST.

It is now two hundred years, said he, since the beginning of the war of thirty years, when the Elector Frederic of the Pfalz placed the crown of the kingdom of Bohemia on his head. But the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholic Germans set out to recover the crown. At the great and decisive battle of the White Mountain at Prague, the Elector lost his crown. The rumour spread through Germany with the rapidity of lightning. All the catholic towns exulted at the destruction of poor Frederic, who with a small suite fled from Prague in disguise. From his reign of one short season, he was called the Winter King.

Our ancestors in Herbesheim, two hundred years ago had the same disposition to chatter about news and politics, as their worthy descendants; but they were, I will not say more religious, but more bigotted. Their joy over the defeat and flight of the Winter King was as great as ours a few years ago, at the overthrow of the Emperor Napoleon.

One day three very beautiful virgins were seated together, and talking of the Winter King. All three were good friends, and each had a bridegroom. The first lady was called Elisabeth, the second Maria and the third Rosa.

"They ought not to suffer the King that notorious heretic to escape from Germany!" said Elisabeth. "As long as he lives that monster will follow Lutherism, and not cease to spread his abominable creed."

"Yes" said Maria, "he who slaughters him, may expect a large reward from the Emperor, from the Elector of Bavaria, from the holy church, and from the Pope; nay he may rely on the indulgence of Heaven."

"I wish," interrupted Rosa, "he would come into our town. He should die by the hand of my own sweet-heart, who would receive at least an earldom in reward."

"But it may be questioned" said Elizabeth, "whether he would make you a countess; for he scarcely has the heart for such an heroic deed. But I should only have to wink with my eyes, and my bold lover would sever his heretic head from his body at a blow, and then where would be the earldom?"

"Don't make yourselves too big!" said Maria: "My sweet-heart is the bravest and most powerful of all three. Has he not already been in the war as Captain? And did I order him, to cut down the great Turk on his throne, he would do it. Don't exult too much at the idea of the earldom."

Whilst the virgins were still disputing about the earldom a loud tramping of horses was heard in the street. Instantly were the three virgins at the window. It was dreadful weather, the winds howled fiercely and the rain poured in torrents, "alas!" said Elisabeth, "he who is on the road at such a time as this, does not travel for his pleasure."

"He must be driven by sheer necessity" said Rosa;

"Or a bad conscience!" added Maria.

On the opposite side of the street at the inn of the French horn, thirteen gentlemen on horse back stopped and dismounted with great haste. Twelve remained outside with their horses, the thirteenth dressed all in white went into the house, immediately the innkeeper with his grooms came out. The horses were placed in the stables and the gentlemen all went into the inn. In spite of the dreadful weather and rain, a great number of people gathered in the street to behold the foreign riders and their horses. The most beautiful horse belonged to the gentleman in white; it was snow white, and beautifully caparisoned.

"Now if that were the Winter King!" exclaimed the three virgins, almost at the same time and staring at each other with widened eyes.

At this moment they heard a noise on the steps. Behold the three bridegrooms of the virgins. "Do you already know," said the one, "the fugitive Winter King is within the walls of our town."

"That would be a fine prize" said the other.

"Anxiety is depicted on the face of that tall meagre white robed figure," said the third.

"A joyful shuddering seized the girls, and they spoke volumes with their looks. Suddenly they joined their hands and

said : " Done ! done !" They then let their hands go, and each addressed herself to her bridegroom.

Elisabeth said to hers : " If my betrothed, suffers the Winter King to leave our town alive, I'll be rather the kept mistress of the Winter King than the lawful wife of my sweet-heart. So help me God and the saints !"

Maria said to hers : " If my sweet-heart suffers the Winter King to see the sun again, I will rather give a kiss to death itself than to my darling, So help me God and the saints."

Rosa said to hers. " The key to my nuptial bed-room, is now and forever lost, if my dear lover does not bring me his sword purpled with blood of the Winter King."

The three bridegrooms trembled, but they soon collected their minds as they beheld their beautiful brides more charming than ever, waiting for their decision. Each, became anxious to be the first to prove the fervour of his love by such an heroic deed. Therefore they decided that the Winter King was not to live another day.

They took leave from their brides, who now sat exultingly thinking of the glory their bridegrooms would acquire by their courage and affection. The three young men consulted together, then went into the inn of the French Horn, asked for wine, and in the course of conversation learnt of the strangers in which apartment the king would sleep.

Before day-break, twelve guests rode away in haste, in spite of the storm and weather. The thirteenth was dead in his bed weltering in his blood. He had three mortal wounds. No one could say who he was ; but the innkeeper asserted that it was not the king. And he was in the right ; for the Winter King luckily escaped, as it is well known, to Holland, where he lived many years afterwards. The Dead Guest was buried on the very same day, but not in the church-yard, in consecrated ground.

The three brides were anxiously waiting for the arrival of their bridegrooms, but they came not. In all houses, every where they made search for them ; but no one had seen them since midnight. Neither the innkeeper nor his wife, nor any of their servants, male or female, knew whither they had gone nor what might have become of them.

The poor girls grieved bitterly, they cried night and day, and repented of the wicked request which they made to such handsome and faithful men.

But the charming Rosa lamented the most ; for she was the first who made the dangerous proposal to her companions against the life of the Winter King. Two days had already gone since that unlucky night, the third was nearly over.

Suddenly a knock at Rosa's door was heard, a strange and noble looking man entered, and enquired for her. She was seated crying by her father and mother. The stranger handed a letter, which he had received from a young man and which he had promised to be the bearer of himself. The letter was from her sweet-heart.

It was almost dark. The mother hastened and brought two lights, to read the letter and to behold the stranger. He was a man of about thirty years, tall and lean, dressed in an entire black suit in the height of the fashion, at his side was a sword, the handle of which was set in gold, pearls and brilliant stones. Diamonds were glittering with various colours from his finger rings. But his countenance however regular and noble, was, in spite of the fire of his eyes, pale and ghastly. He sat down, and the father read the letter. "We have slain the wrong man, therefore my dear Rosa adieu forever! since I have lost the key of your nuptial bed room, I'll look out for another bride who may not require a purpled sword. Console yourself as I do. Herewith I return you the ring." The ring fell from the letter.

When Rosa heard the contents of the letter, she cried bitterly and cursed her unfaithful lover. Her father and mother endeavoured to console their poor child, and the stranger said a great many soothing things. "Had I known that the man had made me the bearer of such despair, as true as I am the count of Buren I would have given him his benediction with this sword. Dry your tears my beautiful maiden, a single pure drop from your charming eyes is enough to wash away the last flame of love of that unworthy man."

But Rosa could not cease to cry. The count took his leave, asking permission to revisit the fair sufferer on the following day.

The next morning as he was alone with Rosa he said: "I could not sleep the whole night, from thinking of your beauty, and affliction. You owe me a smile that my cheeks pale from want of sleep may become a little red."

"How can I smile?" said Rosa, "has not that unfaithful wretch returned me the ring?"

The count took the ring and threw it out the window. "Off with that ring!" said he, "with how much pleasure do I replace it with a handsomer one!" he put the handsomest of his rings before her on the table. "To any one of these rings," added he belongs a rich estate!"

Rosa blushed. She pushed back the costly ring. "Dont be so cruel said the count; now that I have seen you I can never forget, such transcendant beauty. If your lover has disdained you, in your turn disdain him. That is a sweet revenge. My heart and my earldom lay at your feet."

To be sure Rosa did not wish to hear all this : yet she found in her heart, that the count was in the right regarding the justice of revenge, and that the unfaithful lover was to be forgotten. They discoursed about many things. The count spoke with touching modesty and tenderness, and if he was not so handsome as the lost bridegroom, he was equally interesting. Rosa ceased to weep, and she could not but smile occasionally at the count's pleasant conversation.

The presence of that rich Lord was soon known in the whole town of Herbesheim. It also became soon a matter of talk that Rosa had received a letter through him from her fugitive bridegroom. When Elisabeth and Maria heard this, they lost no time to go, and enquire of their friend, if the noble count knew any thing of their lovers.

When Rosa enquired of the Count, he replied, that he would wait himself upon the afflicted mourners, to see if he could guess by their descriptions, whether he had seen them. She treated him now in a more kindly way, for she had considered the last night the many things he had said, and as she looked on the costly ring, she thought to herself : " here I have only to stretch out my hand and divide an earldom." She showed her parents the jewels which the Count had left upon the table, and she mentioned his honorable offer. The parents were mightily astonished at all this and could hardly bring themselves to believe it. But when on the following day the count returned, asking their leave to make a present to their daughter of a trifle for a dress, and as he drew from a costly small box, a cross of diamonds hung on a sevenfold pearl string, they gave full credit to his word. The father and mother consulted, and agreed : That the stranger would make an excellent son-in-law, and that they would do their best to gain him !

They spoke much in favor of the Count to their daughter, and left her often alone with him ; Rosa rejoiced at the prospect of being Countess of Buren, and the envy and admiration of the whole town ; she was therefore as indulgent as possible to the impetuosity of her new lover.

But he was a sly rogue. For when he came to Elisabeth he found her still more beautiful than the charming Rosa ; and when at last he saw the Maria with her long and fair locks, the other two appeared to him almost ugly. But to each he told nearly the same story that he had found the three young men at a tavern with two young girls with whom they took unwarrantable liberties. That they all three were to march for the war in Bohemia together with those two girls as common property ; that hearing in the course of conversation, that in his journey he had to pass Herbesheim, the one had written a chit to Rosa requesting him to deliver it himself. The other two ridiculed it, saying, we

are satisfied with our jolly girls, and do not wish to write letters, to those we have left, but as you give yourself the trouble to hand the letter, say that we are going to join the war in Bohemia, because they commanded us to commit a shameful deed. They returned the bride rings instead of letters, to give them to the man whose fingers they might better fit than theirs.

Elizabeth's ring soon fitted him exactly, and Maria's was equally well suited to the wealthy stranger; he consoled each most eloquently, and enquired if a bridegroom was deserving of a single tear, who could abandon his bride so shamefully as to throw away his heart on prostitutes? He played his part with Elizabeth and Maria, as he had done with Rosa—to each he made rich presents, to each he offered his hand, his earldom; and each became accustomed to his pallid face.

However, the three friends made a secret to each other, of their connections with the Count, and their love projects. No longer did they exchange visits as formerly, it made them angry, to hear by chance, that the Count continued his acquaintance with the others. The one jealous of the other, endeavoured to outdo the rest: at first they suffered his caresses, and at last they returned them, in order to captivate him the more securely.

No one felt more joy at their mutual jealousy than the wanton Count. For by these means he gained every day greater favours from them, till they had no more to give. To be sure he swore to each, by whatever was sacred in heaven, that he found the rest, dull and ugly, but for the sake of politeness and good breeding, he could not but visit them from time to time. Even this shift would not serve him any longer. At last, as a proof of his true love each required of him, to renounce the other two entirely. He agreed that a formal betrothment and exchange of rings should be made in presence of the parents. He stipulated however, that he should be allowed to spend an hour at night with each, before the marriage took place, that he might speak undisturbedly of all his arrangements. Even to this, each of the fair ones agreed, and their consent was sealed with a kiss. But in kissing him, they none of them could help remarking, “My dear Count, but you are indeed too pale! Put off that black dress, it only serves to render you more pale. To which he always answered. I wear black to accomplish a vow. On the nuptial day, I'll appear in red and white, like your cheeks, my darling.”

And it happened at the same day, that he was formally betrothed to every one of the three. In the dark night he silently slipped at successive hours into the bed-room of each. On the following morning the girls slept too long, the parents went to awake them, when each bride lay extended cold as ice in her bed, with her face twisted to her back.

Loud and desperate cries issued from the three houses. The whole populace cried murder! murder! and as suspicion fell on the Count of Buren, they assembled before the inn of the French Horn, the sergeants and town-guard entered it. There the inn-keeper lamented that his guest had disappeared with all his servants, and that nobody had seen them go away. The luggage of which there was so much, had also disappeared, and no one saw it taken; from the well closed stables, the many superb horses were all gone, and the night watch at the doors had not heard the least noise.

The whole world was terrified, and every one made a cross, and blessed himself when passing before the houses of the three unhappy brides. Therein, nothing but howling and lamentations were heard, and what must appear still more strange, the rich presents, the superb bridal-dresses, the pearl strings, the precious stones and diamond rings which the Count had given, could no where be found.

A small funeral procession only followed the biers of the three brides. And when the coffins were set down on the yard of St. Vincent's Church, and the funeral oration was about to be recited, a tall man was seen to stalk slowly away. And when the people looked after him, every one was astonished to behold that, though at first he was dressed entirely in black, by degrees he turned altogether white. And three red spots were seen on his white mantle, and the blood visibly ran down his mantle in drops. And the tall, pale man went to the fleering place.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed the inn-keeper of the French Horn, that is the Dead Guest whom we interred there twenty-one days ago. Terror seized all who were in the Church-yard, and they ran away with horror. A hurricane accompanied with rain and snow blew after them. Three days and three nights did the coffins remain unburied at the side of the open graves!

When Government at last gave an order for their burial and a large sum of money was given to people to perform the fearful work on lifting the coffins the men found them as light as if they were empty and yet the covers were nailed down. They took courage and opened the coffins which were quite vacant!

Watteville made a pause in his story; a death like stillness prevailed in the room. The gentlemen had a serious and solemn look and the ladies who had unconsciously pressed closer together appeared to be intently listening, long after Watteville had ceased his narration. Their folded hands and pale visages revealed their feelings. "Snuff the caudles!" exclaimed Mr. Guyot "and speak again my friends that human voices may be heard or else I shall leave the room. That diabolical nonsense might give any one the horrors."

The candles were snuffed, refreshments brought in and every one tried to look and speak as cheerfully as possible. But fear was on every face and the words trembled on every tongue.

After a little while however the company could not repress their anxious curiosity to hear the remainder of the tradition of the *Dead Guest*. They again sat down in a semi-circle about the narrator and requested him to finish the story.

"The present estate" continued Watteville "of M. Steiger near this town belonged formerly, as you know, to a noble family of the name of Freudenreich which has not possessed it this last hundred years. It was farmed away till about twenty years ago when in the time of the war it was purchased by the late M. Steiger. The last Baron who from time to time inhabited that Mansion with his family was a terrible spendthrift; he came here however to recruit his pecuniary affairs which he exhausted in Paris or Venice.

But even his economical recreations at this superb seat for the most part were but continuations, on a more moderate scale, of his usual expensive amusements. Even now we can perceive the wrecks of former grandeur and splendour in the extensive ruins of the castle and its side buildings all of which became a prey to the flames about seventy years ago. Near these ruins you know is the present handsome but modest building which Mr. Steiger has erected.

When for the last time the Baron visited his noble seat it happened to be in a most unusual season, and with a most unusually numerous company it was late in Autumn and he was attended by from fifteen to twenty young noblemen with their domestics. His daughter was at that time bride to the Viscount Wyttenbach a rich and amiable but bare-brained fellow who had visited the several courts of Germany with orders from the Cardinal Dubois. Dubois was the all powerful minister of the Duc of Orleans, Regent of France and Wyttenbach was his great favorite.

It may easily be supposed that Baron Von Freudenreich, spared no expense to make his guest's residence in his rural palace as agreeable as possible. The Count von Siebenthal, the son of one of the noble families of the lower Rhine was in this merry circle the master of all sports. The Baron von Freudenreich had made his acquaintance a short time before he came to Herbesheim, and he took him along with him as a real treasure. Von Siebenthal loved play and did not hesitate at the highest stakes, though he was often unfortunate. The Baron no doubt looked to him as one likely to restore his ruined finances.

The very same young rake formed the idea of giving masked balls at the approach of the winter season, and that every one might choose the handsomest without regard to rank or birth.

For indeed the company was much in want of ladies particularly in time of feasts. The young Baroness von Freudenreich and some of her friends were entirely lost amongst the number of gentlemen. "Why then" said von Siebenthal, "look at the geneological tree, when ladies are required. Beauty is found in every rank, and even amongst Grisettes there are beauties despised at no court."

Every one applauded the scheme and the Milliners and tailors of the town were set in motion to make mask dresses. The Viscount von Wyttenbach endeavoured to distinguish himself beyond every one else in the splendour of his attire and Siebenthal as usual wished to overreach him. He looked in Herbesheim for the best tailor and the most beautiful girl to lead her to the ball. He found both under the same roof. Master Schatzmann was the best tailor, who immediately understood the description of the dress of the count and his daughter Susanna was in the first bloom of her charms which soon bewitched the count.

The count seldom was absent from the house of the tailor. He had always to look after something or other, that nothing might be spoiled. In particular he had a great many things to say to Miss Susanna. Even a couple of magnificent ladies dresses he ordered to be made for the Mask ball, which Susanna not only was requested to sew herself, but the father was obliged to take the exact measure of her own body since he pretended that Susanna had actually the very same shape the same graceful figure of the noble Lady whom he was going to lead to the Ball. He was also very liberal and the presents which he occasionally made amounted to much more than the sum he had agreed for. It might easily be foreseen that he made the most select presents to Susanna, and when he met her alone he told her the most flattering things imaginable and spoke to her of his ardent love.

Susanna, to be sure, did not wish to hear any thing tender, for she was an honorable maid, and besides she was promised to one of her fathers' journey-men; but yet she could not listen with anger to all the sweet things from such a noble and bountiful Lord, for a girl can seldom get angry with the man who professes to adore her.

A few days before the Ball day—the mask dresses were all ready—Von Siebenthal entered Mr. Schatzmann's house in a dull and melancholy mood. He requested to be allowed to speak a few words in private with the Master, on which they retired to an adjoining room.

"Master" said he "I am in a dreadful embarrassment. You, if you will, can save me from the dilemma, and if you do me that favor, I will reward you better, than if I were to occupy you the whole year in sewing Ball dresses for me."

"I am your Excellency's most obedient servant! replied the tailor with a low bow and smiling countenance."

"Only think, master" continued Von Siebenthal "the Lady I was to lead to the ball has fallen sick and declines to go. Every other Gentleman has his partner, and, you well know it, for the most part, daughters of tradesmen from the town. Now I am without a partner. I might find one amongst the families of counsellors, or merchants, but whom do the ball-dresses fit? You see Master, I cannot but request you to let me escort your daughter. You yourself have taken her measure, the dresses fit her as if they were part of herself, and will they, on any one else do credit to Mr. Schatzmann? You must let her go."

The tailor could not but see the necessity; fewer arguments might have convinced him. But he never could have expected so much honor. He made at every new argument new bows, and he could not utter a word.

"Susanna will not have cause to repent it," continued Von Siebenthal: "The dresses in which she dances will remain her own property, and I will buy for her with pleasure whatever may be necessary to appear worthy of that splendid assembly."

"Your excellency is overkind!" exclaimed Master Schatzmann: And permit me to observe to your Excellency, that though I say it that should not, the girl dances charmingly. You ought to have seen her dance at the nuptials of my neighbour the pewterer—: and at the christening of Master Hammer the Shoemaker's eleventh child. But never mind, I beg your Excellency to remain here a little while, and I will bring the girl here. Your Excellency has only to propose it to her, and my authority shall not be wanting."

"But Master" replied Von Siebenthal "Susanna's bridegroom is perhaps jealous, for which he would be in the wrong, you must give him a good word."

"Oh!" said Master Schatzman: "that booby—will not dare to utter a sound."

He went away, soon after Susanna entered the room blushing. The count covered her hand with kisses. He confided to her his embarrassment, his desires, and he requested her to get, at his expence, whatever she considered indispensable to make her appear at least equal in dress to the first Ladies of the town. She blushed again, particularly when he whispered to her that she would be the first beauty of the ball, and when he handed her a pair of the most magnificent earrings.

This was almost too much for a wild and vain girl. Susanna represented in her mind the splendour of the feast, and in a moment she saw herself admired from head to foot; but she remained embarrassed, and said something about her father's permission.

Von Siebenthal quieted her mind on that score. And when she no longer hesitated to accept of his invitation, he pressed her in rapture in his arms and said, "Susanna wherefore shall I deny it? you, and no other Lady, were my choice from the first moment I saw you. I had selected you when your father took the measure of your fair person. I selected you then only as my dancing partner. Ah Susanna I should wish now to select you as my partner for life; for I adore you. You are not made, to be the wife of a poor tailor's assistant. You are destined for higher things. Do you, will you, understand me?"

She withdrew herself from his arms and promised to be his partner at the Ball if her father should have no objections. They both entered the workroom. Here Von Siebenthal whispered the Master in his ear. "She consents. Take care that every thing necessary be provided that she may appear with decency. Here take this for the expenses." With this he handed to Master Schatzman a whole roll of gold.

But now stormy scenes took place in the house of the tailor. For Abraham his journey-man, Susanna's bridegroom, grew almost frantic when he came to know what was going on. Neither the thousand caresses from the crying girl, nor the curses and maledictions from the father, could bring him to a sense of reason. That lasted the whole day. Susanna passed a sleepless night. She loved Abraham a great deal, but it was impossible to forego the opportunity to earn admiration at a masquerade ball. Indeed he asked almost an impossibility. Nay, she thought that he did not love her truly, since he grudged her a pleasure which was, in itself, so very innocent.

On the following day Abraham was a little more quiet, and he did not rage so tremendously; but still he repeated in a menacing way; "you shall not go to the Ball!" to which Susanna replied in an equally grumbling tone: "And go I shall!" to which the father used to add; "And she shall go, in spite of your teeth, I command it." Dancing shoes, silk stockings, fine handkerchiefs, lace of the most costly quality, ribands and heaven knows what all, were accordingly procured.

But when the ball day had arrived, Abraham seeing that she was in earnest, laced his bundle, entered perfectly ready to set out and said: "If you go, I am off also, and we are for ever separated." Susannah turned pale. The old man, who had just had a violent quarrel with Abraham, said; "Pack away, the sooner you be off the better! I wish to see who is master of us two! Susanna will get a husband every day ten times better than you."—But Susanna began to cry. At this moment a servant of the Count Von Siebenthal entered with a box which he delivered in the name of his master. It contained, said he, some

trifles for the attire of Miss Schatzman. It was a precious veil, there were also beautiful rolls of large ribands, a rich coral string for the neck, two rings of beautiful diamonds of the first water. Susanna looked sideways at that magnificence, which her father pulled out of the box, and the diamonds glittered through her tears in multifarious colours, with still greater lustre. She was wavering between love and vanity.

"And you do not go!" said Abraham.

"And I shall go!" said Susanna with a proud resolution; "You are not worthy the tears which I shed for you; I see I threw away my affection on an ungrateful wretch. Now I perceive clearly that since you grudge me even so much honor and pleasure, you have never loved me."

"Be it so," said Abraham: "you will break a faithful heart." He threw the ring which he had received from her, at her feet and went away, never to return.

Susannah sobbed aloud and wanted to call him back; but her father comforted her. The Evening came and she dressed for the Ball. The toilette dissipated her mind and she soon forgot her run-away lover. A carriage stopped before the house Von Siebenthal came to fetch her. They rolled away. "Oh Susanna!" said he in the carriage: "how infinitely handsome you are. You are a Goddess. For such dress, not for your usual simple attire you were born!"

The feast was brilliant. Von Siebenthal and Susanna appeared in black. Both by their splendour drew the attention of all present on them. For they even exceeded the magnificence of the Viscount Wyttenbach and the young Baroness von Freudenreich, moving through the various coloured rows of masks.

"The black man is certainly the Count!" said the Viscount to his bride and partner; "Why that fool endeavours to hide his face by a mask is more than I can conceive; surely he cannot shorten his bamboo figure, by which he overtops every man by a whole head. To make himself known, this knight of the sad figure does not require to wear his own livery, black on black, like an undertaker. But I am curious who his partner may be. Indeed a charming figure and she dances most gracefully."

"I bet," said the Baroness, "it is some common thing from town. It is visible by her stiff, uneasy gait."

"The Ball lasted until late at night before they sat down to a sumptuous meal at which of course the masks were laid aside. At the sight of so many strange and beautiful faces, an agreeable surprise was excited. It seemed that the Viscount could not satisfy his eyes in beholding the Count's fair partner. He came to sit near her and the Count took his seat at the side of the Baroness. The two gentlemen seemed to change their parts; as many flattering things which amounted almost to adulation

which the Viscount addressed to his joyful neighbour, the count said to the bride. This conversation they even continued after the supper was removed.

"Upon my honour," said the Viscount to Von Siebenthal, "I purloin your partner even at the risk of becoming your foe."

"The revenge is in my hands my dear Viscount," said Von Siebenthal. "I purloin your amiable Baroness."

"The Viscount fired by his new passion and the old wine, replied, thoughtlessly enough, without perceiving the Baroness close to him, who could well hear what he said. "A dozen of my Baroness for a single such Venus!"

"Viscount," said the Count in a stern tone, "take care of what you say. However amiable my partner may be, the first prize of beauty always belongs to the queen of the feast, your bride."

"A queen by name only!—I am for the real power!" exclaimed the Viscount. The Count in vain endeavoured to give him hints and signs to moderate himself on account of the presence of the Baroness; he at last spoke more resolutely, and commanded the Viscount not to give utterance to any further offensive language. The Baroness went away in a great passion. They then came to higher words. The Count endeavoured in vain to come to a friendly understanding. The Viscount enflamed by love, wine and anger, behaved still more indecorously. The guests gathered round them. The Count to guard against a greater uproar remained silent. But when the Viscount said, "Count, I never thought, that such a worried rake as yourself, could have the strength to feel jealousy; for impotent jealousy only speaks through you!"—then Von Siebenthal could not contain himself any longer. "Viscount!" he exclaimed, "Rake! Who dares to say so?"

"Your own pale face!" replied the Viscount laughing scornfully.

"If you are not a coward Viscount," said the Count "you'll give me to-morrow morning satisfaction for your folly. One of us must quit this house. You are a fop."

The Baron Von Freudenreich met his daughter in tears in a side room and acquainted her of the shameful behaviour of the Viscount. He looked for him, and found him in time to hear the last words of the Count. Every one present was incensed at the Viscount's conduct.

The Baron enraged seized the hand of the Viscount and lead him aside, "you have openly affronted my daughter, you despicable wretch; did we deserve this from you? you must give me satisfaction *this very moment and not by to-morrow.*" So saying they both left the Ball room. Whilst here the couples renewed their dance, to reinstate the broken harmony. The Baron

with the Viscount entered a solitary well illuminated side room. The Count followed them at their heels. He brought two swords of which he offered one to the Viscount, whilst addressing the Baron ; " Permit me Baron, to revenge the honor of the divine Baroness and my own on this worthless man !" In a rage the Viscount said. " Well then you milk coloured face, draw ! With that he drew his sword, flung away his scabbard, and attacked the Count. The Count defended himself with *sang froid*. The duel had scarcely lasted three minutes, when the small sword of the Viscount was flung from his grasp with a mighty force, so that it flew in a large side mirror which split in a thousand pieces.

" Pitiful wretch " ! exclaimed the Count : " Your life is in my power. I don't wish to defile myself with your contemptible blood. Away from this atmosphere and return not again." So saying he gave a cut over his back with the flat side of his sword, and threw him out of the door with the strength of a giant.

The same night Viscount Von Wyttenbach left the castle with all his retinue.

However deeply offended, by the Viscount's indecorous behaviour, the young Baroness conceived herself, it gave her full satisfaction to see her honor redeemed by the drawing of swords. True she never bore the Viscount any affection, but now she hated him cordially. She now found in the Count something strangely interesting, although she disliked his countenance before. There is no occasion to wonder at this sudden change. It is well known, that love makes his victims blind.

When she was told by her father of all that had taken place, she looked for the Count with a seeming anxiety which indeed was only assumed. She well knew things had terminated without bloodshed on either side.

" But my dear Count," said she " What did you do ? You are I hope not wounded ? For God sake how you have frightened me !"

" My gracious lady and if I were wounded for your sake how proud I should feel. Don't be alarmed, such a fop as the Viscount does not easily give me a wound. But should you feel some pity for me, there is room enough for it ; for I am indeed wounded, in a dangerous place—in this heart—and by you too. But for that you have no pity !"

" Trifler ! Till now none ever perceived on you such a wound." " I remained " he replied " silent and suffered, it flattered my vanity to be one of the many sacrifices of your charms. I was silent, I was happy to revenge you at the risk of my own life. I shall be silent, and be happy to die for you."

"Be silent!" said the Baroness smiling, and rewarded his flattery with a soft pressure of her hand "conduct me again to the Ball room.

They danced, both became more confidential, for that heavy confession the heaviest to all sufferers, was uttered and not rejected. When by way of jest, she called him her knight and champion, he in the manner of knights asked for his love reward. True the young Baroness refused it though it only consisted of a kiss on her glowing cheeks; but the conquest was not less dear to her.

Susanna was still more intoxicated with joy, she was an object of general admiration. So many fine things of her beauty were never told her, which she heard here from so many young noblemen. When the count reconducted her, in the morning, to her father's house and he invited her for the next ball, her extreme joy was redoubled. "Oh Susanna," he sighed. "You passed this evening so agreeably to yourself; don't you wish for such joyful moments both morning and evening? It only depends on you. As countess Von Siebenthal your whole life will be a Ball day."

She was silent. He stole a kiss from her, pressing her to his bosom, she trembled, remained silent, and suffered the second.

The count did not fail to inquire after the health of both his dancing partners and to continue his court to each, to both he made splendid presents and he inspired both maidens with vanity and love. The fathers, the tailor as well as the Baron were dazzled in nearly the same manner. The tailor thought soon to be rich enough to give up his trade, and the Baron was loud in his praises, of the most flattering kind, in favor of the count who indeed had advanced him considerable sums in times of great pecuniary embarrassments.

Von Siebenthal had no difficulty in gaining his end: he demanded Susanna's hand, and that too of the Baron's daughter, they both gave their consent, which was confirmed by their parents.

This insatiable seducer played exactly the same game in the house of Mr. Baugartner the first musician of the town; by his artifices he succeeded in separating his daughter from her betrothed lover, and in placing himself in his stead. The betrothment with all three was formally concluded on the same day.

On the betrothment-day the Baron gave a grand dinner, ball and supper. The convulsions of nature on that day were dreadful; storm, rain and snow, were accompanied by vivid lightning, thunder and hailstones. The tiles rattled from the roofs, the largest trees broke or were plucked up from their roots, but nothing of this was perceived in the Ball room where the evening was spent in the enjoyment of love, wine and merriment.

The young Baroness adorned and dressed out in royal magnificence by the prodigal presents of her betrothed, danced

with extravagant joy and was delighted with the envious admiration of the other noble ladies, of the surrounding neighbourhood who could not but acknowledge her splendour. She made them feel that as the bride of the richest count of Germany she could no longer look upon them as her equals.

Before the Ball was ended, she was too weary to stay longer and she retired early in the morning to her sleeping room. The Count as if intoxicated with love followed her unperceived. When the count returned he found all ready for departure; the carriages one by one in rapid succession drove to and from the gate.

Early on the following day a most horrid rumour ran through the town, that the daughter of the musician Baumgartner was found dead in her bed with her neck twisted. All thronged to that unfortunate house. Doctors, Surgeons and Police Officers hurried thither, and the most pitiful cries were heard. Now the circumstance (in Advent 1800) which had happened a hundred years ago in Herbesheim occurred to many. The tradition of the Dead Guest revived. Terror seized upon all.

Master Schatzmann heard of it too. He thought of Susanna with a cold shudder. But when he reflected on the Dead Guest, and according to the tradition on the tall big man with the pale face in the black dress and when he found this to be the accurate description of the Count, his hair stood on end. But yet he never gave entire credit to a tale that no reasonable man could believe. He reproached himself for his doubts, and went up to his chest to take a wine glass full of the kirshenwasser which he had received from the Count, as a cordial for his faint heart.

To his astonishment the bottle had vanished; his wonder was yet more strangely excited when looking in a different box, one thing and other and all were wanting which either he or his daughter had received from the liberality of the Count. He shook his head with horror.

His heart foreboded evil things. Alone and silent he crept into Susanna's sleeping room, that in the most dreadful case he might have no witness, and that he might not become the talk of the town. He softly opened the door. He went to the bed of the daughter, but yet he could not summon sufficient courage to open his eyes. And when at last he gave a glance there—it grew dark before his eyes—there she laid dead; her beautiful face twisted to her back. Struck as if by lightning he stood motionless. In his confusion he laid hold of the pale head of the deceased, and laid it in its natural position; without knowing what he did he hastened to the doctor and announced to him the sudden death of his child. The doctor looked on the beautiful corpse and shook his head, her head was again twisted to the back. Master Schatzmann did not wish the truth to be divulged; he intreated him to say that a severe fever occasioned by the

violent storm, or the hot weather, or any thing else had killed her. The poor tailor in his grief began to howl so loud that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed.

Nothing but the misfortune of those two poor girls was heard of when a new report of the instant death of the only daughter of the Baron Von Frendenreich was promulgated. Yet the doctors who returned to town from the Baron's house, asserted that the lady had been alive this morning; an apoplexy in consequence of a cold caught at the Ball the previous night was more than sufficient to destroy her tender life: but who believed it? Every one was convinced that the young Baroness had shared the same untoward fate as the other two, and that the Baron had for honor's sake spared no money to buy the secret.

Indeed the house of the Baron, from a place of extravagant mirth was changed into a house of mourning; the unfortunate father was inconsolable. Had it been possible to aggravate his grief it would have been the discovery that all his bills of exchange, together with all his gold, necklaces, rings, jewels, &c. which the Count Von Siebenthal, had either given to the father or daughter, had disappeared with the life of the Baroness. Nay the Count himself, who was sought in all places had become invisible in the most unaccountable way. His apartments were as clean and empty as if he had never dwelt therein. His baggage, servants, horses, carriages, and all that belonged to him were gone.

Thus on one and the same day, the three unfortunate brides were conveyed to their last homes. The coffins and the mourners arrived at the same time on the burial ground before the town. The parson read the funeral service for all three; when one of the mourners wrapped up in a black mantle somewhat before the service was concluded turned sideways; scarcely at the distance of a few paces, he was seen in a changed shape, in an old and singular fashion, snow white, with a white feather in his hat; three large red spots were visible upon his person, and drops of blood were distinctly seen to drip down over his white clothes. He went toward the flaring-place, and was no longer seen. Whilst a cold shudder seized all who looked after that terrifying appearance, the bearers of the coffins were yet more dismayed in lifting them to their graves. For they found them as light as if they were empty. In their terror they hurled the empty boxes on the ground. A hurricane with rain and snow passed over the land. All fled in fear and terror towards the town. A sharp cold wind blew with fury after them.

A few days after this, the Baron Von Frendenreich left his palace in the most melancholy weather, whither he never returned. The gardens became a wilderness. The castle remained uninhabited, till heaven knows how! it became a prey to the flames.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

Watteville here concluded his narration. This second part though it did not produce the same terrific effect, yet it did not fail to leave a deep impression on the assembly; for they conversed the whole evening of it, and not a few with great seriousness about the possibility of such an apparition. But no one ridiculed it so much as Mr. Guyot. His wit and mockery were however lost; for he was well known as a freethinker, and they knew too that the former old parson had distinctly aimed at him, when in his sermons he spoke of Deists, Atheists, Socinians, &c.

The powerful interest excited by Watteville's narration was very clear by the rapidity with which it circulated throughout the town and of course it was dressed up with multifarious additions. At another time it would not have attracted the attention of an evening winter party. But now when the hundred years visit of the DEAD GUEST was quite the topic of the day, it excited the curiosity of the most unbelieving and most indifferent men.

Watteville was obliged to leave Herbesheim for some time on regimental affairs. He would gladly have remained not only on account of the bad weather, but on account of Amelia and of himself; for only now when danger came on his love, did it grow to a violent passion. He did not doubt of the fidelity of her heart, nor that she would consent to the merchant-like calculated marriage plan; but his thoughts were tormented by a hundred thousand possibilities. And if they had not tormented him, yet the separation from his secretly betrothed bride, whose entire being, in the glowing of his passion, had become deified, was intolerable. But the order was strict and a military obedience was exacted.

"Amelia" said he to her, the evening before his departure, "Amelia never, never did I leave Herbesheim with such a heavy heart. And though it be but for a few weeks yet I feel as if it were for ever."

Amelia was terrified by his words. She took his hand and said: "Are you perhaps anxious about Mr. Huber that he might arrive during your absence? Or are you fearful of my firmness? Fear nothing, I entreat you; fear nothing, don't mind me, but yourself; take care of your health, of your life, for this is unwholesome weather. I do confess to you, never was I so faint hearted at our separation as now. I don't know why, but I tremble lest you may never return."

They both continued to communicate their mutual apprehensions and anxieties, and what they did not dare to do before, they took their mutual adieu with tears and kisses. Both in their extreme grief considered it their last farewell.

At night the Captain departed. The following morning Mrs. Guyot seeing the eyes of her daughter red from shedding tears inquired of her, how she was ; she then came to know how dearly she loved and was beloved by Watteville ; she concluded her consolations thus : " It could not well be otherwise. You could not help it. He is worthy of you though he does not possess what your father wants. I shall discover to your father how matters stand between you."

" For heav'n's sake not yet."

" Yes Amelia, now. Had it been earlier it would have been better. I must tell it to him for I am his wife. As such I will not and dare not keep a secret from him ; never keep a secret from your future husband. The very first secret, man and wife hold from each other, even in the happiest matrimony, carries ruin to their mutual confidence ; from time to time we may act wrong but, sincerity is the best remedy and prevents misunderstandings." Thus she spoke and left her, to join Mr. Guyot, at breakfast.

" What is the matter with the girl ? what does she want ?"

" Confidence for you and me out of too great love for her parents."

" That won't do, Mamma, you have again something in the back ground. Yesterday she had a headache, to-day no confidence, and to-morrow—"

" She is afraid to give you pain."

" Nonsense."

" She is afraid that you will force Von Huber upon her, even if she should not wish to have him."

" She has not yet seen him."

" She would rather not see him at all. Her heart has already decided. She and Watteville are attached to each other. You might have perceived that long ago."

" Stop !" said Mr. Guyot and set down the coffee cup ; he reflected for a moment and again he lifted it up and said : " What more ?"

" What more ! That you should be careful, and not hasten with the betrothment if you don't wish to cause some misfortune. It is possible that Amelia may find Von Huber very agreeable, if she be certain that he will not be forced on her. It is possible that the Captain may be removed to another garrison, and that separation may produce more effect than force."

" True, I will write to his general. He must send him to another garrison. By all the powers ! Amelia does not surely wish to become a captain's wife ? I'll write by the first post day. These are sad times."

Mr. Guyot in his fashion stormed a little, but at the end he saw that Mrs. Guyot was in the right. When Amelia came up

to him he said: "you are a reasonable girl and you should not throw yourself away like a goose. You may love each other as much as you please, only don't think of marriage. Make yourself acquainted with Von Huber, should he not suit you, away with him, I force you not: do you in your turn not force me."

Thus the peace of the family was restored by the prudent conduct of Mrs. Guyot.

THE SURPRISE.

"But only see Mamma" said Amelia "how the wind blows! how black the heavens are! only observe the rain, snow and hailstones!"

Mrs. G. smiled, for she had an idea which she did not know at first, whether she ought to communicate. At last she said: "Amelia do you know? To-day is the first Advent day, when the reign of the Dead Guest is to begin. The black prince as it ~~should~~ seem always announces himself by a violent storm."

"I am quite sure Mamma, this storm throws the inhabitants of Herbesheim in great terror!"

At this moment Mr. Guyot in a great hurry entered the room with a loud but yet somewhat singular laughter; it was not clear whether it was natural or forced.

"Foolish things and no end!" cried Mr. G. "go into the kitchen Mamma, and set the house maids in order, else they will throw the meat into the soup and the soup into the sauce."

"What can the matter be," asked the astonished Mrs. Guyot.

"How! you know nothing? The whole town says that the Dead Guest is arrived. Two laborers of the Fabric enter my room from the street out of breath and as wet as poodledogs, to relate what they heard in ten different places. I don't wish to hear of that diabolical nonsense. I pass near the kitchen the maids are all in alarm. I thrust my head in, to see what was the matter, when those foolish things, at the sight of my black wig, cry a loud and run about taking me to be the Dead Guest. Are you all mad? cried I? Oh! exclaimed Ann "I will not deny it, Mr. Guyot, I am abominably frightened. My knees are in a tremor. And I need not be ashamed that I gave my word to the chimney sweeper Muller. But now as it happens so, I wish I had not seen Muller in all my born days." Thus cried Ann, and as she was going to wipe her tears she lets the pan with the eggs fall from her hand. Gritle behind the hearth weeds in her apron. The old one eyed Gattung, with her sixty years, is quite confounded and cuts her finger with the kitchen knife when wiping it."

"Did I not say so" said Amelia laughing.

"Put order in the kitchen Mamma!" continued Mr. Guyot: "else the effect of this will be that we must starve this blessed Sunday."

Amelia jumped out of the room with laughter, saying. "It shall not be so bad as all that."

"These are" said Mr. G. "the fine fruits of superstition. All are full of superstition from the beggar to the first Minister, schoolboys and parsons, midwives and professors all inveigh against information, say that it brings insubordination, irreligion, revolution. They will scarcely lay out a kreutzer for the improvement of schools, but millions for the building of churches chapels and private houses; the mouths of reasonable people are kept shut by force. but if a man praises nonsense and servitude he is rewarded with titles and situations."

"Papa" said Mrs. Guyot with a smile "the affair is not deserving of such violent animadversion."

"Good heavens you yourself are attacked with superstitious belief! Do you take superstition under protection? When I die I will leave ten thousand gilders for the salary of a man who is to teach nothing else but common sense. He who can suffer such mad ideas of ghosts and apparitions must wish the whole world to be a mad house."

"But Papa, my dear Papa, whither do you wander in your zeal?"

"Cursed be all superstition! but I see you are too deeply rooted in that cursed doctrine. Go on so and you'll be just as the English wish you to be; the more stupid a nation is, with greater facility they can ruin them. You will not improve, till a second Bonaparte comes with an iron rod to beat sense into you."

Whilst Mr. Guyot continued in full zeal to thunder away in this manner his Book keeper entered the room.

"It is correct Mr. Guyot."

"What is correct?"

"He is arrived. He lodges at the black cross."

"Who lodges at the black cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"What folly! You a reasonable man! must you too believe all the old women tell you?"

"My eyes are not old women! I stepped out of curiosity into the black cross; Mr. Stuber the notary, was my companion. We found him sitting in the large room."

"Absurd!"

"I knew him immediately. The inn-keeper appears to know him too."

"Stuff!"

"The guard-master at the door of the town, recognized him on the spot, and gave information of it to the Police."

"The guard-master is a superstitious fool; he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Very well; but if it be not the Dead Guest, it must be his twin-brother. A pale face, from head to foot, in black. A figure of about four or five ells. A three-folded golden chain over the breast. On all his fingers, sparkling diamond rings. Beautiful equipages! A numerous train of servants."

Mr. Guyot stared for a long time at the book-keeper, with a look which betrayed utter astonishment; at last he broke into a loud laugh.

"Will then the devil have his sport with us that that fellow must just arrive on the first day of Advent."

"And just at the time when the people came from the Church, and ran over the street, when wind and weather stormed with the greatest violence."

"But what may be the name of the stranger?"

"I don't know, but this man calls himself just as he likes. Sometimes he is Von Buren, at other times Count Von Siebenthal. It is also singular that he took his residence at the black cross, as if he had been attracted by that name."

Mr. G. remained a long time silent and in thought. At last he said, "Chance, nothing but chance. Only don't think of the Dead Guest. But a most singular accident it is. Just on Advent Sunday, during the most abominable weather, tall, black, pale, the rings, his equipages, &c. &c."

"I should not believe a single word, if you were not a reasonable man book-keeper. But don't take it in bad part; you heard the tale of the Dead Guest, you saw a stranger dressed in black; suddenly the devil plays one of his pranks with your imagination, and adds what is wanting to turn your brains."

THE APPARITION.

The Dead Guest was the only topic of conversation. All were anxious to hear more of him, and to obtain more accurate information of the stranger at the evening party at the Burgomaster's. Mrs. Burgomaster kept an uninterrupted day and night Chronicle of Herbesheim. The ladies assembled early. Mr. Guyot promised to go in the dusk of the evening. He had to settle some business with his people which he used to do on the afternoons of Sunday.

He was just on the point of dispatching the last of his people, and setting out to join the evening party, when he was startled by a piercing female shriek.

Mr. Guyot and his journeyman were violently alarmed. There was a deep silence.

"Go and see Peter what this can be," said Mr. G. to his labourer. He was absent but a short time and then returned, with a wild look, and could scarcely give utterance to a few

words, with a tremulous and almost inaudibly slow voice. Some one said he, at length, desires to speak to you."

"Let him come in," said Mr. G. angrily. Peter opened the door, and a stranger walked slowly in. It was a thin, tall man, dressed in black, with a handsome but pale face. His black neckcloth increased his paleness, which was indeed death-like. His elegant dress, and his rich ornaments, and diamond rings sparkling from his finger, with the dignity of his manners, made it evident that he was a man of high rank and fashion.

Mr. G. stared at the stranger; he saw the Dead Guest before his eyes! he collected himself as well as he could and said to his labourer, "Peter you remain here! I have to tell you something afterwards."

"I feel happy Mr. G. to make your acquaintance!" said the stranger slowly, and in a low voice: "I should have waited on you this morning, had I not been greatly in want of repose from my journey, and fearful to intrude on your family immediately after my arrival."

"You do me honor, Sir!" replied Mr. G. with some hesitation. But an involuntary shudder seized him. He could not trust his eyes. He drew a chair for the stranger, but secretly wished him a hundred miles off.

The stranger bowed slowly, took his seat and said: "You don't know me; but without doubt you guess who I am?"

Mr. G. felt as if his hair under his wig stood an end. He shook his head, with anxiety and politeness, and said with a forced smile: "I have not the honor to recognize you."

"I am Huber, the son of your old friend!" said the Dead Guest, with a hollow voice, and with a cold smile that froze the old man's heart.

"You have no letter from my old friend?" asked Mr. G. The stranger unfolded a beautiful letter portfolio, and handed a chit. It only contained a few lines of recommendation. The handwriting was indeed something similar to that of the old Banker; but still, there was something strange about it.

Mr. G. read the letter a long time, and read it over again, only to gain time, and to reflect. As an enlightened man, in spite of his involuntary terror, he did not wish to believe that the renowned *Dead Guest* was before him; but as little could or would he convince himself, that the son of his friend should so exactly resemble, in figure and shape, the ill-famed apparition. Here was no probability of a trick of a bewildered brain, nor of chance. He jumped from his seat, begged pardon, that he was obliged to look for his spectacles, as his eyes were somewhat dim, and went away only to have an opportunity to collect himself. When Mr. G. went into the side room, Peter immediately seized the lock of the door. The Dead Guest slowly turned him-

self toward him, when Peter, with a jump, trembling in all his limbs, flew out of the room, and he did not venture back till he heard Mr. G. returning from the side room.

Mr. G. indeed had considered in haste, and in haste he took a desperate resolution. Still uncertain what kind of guest he had before him, he could not hand over his poor Amelia to a doubtful being. Not without violent heart-beating he approached him, and said in a doleful voice. "Hear me, my dearest Von Huber, I have the highest opinion of you. However, strange things, very strange indeed, have happened here which I could not foresee. I would that you had only done us the honor to come earlier. There has been a love affair between my daughter, and the Commandant of the town. Betrothment and so on. I only knew this a few days ago. The Captain was my ward. What could I do. Nolens volens I was obliged to consent, I had proposed to write to-morrow to your father to acquaint him with all those contradictory events, and to request him not to give you any trouble. I am very sorry for it. What will my old friend think of me?"

Further Mr. Guyot could not speak, excessive horror made his voice give way. The guest seated opposite to him, against every expectation had not only listened to him coolly and quietly, but his look at first gloomy, cleared up at the words, "love affair," "betrothment," as if he was particularly desirous to get a girl whose hand and heart was given away to another man. But it did not escape Mr. G.'s observation, that the pale face, as if it had betrayed itself, endeavoured to compose itself again to its former sternness as if displeased with itself.

"Give yourself no concern about it!" said Von Huber, "neither for my father's sake nor my own."

Mr. G. thought to himself, "I understand you but too well!" But now he endeavoured to redouble his efforts to keep away for ever from Amelia, that well known, terrible seducer.

"I ought not to let you lodge at the inn, and should request of you to make my house your own. But the circumstance of the affair between my daughter and the Commandant—you may conceive—a second bridegroom in the absence of another, and then you understand, people of such a small town say more than they know. Besides my daughter.....!"

"May I beg, no excuses! I am not ill served at the hotel. I understand you. If you will only allow me to wait on Miss Gnyot."

"But you.——"

"For to have gone to Herbesheim, and not to have seen the bride that was destined for me, it would never do."

"Very true, but you.——"

"I envy the Commandant from all that I have heard of the beauty and the amiability of your daughter."

"You are very kind."

"It would have been the greatest honor to me to have become a member of your excellent family. My father never mentioned you, but with the highest respect."

"Your humble servant."

"May I beg to be introduced to your daughter?"

"I am very sorry, very sorry indeed. But for this evening she is in a large party, and where it is a law not to introduce a stranger under any pretext whatever. Therefore.—"

"Indeed I don't care much about this evening, I still feel fatigued, nor do I wish to see her in a large assembly where one is always more or less constrained, I should prefer seeing her in domestic society."

"Mr. Guyot made a mute bow."

"I should still more like, and you will be kind enough to give me leave to see Miss Guyot confidentially, I have many things which I wish to communicate to her privately."

Mr. G. felt terrified. He thought to himself: "There we have it—that fellow marches in a straight line toward his end!" He cleared his throat.

The stranger was now silent, and waited to hear what Mr. G. was about to say, but he kept silent, and continued. "I trust that my communications to Miss G. will give her consolation on several points, for which she will not withhold from me her esteem, which under present circumstances is far from indifferent to me."

Mr. G. endeavoured to put in many *but*s and *ifs*, to prevent that confidential tête à tête. In his anxiety he spoke much, and from politeness confusedly. The Dead Guest understood him not at all, or seemed not to wish to understand him, and he became more and more importunate. Mr. G.'s situation became still more painful, he already saw his beautiful and dear child embraced by this apparition, and her face twisted to her back.

Under this conversation which lasted a long while, it grew dark, and as the guest made no motion to go. Mr. G. suddenly started up and said, that unavoidable affairs obliged him to be rude enough to quit him. Thus he forced his leave. The guest in somewhat an ill humour departed, asking permission to renew his visit.

Mr. G. hurried toward the Burgomaster's house where the evening party was assembled; he was unusually taciturn. They spoke of nothing else but the Dead Guest. They asserted that he carried a large heavy box, filled with gold; that already he knew all the brides in town, that he was a very agreeable man, but that some smell of the grave could be perceived. What-

ever was said here, did for the most part only too well coincide with what Mr. G. had remarked in him in the assumed shape of the rich banker.

As soon as Mr. G. had arrived home again with his wife and daughter, he related the visit from the Dead Guest and that he hoped to have done with him. The ladies were at first greatly astonished or rather frightened ; but when they heard the name of the proposed bridegroom, they could not help smiling.

When they heard that the father had declared Watteville to be the betrothed bridegroom. Amelia fell round his neck and said, " Oh Papa, sweet Papa, do keep your word."

" By heavens !" said the old man, " I shall certainly keep my word."

The story appeared to the Ladies somewhat incredible, but they were rather inclined to believe that from his own fancy he had made some additions, or that chance had made a singular joke, than to doubt the personality of Von Huber. This stubbornness of the mother and daughter in not believing his assertions, rendered Mr. Guyot still more anxious.

" Just so it was to come ! just so !" exclaimed Mr. G. angrily and faint hearted. " He has you already both in his clutches, he has already stunned you. I am not credulous indeed, nor am I superstitious but what actually happened to me, has happened. It is a devilish trick which might drive me mad. Reason cannot conceive it. But there may be many things which to reason are incomprehensible. I shall lock you up in the cellar, that you may have no communications with that infernal Ghost."

" Dearest Papa ! May the Dead Guest be Von Huber or not, I swear to you not to love him and never to forget Watteville. But in return give me your word as a father, that you will not separate me from Watteville, be it the Dead Guest or Von Huber that sues for my hand, and then you need not lock me up."

" Truly I would rather give you to the poorest beggar in the street who is at least a living being !—than to a Ghost !"

GOOD AND BAD CONSEQUENCES.

Amelia had the most charming dreams, but Mr. Guyot passed a sleepless disturbed night. That pale figure, whose white face appeared more terrific from his black hair and beard was visible to him even with closed eyes. Amelia had the most grateful sentiments towards that ghost-like stranger who had so suddenly converted her father, and brought her nearer to her dear Watteville.

The following morning as soon as Mr. G. had taken his breakfast with his family, he went to the burgomaster. It was the

result of his reflections during the preceding night, and requested of him to adopt against the unknown stranger such police proceedings as might effectually compel him to leave the town. He now related frankly what had happened yesterday in his house before he joined his evening party, and that his wife and daughter were already benumbed in their senses; that they looked upon the Dead Guest as the real son of the Banker Huber, though it is reasonable to suppose, young Huber in his part as bridegroom, would not have chosen the exterior shape of that known Guest, and that he could not possibly have designed to play this trick out of frolick.

The burgomaster shook his head at so delicate an affair. He did not know what to say; but he assured him he would make the strictest enquiries, for the whole town was in anxiety about this disagreeable apparition.

When Mr. G. after some hours returned home, (having also consulted the police lieutenant and some other friends) he by chance looked through a glass window of his house, and beheld the horrible guest, as it appeared to him, in a tender conversation with Amelia. The girl smiled on him very amicably, and did not appear to say any thing against it when he took up her hand, kissed and pressed it to his lips. Mr. G. could not believe his own eyes. All the surrounding objects seemed to tremble, or rather he trembled himself. At first he wanted to enter abruptly and drive that insatiable seducer from the house; then he considered the evil consequences which such a step might have for Amelia and himself. He thought too of the duel betwixt the Count Von Siebenthal and the Viscount Von Wyttenbach only a hundred years ago. He ran as pale as death into his wife's apartment, who was terrified by his look.

When she heard the cause of his condition, she endeavoured to console him; assured him that the supposed ghost was really the expected bridegroom, an amiable modest man, with whom Amelia and herself had a long conversation.

"I believe Mamma, to your eye this man is very modest. But go and see, how far he has brought it with Amelia. They kiss each other."

"That's impossible, Papa!"

"Here, here, accuse these my eyes of falsehood. He has her in his clutches, she is lost! Why are they alone—your brains are bewildered already, else you would not have left them alone."

"Dear Papa, he asked permission to explain himself to her alone. How is it possible that you, an enlightened man ridiculing whatever smells of superstition, should let your mind be turned, and suddenly become the most bigotted of all men?"

"Superstitious, bigotted! no, call it prudent, careful, against this diabolical delusion! Be it, whatever it may, we must arm ourselves against being cheated. The girl is too dear to me. I order her for once, and for ever to cut all intercourse with that soi disant Von Huber."

"But what will his father say?"

"Oh, the old man will say nothing. And how should he? And in the name of God! let him say whatever he likes. Go, I intreat you, and send away that cursed seducer!"

Mrs. Guyot then went up to him, laid her hand in a friendly manner on his shoulder, and spoke softly in an intreating tone; "My dear husband, consider what you are doing in your idle fear! Because he has a pale face and a black coat, a stranger is not therefore a ghost. But if you order it, persist in it, and if it serves your peace of mind, I shall obey you. Yet consider, Amelia and I have invited him already to dinner."

"It is enough to strike a man with apoplexy!" cried Mr. Guyot. "To dinner! It will drive me mad! He must possess the magic art and has enchanted you like the rattle-snake does the small birds, who must fly into his jaw *nolens volens*. Off off! I will have nothing to do with him!"

At this moment Amelia in a cheerful humor came in. "Where is Von Huber," asked Mrs. G.

"For a moment only he went to his lodging. Truly he is a worthy excellent man!"

"There you hear it!" cried Mr. G. "In a quarter of an hour she knows that he is a worthy and excellent man. You love Watteville! Oh if Watteville were here? But I will fear no more; countermand your invitation. Tell him a lie, an honest shift, that I was suddenly seized with sickness, that we are extremely sorry, and that we cannot receive him to-day."

Amelia was frightened by the violence of her father. "Hear me papa, you shall hear what he has told me. He certainly is an excellent man, and you will——"

"Stop! I will hear nothing, I have already heard too much. Let me have my own will. Call it singularity, call it by whatever name you like; only hear me. Should Von Huber resemble the Dead Guest, or the Dead Guest Von Huber it is all the same devil. If you can bring your good, excellent Von Devil to leave Herbesheim to-day and for ever, I give you my word of honor, that you may stick to and marry Watteville, even should the real son of my old friend arrive. I promise to write immediately to his father, to relate to him all and to cancel all previous engagement as soon as I know that Satan is off. Here is my hand, now tell me can you persuade him to pack, and be off?"

"Well said Amelia oErjoyed ; it shall succeed, only allow me to speak to him alone."

"There we have it again ! No, no, off with him ! Write to him a few lines. Off, off with him !"

No contradiction was of avail. But the price offered to Amelia was too precious. She wrote to the young Banker, she was sorry to be obliged to countermand the invitation to dinner on account of the sudden illness of her father, she even requested him, if he had any esteem or friendship for her to leave town as soon as possible, for all her future fortune and the peace of the house depended altogether on his immediate removal ; she promised to write to him in a few days and to explain to him in a letter the singular causes, of her singular request.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD GUEST.

A servant took Amelia's letter to the inn and inquired for Von Huber ; the fellow went with pleasure, for he was in hopes of seeing that famous and much dreaded Dead Guest. But when he opened the door of the apartment of the Banker, he suddenly shuddered when he saw that tall, black and pale gentleman coming upon him, and heard him say in a hollow voice : "What do you want ?" The figure seemed to him much taller, blacker and paler than he had had heard it was.

"May your excellency pardon me," said the terrified man, with a face in which mortal anxiety was expressed ? "I did not wish to interrupt your excellency, I only asked for the Banker Von Huber."

"I am the person."

"Yourself" ? said the poor man trembling all over, and he felt as if his soles were nailed to the ground : "For God's sake, let me go !"

"I do not hold you. Who has sent you ?"

"Miss Guyot."

"Wherefore ?"

"That letter, you are . . ." With this unconcluded sentence, because the banker advanced a step towards him, he threw the letter at his feet, and ran off as if he was pursued !

Mr. Huber read Amelia's letter, frowned darkly and walked violently up and down the room.

Meanwhile he heard another knock at the door. The inn-keeper entered timorously, respectfully holding his cap, in his hands and with a great many bows—"You come in due time Mr. Host ; is dinner ready ?" said the black Gentleman—"The dinner here is not good enough for your Excellency."

"Quite so ; the things are well cooked."

"At the Golden Angel they could cook much better."

"I will hear nothing of the Angel; remain here at the Black Cross; you are the most modest innkeeper I ever met with in my life. Let the table be covered."

The innkeeper rubbed his cap in his hands and appeared embarrassed how to express what seemed to lie on his heart.

The black Gentleman did not at first observe it, as absorbed in thought, he hastily walked up and down the room. But whenever he approached too near the innkeeper, mine host carefully retired for four full steps.

"Do you want any thing else?" enquired the Dead Guest.

"Alas, yes! your excellency will be so good as not to take it amiss."

"By no means, out with what you have to say!" said the Dead Guest stretching out his arm to tap the innkeeper on the shoulder in a friendly manner. But he understood the motion differently and fancied the Dead Guest wished to make an experiment of his head and nape. Believing himself to be in this fearful danger, with the quickness of lightning he bent himself to the ground, made half a revolution with his body, took a desperate leap which carried him through the door and to the bottom of the stairs.

Von Huber, however annoyed he must have felt at such conduct, could not help laughing. He had observed this singular shyness from all the inmates of the house; it struck him particularly since the morning.

Again a knock at his door; it was only half and slowly opened; a martial head with a large Roman nose and large mustaches appeared with the question, "Am I right? Von Huber?"

"Certainly."

A big man in the Police livery now came into the room. "The burgomaster requests your Excellency to repair for a moment to him."

"To repair to him? that sounds somewhat in the Police style. Where does he live?"

"At the end of the street, Your Excellency, in the large corner house with the balcony. I shall have the honor to conduct you thither."

"That may not be necessary my good friend. I like neither military nor police escorts."

"The burgomaster has ordered it so."

"Well, and you obey unconditionally. Haven't you been in the army?"

"In the seventh regiment of Hussars."

"In which battle did you get that fine scar on your forehead?"

"In a battle with my comrades for a pretty girl!"

"Then your wife won't like to see that scar, unless she be herself that pretty girl?"

"I have no wife."

"No matter, your sweet heart then. For whoever can show such an honorable mark for the fair sex, cannot remain insensible. But is it not so?"

The man with the mustaches frowned his brow. It amused the querist to read in the looks of this hero a kind of confirmation of his supposition; he therefore continued; "You must not lose courage, your scar ought to be a proof to your sweet heart, what you would hazard for a single look of her large black eyes, nay for a lock of her brown hair."

The police sergeant changed colour and widely opened his eyes. "Your Excellency" he stammered, "knows the girl already?"

"Why not? it is the prettiest girl in the whole town!" replied Von Huber smiling; whom it rejoiced to come at the love affairs of the police man by his bold and accidental questions. The policeman was not at all pleased; particularly with the roguish smile of that pale death-like face that appeared to have something ghastly and malicious about it.

"Your Excellency knows her already? How is that possible? only yesterday you came here? I have scarcely quitted the gate of the Milliner, and when I was not there another had to look out for me. In a visible way you could not have entered the house."

"My good friend, houses are sometimes provided with back doors."

The man with the mustaches was thunderstruck, since he indeed recollected a back door. Von Huber by the embarrassment of the police man was made more wanton, and he endeavoured to make him jealous; he said to him, "so she has become somewhat cold to your carresses? I thought so! the scar! the scar!"

"No my lord, not the scar. But, don't get angry, yourself!"

"What, I? Don't you dream of that, you are of course not jealous. Let us enter into an alliance together, you understand...."

"I understand you but too well. No alliance. God beware!"

"You introduce me to your handsome bride, and I will reconcile her to your scar."

The police sergeant made a motion as if seized with a cold shudder. Then he invited Von Huber in a dry official tone to follow him to the Burgomaster.

"I shall go, but I positively decline your company through the town."

"My order is so."

"And I order the contrary. Therefore go and inform the Burg-master. If you make the least hesitation, you may consider your bride as lost to you."

"My lord for heaven sake!" said the honest sergeant in great anxiety! "I obey; but I entreat your Excellency for God's sake, let the poor girl live!"

"I hope you don't suppose that I will eat the girl out of pure love?"

"Your word of honor my Lord, that you will spare the poor child; then I shall do for you whatever you may be pleased to order, should it even be my own death."

"Quiet yourself. I give you my word of honor, I will let the poor child live. But tell me how is it that in your fear, you suppose such a thing possible? who in this world can have the wish to kill a handsome girl?"

"You have given me your word of honor my Lord. I am content. How can it interest you to twist the neck of my poor Betty? I go and leave you alone, even fiends must keep their word."

With this the poor fellow left the room; behind him he heard the Dead Guest laugh aloud. It seemed to him to be a laugh of satanic scorn, and it came cutting through his ears and heart. He ran to the Burgomaster and related to his astonishment the whole story.

THE EXAMINATION.

Von Huber took his stick and hat and went off. Still he smiled at the terror of the police sergeant whose jealousy he thought to have excited.

As he crossed the street, he soon saw that he was in a small town in which every stranger is gazed at as if he were a wild beast, and where in greeting and returning the compliment a dozen hats are worn out in a year. Wherever he came people most politely receded on his approach with a low bow. Even from a great distance all uncovered their heads. More respect could not have been shown to royalty. To the right and left of the houses, as he passed by, he saw a number of curious heads looking after him through the glass windows.

But the worst happened to him when he came near the house with the balcony pointed out to him. Not far from that house in a square there is a fountain, the water of which, through seven pipes, gushed out into a large stone-bason. Round the fountain there stood a number of servant maids with buckets and tubs, busily chattering. Some scraped fish, others were washing salad, some placed their empty pails under the pipes, others carried the bucket already filled, on their heads. Von Huber, to be more certain of the house of the Burgomaster, stepped aside, to inquire of one of those busy maidens, who in the vivacity of their conversa-

tion did not at first perceive him. But as he opened his mouth, and all turned their eyes on him—help good Lord! what a loud outcry! what a confusion! all rebounded with terror. The one lets her fish drop into the water bason, the other casts her washed salad on the ground, the water tub which the third carried on her head, tumbled down, and the water dripped on the sixth as if she had been in a bath. All ran away pale and breathless, except an old woman whose feet would not obey her any longer; she edged backward against the high fountain pillar as if she wished to push it down; crossed herself with her withered hand as fast as she could move it; opened her pale lips and stared at him with eyes full of despair, whilst her thinly scattered hair stood an end.

Displeased with these foolish people Von Huber proceeded directly to the house with the balcony. He was at the right place. The Burgomaster a short and well bred man, received him very politely and conducted him to a private apartment.

“You have sent for me” said Von Huber “and indeed I come with pleasure, for I hope to clear up many riddles through you. Only yesterday I arrived in your town, and I confess, have experienced here more adventures than on all my former travels.”

“I believe it!” said the Burgomaster smiling: I heard of it and of something quite incredible. You are Von Huber son of the banker in the capital: you have connection with the house of Guyot and Co of this town; you came since Miss Guyot.....”

“All correct. Shall I legitimate myself to you Mr. Burgomaster?” Von Huber with these words took some papers out of his port folio. The Burgomaster did not decline to glance over them, but he immediately returned them with very obliging expressions of his satisfaction.

“Having told all Mr. Burgomaster that you could wish to be informed of. I now must request of you some explanation of the various singularities of your town. Herbesheim is yet not so far separated from the remaining world, that sometimes a stranger may happen to pass it; by what chance am I....”

“I know what you are going to say Sir. You shall know all, if you will only have the goodness to answer a few questions.

“I am at your command.”

“Meanwhile, add my questions to the singularities of Herbesheim that struck you, afterward you will explain to yourself all without much difficulty. Do you dress yourself usually in black?”

“I am in mourning for one of my aunts.”

“Were you never before in Herbesheim?”

“Never.”

"Have you formed acquaintances with persons of this town, or did you by chance ever hear or read of the traditions of Herbesheim."

"Personally I knew no body of Herbesheim and I knew nothing else of the town than that there was that house of Guyot and Co. and that Miss Guyot was an extremely amiable girl which I can confirm with pleasure."

"Did you never hear or read of the story of the Dead Guest?"

"The history of Herbesheim, especially the old one is, I must confess it to my shame, Mr. Burgomaster, as strange to me as the topography of the kingdom of Siam, and the Burmese empire."

"Well Sir, your adventures in this town, which I rather guess than know, originate from our old traditions."

"What can I have to do with your old stories? such strange things never happened to me before."

The Burgomaster smiled and said: "You are taken here for the Dead Guest, a ghost in our popular traditions and however ridiculous the idea of our burghers may be, I cannot—do not take my sincerity amiss—I cannot conceal my surprise to see that you have a most striking resemblance to the hero of that horrid tale. Supposing you do not wish to continue an old joke, that you are totally ignorant of the story of the Dead Guest, I will relate it to you just as I heard it from several persons."

Von Huber testified the most anxious curiosity. The Burgomaster said "It may be the first time that a nursery story was ever related officially" and smiling, he told, from beginning to the end, the story of the Dead Guest.

"Now I can explain the whole mystery!" said Von Huber laughing, when the story was ended: "The fair sex of Herbesheim are anxious about their necks."

"Joking aside Sir, I am yet in the dark about several things. I believe in the most singular cases of chance; but here the Goddess of fate plays her jokes so strikingly that I cannot but entertain some suspicion of you."

"How, Mr Burgomaster, you certainly are not of opinion, that I am the hero of your fable who visits Herbesheim every hundredth year to butcher poor virgins?"

"Certainly not! But accidentally you might have heard something of that ghost-story and have taken advantage of your figure to enjoy the terror of the fair in Herbesheim. Why did you just chose the first Advent sunday for your arrival, and just the moment of the most violent storm and rain, if you knew nothing of that fable."

"You are right Mr. Burgomaster, this accident is striking, I am surprised myself. However I can assure you that I so

rarely look in the Almanac that I only now have the pleasure to learn that I arrived on the first Advent. I also am ready to testify on oath that I did not give any orders for rain or storm to heaven ; on the contrary I should have liked to countermand the rain and the storm, as that weather very ill suits my present state of health."

"But how Sir, can you explain the grasp which you made wantonly this morning toward the nape of your landlord?"

Von Huber, laughed aloud: "Hah, hah! therefore did that poor devil make a bow to the ground and give such a violent leap; the landlord thought my innocent motion of the hand suspicious. I merely wanted to tap him on the shoulder."

"One thing more, Sir, do you know Miss Cow?"

"Many Cows Mr. Burgomaster, but no Miss that bears that handsome name."

"Yet it is positively asserted, that you not only know her, but that you know even the back door of her house."

"The back door of Miss Cow's house! Oh now I understand. At the back door I recognise the goddess of the Police sergeant. Now the words and entreaties of that man are clear to me."

"I have something else to say Sir; you will observe that I am informed of all your doings and of every step, and that the Police of Herbesheim, may be put on a par with that of Paris even in the time of Fouché and Savary. Till now I may explain every thing in the course of nature without having any suspicion that you endeavoured to bring terror on our pious Burghers. If you had indeed no wish to act the part of the Dead Guest, how comes it to pass that in a very few minutes only, you became so intimate with Miss Guyot?"

"Then you are informed of that too?" said Von Huber, perplexed, and a blush came over his pale face which could not escape the keen eye of the Burgomaster.

"Again I beg your pardon for my curiosity" added the Burgomaster: "You know officers of the Police and medical men have the privilege to put indiscreet questions. It is known to you that the Dead Guest has especially the reputation to charm the ladies with the quickness of lightning; an art which I think you to possess without considering you dead."

Von Huber, was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Burgomaster I begin to be more afraid of you than all your hon'ble citizens are of my black coat. The walls must tattle to you; for this morning only I was with the amiable Miss Guyot, and that for a very short time, if you allude to that when you talk of *intimacy*. But permit me to remain silent on that point. Either your walls have told you our whole conversation, and you know it, or if you do not, it does not become me to withdraw the veil; unless Miss Guyot, herself will do it of her own accord."

The Burgomaster, signified with a gentle nod of the head that he did not wish to press any more on him, and he changed the conversation : " Do you intend to remain here a long time ? "

" To-morrow I shall depart. My affairs here are done and truly it is not very pleasant to be obliged to act the part of a ghost."

The announcement of the sudden departure was welcome news to the Burgomaster. He did not say a word more about it and conversed with him on different subjects. At last he took his leave.

The Burgomaster found the case very singular. For to hold as the meeting of fortuitous circumstances that which stamped the pretended Von Huber the Dead Guest seemed unreasonable. There was too much in all this for the natural order of things. On the other hand, there was no reason to doubt the veracity of the stranger. The Burgomaster considered the case in all its bearings, whilst he looked on the street through the open window. He stepped to that window, as soon as his visitor had left the room, to observe in what manner the people in the street would look on the Dead Guest. But to his great astonishment he did not quit the house. He waited a long time ; a quarter of an hour had passed, but he waited in vain. He rung the bell. The servant came and was questioned by the Burgomaster. The servant swore to have stood a whole hour before the house gate, but that he had not seen the Gentleman in the black dress go out of the house.

The servant was dismissed : " That looks very ghost like ! " hummed the Burgomaster, and again he took his place by the window, after some time the servant entered uncalled and informed him, that the chambermaid was as pale as death, and crying, and told him, that the Dead Guest was with his daughter alone in a room. That the young lady was as familiar with that horrid figure, as an old acquaintance : that the Dead Guest had given the lady a pair of beautiful bracelets, and spoken to her in a whisper. That the chambermaid had seen all, but understood nothing ; and that after a short time the lady had sent the chambermaid out of the room.

The Burgomaster laughed at first ; but every inclination to laugh vanished at the mention of bracelets, of the whisper, and the chambermaid being sent away. In a rough manner he told the servant to be gone : " Bracelets ? whispers with my Sophy ? How comes he to know her ? Good God ! How does my child become so soon acquainted with him ? Verily this man acts the part of the Dead Guest, too naturally ? " This he spoke to himself. Sometimes he ran to the door of his apartment opened it and was going to surprise the stranger with his daughter, but he thought of the duel between the Count Von Siebenthal and the Viscount ; he was also ashamed of his superstitious belief ; he therefore put a bridle on his anxiety. But another quarter of an

hour passed. At last he found the time too long. He wildly ran into his daughter's apartment. She was alone admiring the beautiful bracelets.

"What have you got there Sophy?" he asked in a tremendous voice. Sophia answered frankly: "A present from Von Huber for Amelia Guyot. He is going away to-morrow morning, and he has his reasons for not entering Mr. Guyot's house any more. It is incomprehensible to me; a Bridegroom, and so soon off!"

"And how do you know him, or he you?"

"This morning when I was with Amelia and her mother, we became acquainted. He certainly terrified me when I saw him for the first time. The actual Dead Guest! But he is a very good man. As he went away from you, I just left my apartment; we recognised each other, and he immediately produced those presents."

Sophy related this so artlessly that all things appeared clear to the Burgomaster, except some few trivial matters. But on the following morning the Police Serjeant was sent to see if the stranger agreeably to his word, had actually left Hebersheim.

NEW TERROR.

The Burgomaster, a man free from superstition and bigotry, had yet passed a sleepless night. But at night by the light of the moon or stars, not only the exterior figure of the world but also the interior world of mankind has a different aspect. One is more religious; more inclined to the belief of unusual and wondrous adventures, and miracles, whatever prudent reason may oppose to it. When the Burgomaster recalled to his mind the whole history of the Dead Guest and compared the time and hour when Von Huber made his appearance, his figure, his pale face, his entire black dress, the profuse and costly presents, his sudden acquaintance and intimacy with three brides—for Sophia too was on the point of being betrothed, and the story of Miss Cow, he became suspicious.—Miss Cow had indeed confessed to the Police sergeant that the Dead Guest had been in her shop, that he had made some purchases; but that he had only appeared once; but she would know nothing of that notorious backdoor. The Burgomaster had heard this from the Police Serjeant, and it gave him anxious thoughts.

He could not look upon that tall pale Gentleman as a mere wag, he was too serious for that. Again his presents were too precious for a mere joke on the fair sex of Hebersheim. Mr. Guyot always a mortal enemy of all superstitious belief, had related and complained to him of so many singular accidents, that reflection on all these things, was enough to give him a sleepless night.

Before the Police Sergeant had reached the Black Cross, the people related to him in the street that the Dead Guest with his servants had suddenly disappeared. He had taken neither the Mail Coach nor horses, and that he did not go out through any of the gates of the town. The deposition of the innkeeper only confirmed what he had already heard, and he conducted the Police sergeant to the apartments of the pretended Von Huber. There all things were in the best order, as if no one had dwelt there, the beds untouched, the chairs were all in their places, no trunk, no garment, not the smallest piece of cloth or paper; nothing was left, not a vestige! Only on the table there was the full pay of his reckoning in hard Thalers, but which he prudently did not touch.

"Let any one who wishes take away this devil's money!" said the innkeeper. "It is well known there comes no blessing with it. If I were to put it in my chest, it would turn out stinking filth. I will make a present of it to the poor in the hospital; as for me, I will not have it!" He handed the Thalers to the Police Sergeant to give them to the Director of the Hospital.

The report of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest was soon known throughout the town of Herbesheim. Mr. and Mrs. Guyot were informed of it by their maid servant, as soon as they got up from bed; immediately after they heard it from the book-keepers and from the treasurer.

"Wonderful!" said Mr. Guyot to his wife: "Well what do you say to that? I am glad he is off. You must surely believe that all this did not happen in the natural course of things? I tell you, that never was the son of my old and esteemed friend Huber. Who would have believed such mad stories? if he had not been witness to their truth with his own eyes!"

Mrs. Guyot made some modest objections to the declaration of the informants. The book keeper was sent to the Black Cross, but he soon returned with a full confirmation of the details. Mrs. G. smiled at those reports, but did not know what to say against them.

All at once Mr. Guyot started up with a truly death-like terror and he turned so pale that Mrs. Guyot became alarmed. For a long time he could not speak.

At last he exclaimed in a slow and tremulous voice, "Mother, if the one thing is true the other may be so also."

"What then for God sake!"

"Do you think Amelia is asleep? We were for a long time awake in bed, did you hear in the side room even the least tone, or a step, or the moving of a chair?"

"Speak out Papa, surely you will not suppose that the child is dead!"

"But if the one thing be true the other may be true also.—Oh it would be horrible! Mamma I have not the courage to look after her."

"How so? Do you fear she . . ."

"Oh! God!"

With these words the old man tortured with the wildest forebodings, started for the sleeping room of Amelia. Mrs. Guyot with anxiety went after him. He put his trembling hand on the lock of the door; slowly he opened it; scarcely did he venture to breathe, and as no voice met his ear, for a long time he could not find the heart to glance towards her bed. "Look then Mamma, I dare not!" said he with a mortal anxiety.

"She sleeps quite gently!" said Mrs. G. He turned his eyes in that direction. There laid Amelia harmless, the handsome face was still in the right place. "But is she alive?" asked Mr. G. and distrustful, he conceived the rising and falling of her breast as a deception of the eyes. Only when he touched her warm hand he found himself better, and still better when she opened her eyes, with a friendly, yet wondrous smile. Mamma, explained the purport of the visit, and related the secret disappearance of Von Huber and the consequent new terror of the Papa. But now they were all pleased and happy.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

They were still more happy and contented, when on the same evening, at supper, a carriage rattled through the paved streets and stopped before the house.

Amelia attentive, jumped up and exclaimed: "It is Watteville!" It was he. All hastened to meet him. Father Guyot pressed him in his arms much more heartily than he had ever done before. A thousand things were to be asked. Father Guyot at last made an end to those troublesome inquiries and placed the Captain next to him at table. The frolicksome joyous conversation began anew: "And only consider my dearest Captain," said Mr. Guyot: "we have had that devilish fellow, the Dead Guest in Herbesheim, in our own house. What do you say to that? Yes, what will you say, within twenty-four hours he fished out his three brides; in the first place that girl there Amelia, then the Burgomaster's Sophy, and the third Miss Cow at the milliner's. We were as frightened in this town as little children."

But the Captain laughed heartily and said: "I have dined with him to-day in Murten at the Crown; you mean surely Von Huber, and no one else?"

Mr. G. smiled in an angry mood: "Von Huber here or Von Huber there! Be he whatever he will, it was the Dead Guest in body, and that fellow shall not get my Amelia, even

if he were Von Huber. For I should not like to have a cold shudder seize me whenever I saw my son in law. Had he actually been the son of my friend, so much the worse for him; for he really looked exactly like the Dead Guest as you have described him."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, "as to that he is very innocent. When on that evening I was obliged to relate the story of the Dead Guest, and as I was to describe his figure, in my haste I found no original but just that Von Huber. His appearance struck me, as he was particularly disagreeable to me. When I was ordered to Herbesheim with my Company, and as I was only a few miles distant from the Capital, on my march I made the short journey thither. Dining at the King of England with a great number of guests the unusual height of Von Huber struck me; he overtopped every mortal man by a whole head, and his black hair, his pale face, his black dress, which he wore in mourning for a rich aunt, all made an impression that could never be obliterated. I was informed that he was the son of the famous banker. He was a very indifferent personage to me at that time, yet I could not forget his figure; and I could still less forget him when he ceased to be an indifferent individual, since he—you will permit me to express it—since he sued for Amelia."

"Donner!" exclaimed Mr. Guyot laughing, and he rubbed and slapped his forehead: "A fancy trick from a rival! Nothing else! That this entered no one's brain, not even into that of the prudent Burgomaster and his Parisian Police! That I could not guess, as soon as I saw Von Huber, that that roguish Commandant might have known him and formed the Dead Guest of him? We old men remain, in spite of our grey hair, simple children—But Mr. Commandant you are the cause of these fatal stories! young Huber must be terribly angry; he will curse and swear at the manner in which he was treated here; he will call me an old idiot."

"Not so Papa!" said Watteville. He is on the contrary well pleased with the turn that things have taken. He desired me to give his compliments to you, Mrs. G. and Miss Amelia. To day he and I became really good friends. For we naturally disclosed to one another the secrets of our hearts. At first, he and I were alone at supper; we were very cold. He was gloomy and silent though he did not know me. I was gloomy and silent, just because I knew him, and thought him to be on his bridal journey to Herbesheim. Out of politeness we exchanged a few words and by chance I was informed that he came from Herbesheim and that he was on his journey home. A pardonable curiosity burned in me to hear more. Of course I could not deny that I was

well acquainted with the town, and that I was the Commandant of it. Hah! hah! said he laughing, and shook hands with me over the table. "My lucky rival, to whom I must be under obligation for his own good fortune!" Thus acquaintance was made, and frankness was the order of the day. Only think Papa, he declared that Miss Amelia herself told him that she was promised to me, and that she begged of him not to render her and me unhappy; on which he seized her hand pressed it to his lips and said that he had been obliged to obey his father's will unconditionally, to visit Herbersheim, and court Amelia; but that he had hoped to change affairs to his purpose for that he loved, and secretly had made promise to the daughter of a Professor at the university, who besides her mental treasures had few earthly ones, which to an old Banker was horror and abomination. The old Gentleman under the penalty of disinheritance, had interdicted him every thought of the professor's daughter, that the young gentleman had sworn fidelity to her, and that he was firmly resolved to marry her after his father's death."

"How?" said Mr. G. "You Amelia knew all that from him?"
 "Children, children, I really think you have played the fool with your father! How is it you did not tell me a word, not a syllable?"

Amelia kissed her father's hand and said, "Remember, my dear Papa, before you reproach your Amelia, that when I returned so gaily from Von Huber and went up to you to speak in his praise, and as I was going to relate every particular, how angry you grew; you know that you forbade me to speak, and that in recompense for my silent obedience you promised to substitute Watteville for Von Huber?"

"So? Have I done so?—Nothing in the world outdoes obedience, when one wishes to connect it with a little advantage!"

"Was I not obliged to obey? Did you not threaten to lock up dear Mamma and me in the cellar, if * * *"

"Very well you prating gossip! Don't recall my sins."

"But since you chattered with young Huber could not you have told him, what a singular prejudice existed against him? He surely would have been able to convince us that he was not the Dead Guest described by his roguish rival. At least you might have given a more reasonable cause for our foolish behavior!"

"That I did. As soon as he knew that there was no spare place in my heart, he was happy and related to me the story of his own heart; soon after Mamma and I invited him to dinner, but....."

"Be silent! Captain go on with your tale! He then was not in a rage with us? What must he think of the honorable citi-

zens of Herbesheim ! Did he not think that he had entered a madhouse, when he arrived in our town ?”

“Something similar he thought indeed. The behaviour of all the inhabitants must have struck him, for he related to me the most laughable and whimsical scenes occasioned by the general fear. But when the story of the Dead Guest was related to him, and he was informed that they did him the honor to take him for the Winter King, who was reported to have been so violently sent from this world two hundred years ago, he rejoiced at the terror which he innocently caused by his person.”

“And of which you, with your wicked story, are solely the cause” said Amelia—Who before that evening party knew how the Dead Guest looked ? The following day the children in the street related it to one another.

“Well, I was honest enough to confess my whole sin to Von Huber, as soon as I had recovered the use of my voice after a full quarter of an hour’s laughing. That a foolish fancy just painted his figure to my imagination, was pardonable. But at that moment I should sooner have thought of the falling of the heavens than such a consequence of my story. Von Huber laughed with me till his sides were sore. He related to me that in order to terrify the more enlightened inhabitants of Herbesheim and to strengthen them in their pious belief, he played a number of tricks in the fashion of the Dead Guest. To plague a police sergeant, he visited his bride the milliner ; to put his landlord in greater fear and astonishment, he asserted that he wished to go to bed early to set out early on the next day, but that as soon as it was dark he had his baggage removed by his own servants ; that by the moonlight he had taken a walk to the next village and that from thence only he had taken horses to the next station after a night’s rest there. Never have two men in this world so well imitated the unextinguishable laughter of the Gods of Homer about the activity of Vulcan, than we both with our convulsive laughter at the activity of the inhabitants of Herbesheim with the Dead Guest. Over a bottle of Champaign, we banished rivalry, made ourselves excellent friends and parted later than we first expected when we sat down to dinner.”

Father Guyot though he smiled as Watteville went on with his tale yet seemed to be at war with himself. Chagrin and gladness were singularly mingled on his countenance. Amelia coaxed him with greater tenderness for she well saw what passed within him and smoothed the contractions of his brow with kisses as often as they made their appearance.

“Children,” said Mr. Guyot ; “you now see what a train of folly and nonsense, superstition carries along with it, and even

I, old philosopher as I am, was obliged to wear the foolscap and to swim with the stream. I wish I could be ashamed but yet I find it ridiculous to be ashamed of our poor human nature. Then it is certain let no one think himself too high, firm or strong on his feet, but let him look well that he may not stumble. Mamma order a bowl of Punch that we may get cheerful with our Captain. I say we, that is to say my own little self: for you mamma, you have carried the palm of victory and require no such auxiliary to become cheerful, and as for you Amelia, it is clear that you are not very sorrowful near Watteville through whose means you have gained the object you most desired."

Mamma took the Captain's hand with a kindly and truly motherly smile and said; "Did you well understand the last words of Papa?"

"No," said Watteville blushing and embarrassed, but I wish almost to be indiscreet enough to understand them."

"Mamma let the punch be served; let all this idle talk be put aside. We must banish with punch that infernal story from our memory. Even the strongest and most courageous man who has heard with coolness a hundred bullets whistle about his ears has his run-away moments; the circumnavigator who can trace his way through the wide ocean, may lose his path on a promenade; the most pious and purest bride of heaven has once a moment like other daughters of Eve."

"Do begin to speak of something else Papa," said Amelia coaxingly.

"Bye the by, Captain" continued Mr. Guyot, "do you know that I have sold you? For the prize of getting rid of the Dead Guest I have sold you to Amelia. Don't take it amiss that without your consent, I have disposed of you in your absence. As your former tutor I have assumed that right. Here Amelia take him. Be happy together!"

Both sprung from their seats and embraced him.

"Captain!" said he, "put away your uniform!"

"It shall be off!" said the Captain with tears of joy in his eyes.

"And quit the military Service" continued Guyot. For Amelia is to live with her parents, and I have given you away to her, not her to you."

"To-morrow I shall resign my commission!"

"Children" said father Guyot, "my joy is too oppressive; I can hardly speak,—give me a glass of Punch—may you be happy and wise, and never tremble at such superstitious fears as those which made a fool of an old Philosopher, and turned the son of a rich banker into a DEAD GUEST."

V. R.

SONNETS.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

1.

It was a Turret high, that once had been
 Most fair within that gardened space,—and frowned,
 Beetling in grandeur o'er the deep moat's bound.
 With spires and bastions towering o'er the scene:
 The steps that led to it were broken now,
 And threatened danger to th' intruder there;
 And, as I sought the battlement's steep brow,
 My steps shrunk, trembling, back; yet did I dare
 To climb the dark ascent. 'The hall I gained,—
 Its walls yet bright with specks of blue and gold;
 And, browsing in that desolate spot, behold!
 A solitary Goat!—how it attained
 That perilous place I know not; but it fed
 Quietly there,—starting to hear my tread.

2.

Sweet, peaceful creature!—love'st thou too to trace
 The haunts where grandeur once held revels loud?
 Where devastation boldly now takes place
 Of wassail-triumph,—and the sensual crowd
 Of pleasure's vassals?—here no longer sounds
 The laugh of frivolous mirth; nor meets the ear
 The tone of soft kitar, or lute; for here
 Afrits and spectres walk their dismal rounds!
 Oh man! dost thou not shudder thus to see
 Thy noblest works o'erthrown?—and dost thou dare
 To lift in pride thy recreant head, and bear
 The mien of one all potent?—yonder tree
 Hath flourished there for ages,—they are dust
 Who planted it!—be humble, holy, just!

ON POETRY

AND THE SUPPOSED UNSOCIABILITY OF POETS.

THERE is perhaps no man so little understood, or so ill appreciated in general society, as the Poet. He is unintelligible and even repulsive, to all but those who think and feel like himself, or who have an especial partiality for the same pursuits. While his heart overflows with social love, he is apparently the most unsocial of human beings. He is silent and reserved in crowds, and has an appearance of pride and coldness that are the very reverse of his natural disposition. One of the most essential attributes of the true poet is a profound sympathy with human nature, and with the whole external world. It is the very depth and intensity of his emotions that compels him "to wreak himself on expression," and appeal to the hearts of his fellow creatures. He is only indifferent to indifferent things: and when his companions are struck with his seeming apathy, his soul is perhaps tossed upon a sea of thought, and his whole being is involved in a tempest of wild and incommunicable dreams. At such a time it could no more be expected that he should be interested by ordinary affairs, than that a man should occupy his mind with the frivolities of fashion in a storm on the Atlantic ocean, when the elements appear to threaten the dissolution of a world.

It may be said that no human being could be continually in a state like this, and that the poet must have intervals of calm, when he should be alive to the influences of things around him. That the poet is always in such a condition of extraordinary excitement, we by no means maintain, but his thoughts and emotions, come and go, "when no one knoweth", and therefore is it unreasonable in the man of the world, to accuse the poet of a deficiency of social feeling, when he is unable to draw the curtain of the poet's heart. The man of genius is as incapable as other men of regulating his moods of mind, and he is sometimes melancholy in the gayest scenes, and cheerful in the dreariest. It is often the strong contrast of the state of the external world, with that of his inner soul, that makes him shrink into himself, and appear unsocial. But it is the world, and not the poet that is cold, and unsympathetic. If the poet were always sure that his emotions would be understood and shared in by his companions, he would not hesitate to reveal his soul, but the expression of deep feelings whether of joy or sorrow, to those whose minds are of a sterner temperament, and cannot vibrate with the same delicacy of tone,

appears absurd and unaccountable. His enthusiasm is received with a cold smile, and his grief with wonder and contemptuous pity. To add bitterness to these mortifications he is often considered either affected or insane. Even sensible and well-meaning people are sometimes utterly unable to appreciate a man of genius. How frequently are the acquaintances of celebrated men, astounded at their success! The annals of Literary Biography teem with the mistaken notions of the early friends and companions of the master-spirits of mankind. We rarely indeed meet with the near relative, or intimate associate of a poet, who does not speak of him with irreverence, or what is still more intolerable an air of indulgent patronage. Is it then to be wondered at if with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and unparticipated feelings, he shrouds himself in a world of his own, and is solitary in the midst of crowds? From being thus checked in society, and unappreciated in personal intercourse, the poet devotes himself more exclusively to the cultivation of his divine art, by which he is enabled as it were in his deep retirement, to touch the general pulse with the magic of his appeal. But his love of mankind is still conspicuous. He clings to the sympathies of humanity, and rejoices in stirring with kindred feelings the breasts of thousands to whom he is personally unknown.

He feeds his inmost spirit with the manna of praise, and lives upon the public breath. When he fails to give delight, he is incapable of receiving it. His existence is inseparably connected with that of his fellow creatures, and a mental isolation would be worse than death. His pride and happiness consist in the power he possesses over the human heart. How glorious is the poet who thus shrouded in personal obscurity, causes the waves of human passion to rise and fall at his command; who warms countless multitudes with his own enthusiasm, and stamps immortality on every burning word!

It is the fashion of the day to disparage both Poetry and Poets, and the Utilitarians would persuade their disciples that to unfold the profoundest secrets of the human heart, and to thrill, refine and elevate the soul, with

"Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,"

is an idle and profitless amusement, and unworthy the attention of a man of sense. The blind, cold and grovelling spirit, of this novel doctrine is one of the signs of the times that is far from gratifying to a truly philosophical observer. It has become an inexcusable heresy to speak of the *utility* of such men as Shakespeare and Milton, who are actually degraded in the scale of writers below Jeremy Bentham and Mr. Mill! These sages would make man a mere automaton, a mechanical machine, whose motions are regulated by unalterable rules. Every thing approaching to enthusiasm,

and intensity of sensation is regarded by the new school of philosophy as an evidence of morbid irritability, and is treated as a disease. If poets have hitherto been reserved in society how much more so, must they become in proportion to the prevalence of these opinions. When they find themselves characterized as insignificant triflers, and their art considered an ingenious jugglery, they will speedily shrink from all personal contact with the world. It is the aim of the new sect to erect an eternal barrier between Poetry and Philosophy. They speak of the first as a fable, and of the second as "the only true thing." But while the Muse is represented as a painted and frivolous coquet, Philosophy is a coarse, and sensual being, who can scarcely see a yard before her, and who must touch every thing she hears of before she is convinced of its existence. Her eyes are ever bent upon the ground, her voice is exerted in endless complaints of the extravagance of the world, and her soul is rapt in paltry calculations. She is, in fact, a selfish and narrow-minded economist. If Poetry present her with the crystals of Castalian streams, her first and last question is how much they will produce, and to what account they can be turned. She has not even the dignity of a merchant, but is a petty retail dealer in the meanest wares. This degrading and disgusting spirit has seized for a while upon the public mind, but it cannot possibly continue unless the very elements of our human nature are decomposed by the chemistry of utilitarianism. While there is beauty in the universe, and it is acknowledged to be the production of a beneficent Power, who gives us nothing that is useless, Poetry, who bathes herself in the light and loveliness of nature, will never wholly cease to enchant and refine the heart of man.

We entertain a somewhat higher opinion not only of Poetry but of Philosophy, than the Utilitarians appear to do, and presume that those divine spirits were meant to be companions and not rivals of each other.

The word *utility* is one of the rocks on which the Benthamites have been wrecked. Now it is admitted, nothing is *useful* but as it contributes more or less to the happiness of mankind. The Benthamites maintain that happiness consists in sensual enjoyments—in eating and drinking—in good clothes and comfortable houses. The poets do not deny the value of these things, in their way, but maintain that the cultivation of the heart and mind is more essential, when it is considered that we have something superior to mere animal existence. To this the Benthamites rejoin that before we can exert the mental faculties we must support life. We must live before we can think. Therefore it is of more consequence to live than to think, and therefore those articles that support life are more useful than poetry. Would not the

same style of argument prove the inutili^{ty} of virtue? If the happiness of human life resembled the happiness of brutes, the Benthamites would have the best of the controversy. It may be urged that we are caricaturing the Utilitarians, and we do not mean to assert that the entire philosophy of these people is compressed into our rapid statement, but that we have given a fair representation of the case between Poetry and Utilitarianism. We see nothing objectionable in the opposition of the Benthamites to the common systems of education, by which boys are taught words instead of things, and every language but their own:—nor are we disposed to question the truth of the celebrated doctrine respecting the “greatest happiness of the greatest number.” We think the Utilitarians have argued on these points with great acuteness and sagacity, and are likely to benefit mankind by their labours. It is against their views of the effects of the Fine Arts and Poetry, and the elegancies and refinements of life, that we are desirous to make a stand, and we feel the more inclined to do so, because we find—persons on all sides of us, whose talents demand our esteem, who have not escaped the contagion of the new mania, and who actually talk with indifference and contempt of those very accomplishments which have elevated their characters, and made them what they are.

If the word *Utility*, has been used with no definite meaning, that of *Poetry*, has been still more vaguely understood. Many tolerably educated people can discover no difference between the Rhymester and the Poet, and when they hear Poetry spoken of as one of the loftiest exertions of the human intellect, they are very apt to cast up their eyes in amazement. This confounding of the *mechanism* of Poetry with the *spirit*, is one of the chief causes of the little estimation, in which the “art divine” is too often held, even by persons of liberal views, and superior understanding. But, if Poetry be so mean a thing as to consist in the mere jingling of rhymes, how is that there are so few genuine Poets, and so many pretenders, and that the notion has so long prevailed, that *Poeta Nascitur, non fit*. It is generally allowed that no art or labour will make a Poet, though mere industry and good sense may accomplish almost every other attainment. The fact is that genius of the highest order is essential to the true Poet, and it is on his knowledge of the human heart, and his exquisite sense of moral and external beauty, that he must depend for success in the cultivation of his art. We shall conclude our remarks, with quoting a few words on the same subject, by one of the most profound and original-minded men of the present age—William Wordsworth.

“There are people,” says he, “who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely

about a *taste* for Poetry, they express it, as if it were as indifferent a thing as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontignac or Sherry. Aristotle hath said, that *Poetry is the most philosophical of all writing*; it is so: its object is *truth*, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony but carried alive into the heart by passion, truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. *Poetry is the image of man and nature*. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent *utility*, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer or a Natural Philosopher, *but as a Man!*

“The knowledge both of the Poet and the man of Science, is pleasure, but the knowledge of the one clings to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings.” *Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of Science.***** The objects of the Poet’s thoughts are every-where; though the eyes and senses of man, are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wherever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man!”

R.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN! and the red sun thro’ mottled clouds,
 Like fire bark thro’ blue waves, his passage cleaves;
 In yellow raiment all the orchard shrouds,
 And gilds with glory all the saffron sheaves.
 The wind, fleet handmaid of the harvest field,
 Curling the golden tresses of the corn,
 Brings on the breaking silence of the morn
 The reapers’ song—Lo! where they gaily wield
 Their gleaming sickles, brandished high in air
 Ere they begin their merry toil!—and now
 The sun, advancing from his Eastern lair,
 Chases from sorest hearts sad dreams of night—
 For darkest waters will reflect his light!

R. C. C.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEE.

"In a just Government the life of the meanest subject is held precious."—Montesquieu.

THE surest tests of civilization are the value of human life, and the treatment of women. Where life is held so cheap, that little repugnance is felt at taking it by violence; and where woman is less the companion and the friend of man than his slave—we need look no further to be convinced that civilization amongst a people exhibiting these conclusive signs must be very imperfect.

There is a certain principle of destructiveness, so to express it, that pervades no less a state of society perfectly barbarous than a state of society even considerably advanced in civilization.—In the first; it is the effect of necessity.—In the second it is a custom derived perhaps from the barbarous precedent of the first.

Thus the Cannibal has not the slightest repugnance to killing, and devouring his neighbour, whom in fact he considers as little better than so much walking '*provan*'—nor does his conscience give him the slightest whisper that he is doing wrong. He must eat his neighbour or starve. Let this Cannibal again—have plenty of fish and the flesh of sheep, goats, &c. and a few esculent roots or vegetables, and he will no longer attack his neighbour to eat him. The barbarism of necessity now at an end—next comes the barbarism of custom. Cannibals familiar with the sight of human beings slaughtered for food—have a certain yearning for the pomp and circumstance of the thing—though no longer impelled to it by hunger. Accordingly, when one tribe beats another in battle, some of the prisoners are made slaves, as a kind of festival in honour of the event; a festival rendered perhaps the more acceptable inasmuch as both tribes may happen to be some days journey from their goats or hogs, and esculent roots. Some bright genius of a chief accordingly, proposes that they should slaughter and cook a few of their prisoners. In process of time however they are weaned from anthropophagy entirely, but still a hankering for slaughter remains, and a religious character is given to what formerly was a mere *Cannibal* festival, and the prisoners are offered up, as victims on the altars of their gods, or as sacrifices to the manes of their deceased friends.

The principle of destructiveness being now associated with religion or the doctrine of the soul's immortality falsely understood, leads as it has done in many quarters of the world to frequent suicide, mutilation, and murder.

In some places, the worst effects of the principle having disappeared before the ameliorating light of gradual civilization, its traces are to be found in certain cuttings and maimings, and savage austerities and penances. At this stage of society, however, the effects of the principle are personal not relative, and the individual is contented in his gloomy and superstitious notions of the most merciful and compassionate creator of the Universe, with executing such penance or punishment upon himself alone.

Connect this destructive principle in some way, not only with the superstitions, but the self-interest, or emolument of individuals, and then the difficulty of reforming it, becomes much increased.

Even in Great Britain now so polished, history informs us, that Cannibalism once prevailed; and after its disappearance followed the human sacrifices of the Druids, a people considerably advanced in civilization, and gentle traces of whose system are still very perceptible in those parts of the country where the tide of commerce, with the manners it induces, has not swept away all the ancient land marks. Amongst the natives of Otaheite too when our navigators became first acquainted with them, human sacrifices, and child murder, were common, but both in Britain and Otaheite the detestable practices alluded to, were abolished by the pious and persevering exertions of the Christian missionaries, who inculcated a system of revelation and mercy before which the other vanished,

‘As Etna’s fires grow dim before the rising day.’

It would be in vain to enquire how the practice of Suttee first arose. The custom itself betrays in its hideous features, that it is the offspring of barbarity and superstition. It prevails we believe more in Bengal than in any other part of India, and Kali too, has more worshippers in Bengal than any where else, so far as we are aware of, and there can be little doubt we believe, that human victims were once offered up on the altars of this goddess.

Amongst our countrymen at home, and indeed in Europe generally, the Hindoos are considered as a humane, polite, and highly civilised people. We by no means deny that they generally are so, nor will it be unaccountable to a close observer of human nature, that a people extremely scrupulous about the life of an insect, or a reptile, should under certain circumstances not only be careless of human life, but absolutely claim it as a privilege, to cast their children to the sharks. Extraordinary as it may appear it may still be philosophically accounted for, how a man that would shudder at killing a calf, will, without compunction, give his assistance in having his aged mother roasted alive.

Here then we have a very revolting illustration of the operation of that principle of destructiveness to which we have referred and upon which we could expatiate at greater length, but that we scarcely deem it necessary. Here we have the terrible reaction previous to perfect civilization of the last workings of evil and oppression upon the weaker vessel, while man himself strong in his selfish decrees and immunities, sacrifices nothing whatever, no, not even his convenience. Here we see the most helpless and destitute of human beings, a widowed woman, perhaps the mother of a weak and forlorn family, called from their soft endearments, and the genial influences of nature, (never so precious as when we are to be torn from them abruptly, and forever,) to be consigned to a sudden and terrible death.

We cannot, however say, that we feel any surprise at absurdities however monstrous of which Superstition is the mother and self-interest and wordly emolument, are the sponsors! We are not astonished at any horrid or barbarous anomalies among a people where women are almost nonentities, or have no palpable weight in the moral scale.

Certainly nothing is further from our intentions than to allude in the slightest degree, disrespectfully, to the Religion of the Hindoos, or that of any other people on the face of the earth. So long as such religion does not sanction crimes incompatible with public justice, and in violation of the express law of nature as respects human life, the Government have nothing to do with it, but to tolerate it. When however, it passes the proper, the eternal bounds of justice and humanity, we would say to it in the sublime words of the sacred oracles. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid."

Once more to refer to this destructive principle of human nature, we may state that it was an old custom with some of the natives of the Eastern Archipelago to waylay some of their own countrymen and Europeans, for the purpose of cutting their heads off, to be used *secundum artem* in some superstitious ceremony. When the British Government had a more extensive connexion with the Indian Archipelago than it has at present, the practice in question was found to be a dreadful evil, especially, as the heads of Europeans happened to be more in request than those of Natives. What did the British Authorities to the Eastward do under these circumstances? Did they permit this pretty system of assassination to proceed, because forsooth the Malays urged that the practice had a religious source? No, they put it down in every instance by bringing the decapitators to trial for the murder, and if found guilty, they were executed.

Formerly the Natives of Bengal had a fancy for throwing their children into the sea at Saugor point, and leaving them to be devoured by the sharks and alligators, and all on the score of religion. It is useless to argue with the ignorant and the superstitiously besotted;—but will not the better informed even for a moment reflect, how unlikely it is, that the wanton and cruel sacrifice of life, should be acceptable to the most beneficent author of life; or that if he required it he would not have unequivocally manifested his desire, instead of leaving it to nature to outrage itself on the plea of propitiating him?

That atrocity was put down at once, by a decree of the Government, by in short, the justice and the fearlessness of the Marquess of Wellesley, and what was the result, Bigots grumbled a little at first, but the body of the people and even the Kali worshippers in Bengal not being wholly alien to the filial influence of mother nature, were soon reconciled to an order to desist from a practice that those feelings which may sleep, but are never eradicated, told them was wrong, in the utmost degree. The custom now is only a matter of history, and some of the natives hesitate not to say that such a monstrous abuse could never have existed. The very enactment of a law however, proves the crime to have existed even in the absence of more positive proof, and we trust the time is not far distant, when, the majority will doubt that there ever was such a thing as Suttee.

When Suttee was first permitted by the British ruling power it certainly was upon the express understanding that the practice was not only peremptorily enjoined in the shasters, but that the sacrifice should be perfectly voluntary, and in no way, either directly or indirectly enforced by other parties.

For a long time the anomaly went on without, perhaps attracting so much notice as it ought to have done. Murmurs not loud, but deep, were heard against the custom as well in India itself as in different parts of Europe. At length out of the very body of the Hindoos themselves stepped forward an enlightened, and intrepid assertor of the laws of nature and humanity. This was not however a mere well meaning, but ignorant zealot. No, the person in question was a man of extraordinary talents, and endowments, and of a benevolence equal to his intellect. He was too, a Brahmin, a learned Brahmin, and he proclaimed it to his deluded countrymen that Suttee was no where enjoined in the shasters! We are too much accustomed in the wordiness of daily *parlance* to attribute many things to chance or mere human ability. We must confess, that to us it appears, that the finger of providence was visible in a proceeding, which out of the very ranks of bigotry and superstition, called forth a powerful and enlightened advocate for the interests of truth, nature, humanity and true religion.*

Add to this, that it was proved beyond doubt that in many instances the sacrifice was by no means voluntary, but that scenes of undisguised, and wanton atrocity took place; and that numbers of intelligent natives expressed their surprise that the British Government did not put the practice down, seeing that it was little better than a local abuse of which the great body of the people did not approve. Nay with an adroit stroke of sophistry, the advocates of Suttee turned round upon us, shifting the arms of barbarity from their own shoulders to those of their masters, and argued because the British magistrate came to see that the woman herself desired to burn, that it was British authority that kept up the custom of Suttee and not themselves! Here then was a practice in its mildest form, culpable in the extreme; but in its worst perfectly horrid, and forming a foul blot on the annals of British connexion with India. What a debt of gratitude then do we not all, as well as the natives themselves owe to that distinguished member of an illustrious House, that truly *English* statesman who has stretched forth his arm strong in justice, and while he bestowed a need of measureless mercy for which thousands still unborn will yet bless his memory; cleared the British name from the stain that so long has unhappily tarnished it!

Much delusion mixed itself up for years with the Suttee question, producing a difference of opinion respecting the expediency of what all were agreed upon as to the abstract principle. Accordingly there were, and for ought we know, are Europeans, who supposed that any interference of authority with the practice would only increase an evil that it was so desirable to put an end to altogether. The fallacy of this objection is perceptible at a glance. It was as much as to say that our hands were not strong enough to put down a system of murder, a position which if it were true would prove that the British were unfit to Govern India, for if authority is not strong enough to protect the weak against the strong, even when backed by the demon of superstition, it is strong for nothing.

By the repeal of the Suttee, which formed no canon of the Hindoo religion, and which even if it had ought not to be permitted by any Government, since toleration then would become cruelty; and it is an axiom of all Governments that crime in the subject must not be permitted to go unpunished. By the abolition of this abhorred practice we say, that the toleration most wisely and properly extended by the British Government to the Hindoo religion remains perfectly untrenched upon.

A Government may tolerate much, but to expect that it should continue to tolerate the destruction of human life under its very eyes, no matter on what pretext, is too absurd to any mind, but one besotted by prejudice, ignorance or superstition. After the

information that accumulated on the subject, and the awful circumstances that were distinctly developed, the only course left, and the only one worthy of a great and just power to pursue, was, since Suttee had been so abused, since it had advanced from its first less revolting position of suicide, to abolish the practice in toto.

That *all* the Hindoos will approve of the abolition is not to be expected. There are two leading reasons why some of them wont like it. These are, the objection of prejudice, and the objection of interest.

Montesquieu in philosophising on national characteristics, attributes to delicacy of organization, some Eastern peculiarities. 'If, he says, to that delicacy of organs which renders the Eastern nations so susceptible of every impression, you add likewise a sort of indolence of mind, naturally connected with that of the body, by means of which they grow incapable of any exertion or effort; it is easy to comprehend that when once the soul has received an impression she cannot change it. This is the reason, that the laws, manners, and customs, even those which seem quite indifferent, such as their modes of dress, are the same to this very day in Eastern countries as they were a thousand years ago.*

As to the objection of interest, it is not one of the least extraordinary features of the practice of Suttee, that it came to be regarded as a measure of domestic economy! What says the philo-suttee, is the use of a widow, especially an old one? She only incurs expence, 'come my worthy good woman, you surely cannot be so lost to the honour of your family as to survive your dearly beloved husband, even though he did occasionally give you a beating.' The poor creature thus appealed to cannot resist, and fanaticism or drugs, finish the good work, and thus a burden is got rid of! We grant that many through the sorcery of delusion, might be actuated by more exalted motives, but it will be impracticable for the stoutest advocate for the burning system to deny that it was to a certain extent felt to be economical.

A great and just principle is not to be eventually kept down by such objections, any more than the stone rolling down the mountain's side, is to be turned from its course by a few mice running against it! There are certain things that cannot be permitted to be merely conventional. One of these is the preservation of human life. The abolition measure has therefore vindicated the cause of humanity, justice, and good Government, for as our motto, irrefragably proclaims.

IN A JUST GOVERNMENT, THE LIFE OF THE MEANEST SUBJECT IS PRECIOUS.

J.

* Spirit of Laws, Book xiv. chap. v.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

LADY—though no poetic fire
 Breathe in my verse—no Muse inspire
 My soul with that resplendent lore
 That glitters in the page of MOORE—
 With WORDSWORTH's sentiment profound—
 Or BYRON's storm of thought and sound—
 Or classic CAMPBELL's patriot glow—
 Or SCOTT's free strain, whose numbers flow
 As wildly as the wandering rills
 Mid Scotia's proud romantic hills—
 The state, the tenderness, and power
 Of SOUTHEY in his happier hour—
 The gentle truth, and visions bold,
 Of him* the "*Tale of Love*" that told—
 Or SHELLEY's wilderness of dreams,
 His thunder clouds, and meteor-gleams—
 Though powers like these alone are given
 To spirits touched with light from heaven,
 Who seem upon this earth to wave
 Celestial wands—and thousands crave
 A spark of their immortal flame,
 To cheer them on the path of fame,
 Yet crave in vain—and mid the throng
 E'en I have dared an idle song—
 Though barren rhymes my labours raise,
 Poor shrubs on which the sun of praise
 But seldom beams,—I do not fear
 Fair LADY! thine indulgent ear;
 For promptly at thy soft command—
 And who could check his heart or hand
 At Beauty's call—I've framed a lay
 Whose sound perchance some future day
 May bid thee hail with kind regard
 The memory of thy friend and bard.

But turning to my task and theme,
 What rays of glory round me stream!
 The dazzling gems these leaves enclose—
 The various spells that Genius throws
 On every page—the flow'rets rare
 Transplanted in this bright Parterre—
 Strike dumb the faint descriptive muse,
 As sun-beams mock the painter's hues;—
 Nor need these simple verses tell
 The hand of TASTE hath chosen well.

D. L. R.

* Coleridge.

THE VICTIM.

A FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN TALE.

* * * * The voice came through the thick darkness deep and thrilling as the note of the Abyssinian trumpet, but solemn and sweet as the call of the moollah when it floats over the sleeping city on the breath of the grey morning. "Where my star rests there is the victim; thrice must the blow be struck ere the portals of my glory yield entrance to my worshippers; be firm! be fortunate!" A noise like the far off muttering of receding thunder was heard, the darkness cleared away, the bright moon lighted up the frost fogs and the mists of the valley. Amurath stood alone in the shadow of the terrible Dewalaghiri, above him hung those awful summits of eternal snow, around him was the silence of death.

* * * * There was stillness in the palace of the great merchant Kara Mostapha, the bridal feast was over, and nothing broke the quiet of the marble halls but the murmuring of the soft night wind amongst the branches of the jassamin and rose trees, and the plash of the numerous fountains as their silver waters glittering in the moonlight fell back like showers of pearls into their basons of jasper and agate.

Mourad the brave soldier who rescued Kara Mostapha from the Bedouins, who had made the Koords tremble before the banner of the crescent, who at the risk of his own life saved the only daughter of the great merchant, when her boat sunk in the rapid waters of the Tigris, has this day espoused her, the beautiful, the rose of Bagdad—the pearl of terrestrial loveliness. "Do you see that dim purple light like a star that seems to hover over the house of Kara Mostapha?" said a solitary passenger in the still and deserted street to a soldier of the night watch. I do, replied the soldier, and now the moon has set, it seems brighter; may the prophet avert evil omens! See it sinks into the gilt roof of the Harem, now it is gone; how fast the black clouds are gathering, the big rain drops are beginning to fall heavy and frequent, and hark to the thunder growling a far off—salaam salaam alikoom; I must reach the caravanserai ere the storm comes on. There was a scream louder than the howling of the tempest, another and another, a scream of death from the haram of the palace of the rich merchant; lamps and torches blazed and gleamed with a dusky flame in the white glare of the ceaseless lightning, and glanced upon spears and flashing scimitars and the unturbaned heads of men who had risen and grasped their arms

in wild haste. Shouts, execrations and threats of vengeance were mingled with the roar of the increasing storm, and the ceaseless cry of despairing women—the bride lay murdered on the bridal couch, where was the bridegroom ?

* * * * *

The sun was sinking in all the glory of a Persian summer evening—the hills, the woods, appeared as if viewed through a transparent dew of gold, far in the distance arose the vast peak of Demawend reflecting back from its summit of eternal snow the crimson radiance of the western sky, but with a softer hue, like that rosy light which fills the fourth heaven ; nearer were the white slender Meenars of the modest village musjeed, rising above the dark tamarind foliage which encompassed them like columns of pearl in the green caves of the ocean. The purple mist was gathering in the vallies and there was no sound to break the deep tranquillity of the hour save the long solemn call of the Mezzouin to evening devotion. Anaurath gazed upon the scene before him and for a moment the visions of revenge, and the remembrance of past glory, faded from his mind, his head drooped, he covered his face with his hand and sighed deeply, the sound aroused the little Yousef, who was reclined contentedly on the flowery bank, his head resting on the knees of his friend, and his eyes fixed upon the beautiful clouds which floated around the setting sun. Alas you are unhappy ! said the affectionate child, removing Amurath's hand from his face, and gazing with kind earnestness upon the noble but wasted features of the exiled prince, you are unhappy Mourad, how shall I please you ? Dear Mourad how shall I make you happy ? shall I climb those trees over the stream for a cool pomgranate to refresh you ? shall I bring your kullee-an ? shall I tell the tale poor Leila taught me ? what shall I do to make you look less sadly ?—nothing, nothing my excellent child answered Amurath, kissing his snowy forehead, it is sunset, my strength is scarce equal to the fast our faith enjoins, but the evening meal will restore me—well, cried the delighted boy, how glad, how glad I shall be, there are the beautiful grapes my uncle Mostapha has sent, and I have gathered some fresh oranges, and my mother has prepared a wheaten cake, and then my uncle you know sups with us, and, added he laughing and clapping his little hands, he has ever a flask of sheeraz wine and that shall restore you Mourad. But you forget my dear Yousef, said Anaurath, in a melancholy tone, you forget in anticipating the pleasures of our feast that it is to be the last we shall partake together. Alas alas ! cried the child, why did you remind me of that, unkind Mourad ; as I rested with my head upon your knee and watched the beautiful sky, I ceased to think upon the miserable to-morrow. Oh Mourad, Mourad ! do not say that we part to meet

no more, tell me that you will come to me in Missr, I shall be a great man, my uncle says I shall—I shall have camels and horses and slaves and gold, but I will give all to you; and then I will cool your sherbet, and bring your kullian, and twine my fingers in this beautiful hair, and kiss you, as I do now—nay Mourad do not speak sadly, do not look sorrowfully upon me, but call me your own Yousef, your little brother—and bid Allah bless me as you did that night when I found you lying by the side of the swollen stream, worn out by the storm, fainting with hunger and fatigue; and warmed your cold hands and gave you beed mushk. The obdurate heart of the Prince was touched—with a trembling voice and downcast eye he called upon Allah to bless his little preserver, whilst the tears coursed down his cheeks and he pressed the innocent to his breast. But stay, cried the child, suddenly breaking away from him, I have heard Fakcer Moolahmud Moolah say that when our hearts wish for happiness, we should pray to God and his Prophet who are alone able to grant it to us—hark to the Allah Hu! it is the hour of the evening Numaz. I will pray Mourad that we may meet again, do thou pray with me and I know that Allah will give us what we ask, I know he will not refuse *you* any thing for I am sure *I* could not—with these words he turned his face to the South and prostrated himself in humble adoration before the Eternal. His prayers ascended to the seventh Heaven with the incense of the sweet flowers around him, an offering not more pure than that of his simple and loving heart—Amurath who had been much affected by the whole of the child's behaviour viewed him with humid eyes and with a fondness which he had not imagined he could have felt again towards any human being. If ever I am restored to Empire, said he internally, and his eye was brighter with the thought: that boy shall be high among the highest, but poor Yousef I will not hurt thy gentle heart even now—my prayers!—poor child! he little knows that while my head bows my heart cannot bend: but no matter I will not deny him all the gratification an empty ceremony can afford to his innocent mind. Making these reflections Amurath stepped towards his little friend with an intention of prostrating himself by his side; but he was spared this mockery of adoration. On a sudden he stopped like one frozen by the breath of the Sassir, his face became livid, large drops of agony trembled on his forehead, his features were convulsed, he stared wildly for a moment and beheld—Merciful Allah!—over the head of the kind hearted, the innocent, the gentle Yousef hovered the still solitary violet star which called for his destruction. At first the wretched Amurath desired to doubt the evidence of his senses, he struck his eyes violently with his clenched hand as if to

blind them to the fatal object, but the star remained burning dimly and silently over the devoted victim. Amurath's breath came thick, the original black drop that poisoned his heart's blood spread like fire through every vein, yet still he hesitated to execute the dreadful office he had bound himself to perform. Curses on my hesitation, muttered he convulsively—is it thus I prove myself worthy of the aid of the inflexible and mighty being who only asks this poor sacrifice in return? is it thus I prove myself worthy of empire, of revenge—have the young and the brave fallen beneath my sabre, has my dagger drank the blood of the grey-haired and the beautiful, and am I to be balked when on the very threshold of my glory by compassion for a foolish child? Curses on my woman's heart, but curses on ye, ye fiends who exact this sacrifice. Come round abhorred, despised, spirits of murder and of darkness; guide my steel, receive your victim. He advanced with a noiseless but unsteady step towards the prostrate infant, again he paused for the sweet accents of the little Yusef's childish Namaz came upon his ear like a fresh breeze upon the brow of a fainting traveller. "Spare Mourad," prayed the unsuspecting child, "Spare him Gracious Allah until I am rich and great, and can make him happy." Amurath had not lost all human feeling and affections—his heart was hard, but it was not of steel or of marble; for a moment the struggle was dreadful within him, his breast was torn and his frame was shaken by a thousand contending feelings, his good genius appeared for a single instant to triumph; Empire, revenge, all were forgotten; Amurath might still have lived to repent—slowly then was he sheathing his half drawn dagger, while a tear he endeavoured in vain to repress trembled on his cheek, his purpose was given up, and he turned to fly from the dangerous spot, when suddenly a light scornful burst of laughter floated in the air above him, like the hum of bees when there is the silence of hot noon in the still valleys of Sylhet—Amurath started, he glanced wildly and savagely around, his fierce and indignant spirit appeared to blaze in every feature of his face, his teeth were set—his eyes flashed fire, he grasped his dagger and the next moment it was buried to the very hilt in his preserver's body. No scream, no struggle announced the sensations of his innocent victim; the stroke was sure as it was sudden, the luckless Yusef fell upon his face without a groan and yielded up his holy and spotless soul to Azrael the Angel of Death.

THE ANNUALS FOR MDCCCXXX.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING—FORGET-ME-NOT—BENGAL ANNUAL.

We have been favored with the proof sheets and engravings of the *Friendship's Offering* for 1830, and as we have reason to believe that we possess the only copy of the work in this country it affords us great pleasure to be able to make liberal extracts from its pages for the amusement of our Readers: It is really surprising to observe the rapidity with which the *Annuals* are now prepared for publication. The present work must have been nearly finished in the early part of August, and Ackermann's *Forget-me-Not*, was ready perhaps a month before. We hear that the latter publication has also been received in this country, and will be exposed for sale, perhaps before the appearance of our Magazine. Should we be fortunate enough to procure a copy in sufficient time we shall give our Readers some account, with a few specimens, of its contents.

The *FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING* for 1830 will support, but not increase the reputation, of this pleasing and elegant publication. We believe it is still edited by Mr. Thomas Pringle, though as our copy is defective in the title page and preface, which were not printed at the time the book was sent us, we cannot be sure that we owe the selection and arrangement of the articles and engravings to his acknowledged taste and experience. Whoever may be the Editor, however; the work will reflect credit on his name. It opens with the following very pleasant prologue in which, as the talkative little Book is represented as of the feminine gender, we can excuse an air of good humoured vanity, and a slight touch of jealousy and pretension.

PROLOGUE.

(*Liber Loquitur.*)

KIND Reader—here thine ear incline :
 I am the SEVENTH of my line ;
 Before me six fair sisters passed,
 Each sweet one lovelier than the last ;
 With charms to win both ear and eye,
 They came—they conquered—and swam by.
 'Tis now my turn—and I am told—
 (For though I blush to seem so bold—
 So vainly vaunting of my beauty,
 I must, you know, perform my duty)
 I'm told that I shall far outshine
 The elder sisters of my line ;

That the first talents of the last
 Have in my training had a hand;
 That money has been freely spent
 In giving me accomplishment;
 And nought, in short, has been awaiting
 To make me perfectly enchanting.

Nay more: my kind admirers hint
 (Though I dare say there's nothing in't)
 That even the brilliant SOUVENIR
 Will be eclipsed when I appear;
 That the meek, prudish AMULET
 With bitter jealousy will fret;
 That KEEPSAKE, GEM, FORGET-ME-NOT,
 And some whose names I have forgot,
 Who dress themselves in silk attire,
 For very envy will expire.

I mention this by way of jest—
 Not that I credit it the least.
 Comparisons might seem invidious—
 I just shall hint—I'm not *quite* videous:
 We ALL, I trust, shall lovers gain.
 For men by diverse charms are ta'en;
 Some fancy looks demure and grave,
 Such as my serious cousins have,
 OFFERING and AMULET, dear creatures;
 Some like the more coquettish features
 Of KEEPSAKE, that court-loving dame,
 Who sets all Bond-street in a flame;
 Some doat on pretty BIJOU; many
 Prefer sweet SOUVENIR to any;
 Others, again, have ne'er forgot
 Their dear first love, FORGET-ME-NOT;
 Still, on the whole—if friends don't flatter—
I bear the bell. But that's no matter;
 We are a band of bright compeers—
 Why should we pull each others' ears?
 Our competition brings much good,
 If followed in a generous mood.
 'Tis owned that our own glorious land
 Alone can boast so fair a band:
 Then, let our jealousy be shewn
 How best to keep that boast our own;
 And teach our offspring to inherit
 The noble RIVALSHIP OF MERIT.

Oct. 1829.

F. O.

The next article is a poem entitled "*A Cry from South Africa.*"
 James Montgomery, the celebrated Bard of Sheffield. It con-

tains perhaps more religion and philanthropy than good poetry though even as a literary composition it is by no means discreditable to his genius.

The next article that attracts our notice is *The outline of a Life* by William Kennedy, the author of a little volume of Poetry, entitled "Fitful Fancies." There is considerable power and condensation in this story, but it is too desperately sad, and there is occasionally a visible hankering after startling effects. These faults are also observable in the Author's Poetry, which with some energy and spirit, is a little melo-dramatic, and betrays at times the "toil and trouble" of the author, and his determination to be outrageously wretched. He is capable of better things, and if he would only look on the sunny side of the moral and external world, he would be a happier man, and a more useful and agreeable writer.

We think it one of the greatest objections to our Literary Annuals that so many murky and miserable narratives are allowed to darken their pages and invest them with a character of gloom, that is utterly at variance with the nature of a Keepsake, which should rather inspire gladness and merriment, than tears and horror. If these melancholy contributions are encouraged and increase upon us, a Literary Annual, will eventually resemble Pandora's box, and be the last thing in the world that we should offer to a friend. What often renders these horrible stories, the more objectionable, is that they have no moral end in view, and gratuitously harrow up the reader's mind for no better purpose than to prove the author's power of inflicting pain.

On the whole however the prose compositions in the volume before us, though too often imbued with the melancholy, we have just reprobated, are more able and spirited than the poetical. The reverse is usually the case in the other Annuals. There are nevertheless many very beautiful verses, scattered through the work, and a few of them we must lay before our readers. The following little poem entitled "*The Song of the Forsaken Maid*" is full of simple pathos.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

OH, weel I mind! the moon sang bricht
 Upon the wave her quivering flame;
 The birds sang love frae hooe and heicht,—
 An' ane was by I daurna name.
 The fields are mute, the sangsters flown;
 The leaves hae left the silent tree;
 In haste awa the Spring has stown;
 An' my fause love's forsaken me.

II.

Forgotten is that minstrel strain,
 Sae loved an' lost; without regret
 The wave in darkness sleeps again—
 An' why mair I remember yet?
 Oh, gin that lesson I could wrest
 Frae thy deep heart, thou darksome sea!
 An' whare suld I sae saftly rest,
 Sin' my fause love's forsaken me?

Some "Lines to the Redbreast," by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, though rather too long for extract have much of the tenderness and truth of Burns. The Stanzas entitled "The Hills and Freedom," by C. Redding, the acting, though not ostensible Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, have spirit and animation.

This gentleman has lately published a volume of Martial Songs, and though it has not yet reached India, as we had formerly the pleasure of perusing it in manuscript we can testify to the energy and fervour of its contents.

The following are the Stanzas we have just alluded to, and though they are by no means equal to some of the Author's collected Songs, they exhibit his love of Freedom, and deserve the praise we have awarded them.

THE HILLS AND FREEDOM.

BY C. REDDING.

THE hills, the hills, eternal hills!
 O for the hills on high!
 Their dizzy steep that fear instils,
 Their wild blast's hollow sigh.
 The hills, the hills, the eternal hills!
 O for the hills, again!
 Their name the soul with freedom fills—
 The slave dwells on the plain!
 The eternal hills that prop the sky!
 Their mane of rolling cloud,
 The lightning their red canopy,
 Their music thunder loud;
 Or clad in purple robes that vie
 With Tyrian colour bright,
 Proud of their brave regality,
 Encrowned with starry light.
 Dark forests on their shaggy side,
 And heaths of rich perfume,
 Tall brows of adamant pride
 Frowning o'er dells of gloom,
 Where mountain nymphs in robes of blue
 Confess love's genial tie;
 And nurse a hardy race, and true
 To deathless liberty.

The hills, the hills, the eternal hills !
 O for their shades once more !
 Their breath of life, their heaven-fed rills,
 Their torrents' dashing roar :
 Leave slaves their plain and Capuan ease,
 The stagnant waters home,
 Me the eternal mountains please,
 And cataracts wild in foam.

Our next extract is a Sonnet of much elegance and beauty.

LAKE SCENERY.

A LINE of glorious light upon the hills
 Edged the horizon. All the landscape lay
 In deepest shadow ; but the living rills,
 Like veins amid the mountains, lapsed away
 Through the purpureal garment of the day,
 Sparkling in silvery beauty. At my feet,
 Clad in a garb of twilight-tinctured grey,
 The stirless lake reposed in slumber sweet ;
 And in its waveless mirror were enshrined
 The sun-tipt mountains and the laughing streams
 And shadowy landscape—perfectly defined,
 As childhood's visions are in after dreams.
 Above the sky was beautifully blue,—
 And one fair star beamed tremulously through.


R. F. H.

The next is almost as good though its merit is of a different character.

SONNET.

DEATH AND TIME.

TIME, taunting, said to Man with austere brow,
 " Thou fool to pile up monuments of fame ;
 Thy lesser works are durable as thou—
 The pyramids bear not the builders' name."
 Death, Time's dark page, to Man in triumph said,
 " Thy mighty schemes of little power resign,
 Millions, whence thou art sprung, are with the dead,
 Canst thou escape ? even Time himself is mine."
 Then Man looked round with a despairing eye,
 And asked his heart and heaven, ' if this were so ?'
 Straight from the blooming earth, and glorious sky,
 And from the soul, came the full answer—" No !"—
 Immortal hope then raised Man's brow sublime,—
 And from him shrunk the Conquerors, Death and Time !

The following "Lines written in  Album," are by Mr. Thomas Pringle, and are creditable to that accomplished and interesting writer.

THIS fair Volume to our eye
Human life may typify.
View the new-born infant's face
Ere yet Mind hath stamped its trace,
Or the young brain begun to think—
'Tis like this book ere touched by ink.
Look again: As time flows by
Expression kindles in the eye,
And dawning Intellect appears
Gleaming through its smiles and tears;
Lightening up the lying clay,
Year by year, and day by day;
While the Passions, as they change,
Write inscriptions deep and strange;
Telling to observant eyes
Life's eventful histories.

Lady, even so thy book
By degrees shall change its look,
As each following leaf is fraught
With some penned or pictured thought,
Or admits the treasured claims
Of endeared and honoured names;
While gleams of genius and of grace,
Like fine expression in a face,
Lend even to what is dark or dull
Some bright tinge of the beautiful.

Farther still in graver mood
Trace we the similitude?
Apt'er yet the emblem grows
As we trace it to a close.
Life, with all its freaks and follies,
Mummeries and melancholies,
Fond conceits, ill-sorted matches,
Is—a book of shreds and patches;
Stained, alas! with many a blot,
And many a word we wish forgot,
And vain repinings for the past:
While Time, who turns the leaves so fast,
(The hour-glass in his other hand
With its ever-oozing sand,)
Presents full soon the final page
To the failing eye of Age,
Scribbled closely to the end—
Without a space to mar or mend.

We have now perhaps extracted enough of the Poetry, and must proceed to a further notice of the prose and make a few selections from this department of the book. The prose piece, entitled "*Reading the News*" by Charles Knight, and which was written to illustrate an engraving of a picture after Wilkie, is one of the most meagre productions we have seen for a long time, and is wholly unworthy of the subject.

"*The Voyage Out*," by Mrs. Bowdich, is not much better. The circumstances that occasionally happen on a sea-voyage are not naturally introduced, but are forcibly crowded together, like beasts in a menagerie, for mere show. We are surprized at this want of fact and verisimilitude, in a talented and experienced writer like Mrs. Bowdich. These faults however, are perhaps partly to be attributed to the confined limits permitted to a story-teller in the London Annuals. When materials which would form a volume, are to be condensed into eight or ten pages, it is not easy to preserve nature and consistency, and writers in such cases, anxious to omit nothing, which they deem characteristic or important, fill the space allotted them with more than it can fairly hold. The consequence is a want of harmony and connection that is destructive of all effect.

The story of "*The Cobbler over the Way*," by Miss Mitford, though a little too puerile, is told in the easy and pleasant manner, which characterizes that popular writer. "*The Lover's Leap, a Highland Legend*," by Leitch Ritchie, is an extremely powerful and well wrought narrative, but would be more to our taste, if its conclusion were less distressing. "*The White Bristol*," the production of one of "the O'Hara Family," is lively and clever. But we are weary of particularizing every separate article, and suspect our weariness may be contagious. We shall therefore proceed at once to our extracts. Our first shall be a graphic Irish sketch, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

LARRY MOORE.

"THINK of to-morrow!"—that is what no Irish peasant ever did yet, with a view of providing for it: at least no one I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. He will think of any thing—of every thing but that. There is Larry Moore, for example: who, that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry—who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision!—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. The cliffs that skirt the shore where his boat is moored are crowned with wild furze; while, here and there, a turf of white or yellow broom sprouting a little above the bluish green of its prickly neighbour waves its blossoms, and flings its fragrance to the passing breeze. Down to the very edge of the rippling waves is almost one unbroken bed of purple thyme, glowing and beautiful;—and there Larry's goat, with her two sportive kids—sly, cunning rogues!—find rich pasture—now nibbling the broom blossoms, now sporting amid the furze, and making the scenery re-echo with their musical bleating. The little island opposite Larry considers his own particular property; not that a single sod of its bright greenery belongs to him—but, to use his own words—"sure it's all as

one my own—don't I see it—don't I walk upon it—and the very water that it's set in is my own: for sorra' a one can put foot on it widout me and the coble,* that have been hand and glove as good as forty years." But look, I pray you, upon Larry:—there he lies, stretched in the sun-light, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat grey stone—just at high water mark: he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words) "the tide, bad cess to it, was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of throuble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra' a morsel of harm the salt water could do ye on the grey stone, where a living mer-woman sat every new year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves,—who, consequently, trated her sate wid grate respect—Why not?"—There, then, is Larry—his chest leaning on the mer-maid's stone, as we call it—his long hare legs stretched out behind—kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merrv-hopper skips about, what he naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trowsers—blue trowsers: but as Larry, when in motion, is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles which the large and small pebbles he throws in form on the surface of the calm waters—and as Larry, of course, rests his arm, while he performs the above-named exploits—the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not 'impenetrable stuff.' His hat is a natural curiosity—composed of sun-burnt straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished by 'delisk' red and green—his cutty pipe, stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy widout ony trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders—and a low furrowed brow, very unpromising in the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved, at times, by the humorous twinkling of his little grey eyes—pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumine the dreary blank of a gloomy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist: from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whisky bottle, a long narrow knife; pieces of rope of various length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns in his 'vocation.'

"Good morrow Larry!"

"Good morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye'r going across?"

"No thank ye, Larry—but there is a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye.—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the sow! out o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass. — ay, says I, what trouble ye takes; sure we had a good dinner yesterday, and more by tokens the grawls were so plased wid the mate, the craters! sorra' a morsel o' pratee they'd put into their mouths; — and we'll have as good a one to day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry—if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish! Ough! Sorra' fancy I have for fasting-mate—besides it's mightv watry, and a dale of trouble to catch. A grate baate of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I ving just here, and the boat close up; I thought it would ha' sted asy while I hollowed 'o, Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jewil! it was whip and a way wid it all in a minit—back to the water.—Small loss!"

"But Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure I'm after telling y'er ladyship that we had a rafe mate dinner by good luck yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure you've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where's the good of thinking that, now?"

"Oh Larry, I'm afraid you never think of *to-morrow*!"

"There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it nor I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and to prove it to ye, madam dear, we'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it for all the sun's so bright—both in the air and the water."

"Then Larry, take my advice, go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole! where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady, sure I can't hinder the rain!—and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole.—Sorra! a drop comes through it in *dry weather*."

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time: it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day—and here you stay doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust! Sure I must mind the boat. But God bless ye, ma'm darlint, don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means deserve.—My wife turns at me as wicked as a weazel because I gave my consent to our Nancy's marrying Matty Quough, and she says they were bad to come together on account that they had n't enough to pay the priest; and the upshot of the matter is, that the girl and a grand-child is come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright—and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school and saving, a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur—and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate, and even the priest says it's because I never think of *to-morrow*."

"I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion: but tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriott gave you!"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing ye'r pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland—that pig has been the ruin of me,—it has such a taste for steing young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tethers him by the leg when I'm going out;—but he's so cute now, he cuts the thier."

"Why not confine him in a sty—you are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour?"

"Is it a sty for the likes of him!—cock him up with a sty! Och Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day!"

"But not for the *morrow*, Larry."

"Now ye'r at me again—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder, if there is n't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye'r in a hurry are ye?—well, ye must wait till ye'r hurry is over—I am not going to hurry myself, wid whiskey in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn, the better Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True for ye, ma'm dear—though people takes a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, when they've full and plenty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then—and it'll be all the same in a hundred years. Sure I see ye plain enough Master Rashleigh.—God help me—I broke the oar yesterday—and never thought to get it mended—and my head's splitting open with the pain—I took a drop too much last night and that makes me fit for nothing—"

"On the *morrow*, Larry."

"Faith! ma'm dear, you're too bad. Oh dear! If I'd had the sense to set the lobster pots last night, what a power I'd ha' caught; they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards—but I did not think—"

"Of the morrow, Larry."

"Oh then let me alone, lady dear! What will I do wid the cat! Jim Cormor gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I did n't want it—and—I believe one of the childre got hold of it—I did n't think—"

"Of the morrow, Larry!"

"By dad I have it!—I can poke the coble on with this ould pitch fork; there's not much good in it; but never heed—it's the master's; and he's too much of a jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times an't as good wid him now as they used to be; for Barney Clarey tould Nelly Parell, who tould Tom Lavery—, who tould it out forenent me and a dale more genteel men who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's—as how they bottle the whisky and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign, I don't know what is—though we may thank the English housekeeper for it, I'm thinking wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow silk shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, after all, is only calico-cotton."

"What do you mean by bottling the whisky and salting the meat, Larry?"

"Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; may be ye don't know, indeed! Sure the right way, my lady is to have the whisky upon draught; and then it's so refreshing of a hot summer's day to take a good hearty swig;—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'm, honey—let me just take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whisky; it'll always keep the cold out of y'er heart, and the trouble from y'er eye.—Sure the clergy take to it—and the lawyers take to it, far before new milk;—and his holiness the Pope—God bless him—to sav nothing of the king (who's the first king of heart of hearts we ever had)—drinks nothing but Innishow—, which, to my taste, hasn't half the fire of the rule Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whisky in a jontleman's house.—and as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good ould times is just to kill the baste, and thin baug it by the legs in a convenient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best."

"But do you know that the English think of to-morrow, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negress! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewel; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure if there had been English before his time, its long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone."

"Do you think so, indeed, Larry?"

"I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impatient chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he hadn't a bit to eat—there, d'ye see him? he's dancing mad—he may just as well take it away. It's such as him give people the fever. There's that devil of a goat granning at me; sorra! a drop of milk can we get from her, for she won't stand quiet for a bodv to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind! sure whisky is better nor milk."

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? As I live! he has got into Mr. Dorkin's pleasure boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumoured that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it: he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, in *otto voce*.—(I would not have it recorded for the world)—that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he himself once possessed unincumbered property by field and flood,—wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure-gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and latterly he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new Member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich have

neglected, in a great degree; in an always hospitable board. *Rate*, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobles, then, the same propensity. Be it as it may the parish priest told me, in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of TO-MORROW.

Our next and last prose extract from the volume is a very eloquent and striking Italian Story, by Mr. J. A. St. John.

LUCIFER.

IN ancient chronicle of Arezzo, which still remains in manuscript in the church of St. Angelo, in that city*, there is found the following very extraordinary story of the painter Spinello Aretino, to which Lanzi alludes briefly, in his History of Painting in Italy. No farther notice has, I believe, been taken of it by any other writer whatever, although it appears to me to be singularly well calculated to gratify or to excite the curiosity of those who love to pry into the mysteries of human nature, and to mark the strange avenues by which mortals sometimes approach the gates of death. Though I was not permitted, while at Arezzo, to copy any portion of the manuscript, the adventures, if they may be so called, of this unfortunate artist, made so profound an impression upon me, that they frequently present themselves to my memory when I least desire it, and float in long and fearful procession before my inward sight saddening and harrowing up my soul. However desirous, therefore, I may be to banish such unpleasant images, forgetfulness is altogether out of the question; and, indeed, I have generally remarked, that when once a disagreeable idea has got footing in the mind, no effort of the will is capable of driving back the unwelcome intruder into oblivion. Perhaps by clothing the vision with words I may in some measure vulgarize it, transform it into a mere tale that is told, and thus prevent it from tormenting me any further; as persons sometimes get rid of a ghost by pointing him out to another.

When Spinello first arrived at Arezzo, he took lodgings in the house of an artist, who, although he possessed no great share of genius, had contrived to amass considerable wealth. This artist was no other than Bernardo Daddi, whose son, also named Bernardo, afterwards became the pupil of Spinello, and almost eclipsed his father's reputation. Besides this son, Bernardo had several other children, and among the rest a daughter named Beatrice, then just verging upon womanhood. With this daughter it was to be expected that Spinello would immediately be in love; but our young artist had left behind him, in his native village, a charming girl, to whom he was in a manner betrothed; and he was the last man in the world to look upon another with a wandering heart. He, therefore, lived in the same house, and ate at the same table with Beatrice, without even discovering that she was beautiful; while they who merely caught a glance of her at church, or as she moved, like a vision, along the public walk, pretended to be consumed with passion.

Fathers, whether their children are beautiful or not, are often desirous of preserving an image of them during their golden age, when time, like the summer sun, is only ripening the fruit he will afterwards wither, and cause to drop from the bough. Bernardo was possessed by this desire; and as he never dreamed that any pencil in Arezzo, but his own, could reproduce upon canvass the lovely countenance of Beatrice, he spent, as from his opulence he could now afford to do, a considerable portion of his time in painting her portrait. The girl, however, who was not greatly addicted to meditation, and could not read, for books had not then come into fashion, grew melancholy during these long sittings, and her father perceived it. At first no remedy presented itself. He endeavoured, indeed, to converse with her a little in his uncouth way; but he had not cultivated the art of talking and quickly exhausted his topics. He next introduced his son Bernardo, the junior of Beatrice by one year, whose efforts at creating amusement, being constrained and unnatural, for he came against his will, were little more successful than his own. At length the idea of engaging the services of his lodger, with whom he had observed that Beatrice sometimes laughed and chatted of an evening, occurred to him, and he forthwith mentioned the subject to Spinello. The young man entertained a very strong affection for Bernardo, who, if

* Vide Catal. Manuscript. Suet. Ang. No. 827. 4to. Rom. 1532.

he wanted genius, was far from being destitute of amiable and endearing qualities ; and therefore, notwithstanding that he felt it would greatly interfere with his studies, and trench upon his time, he immediately determined to comply with the old man's desires.

The next morning saw Spinello installed in his new office. Beatrice was seated like a statue in an antique chair, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and her features screwed, in spite of herself, into an expression of weariness and impatience. By degrees, however, as Spinello conversed with her, now of one trifle, then of another, her eyes involuntarily wandered to that portion of the room in which the young dialectician sat involved in shadow, and exerting all his eloquence and ingenuity to awaken her attention. The experiment succeeded. Spinello was entreated to be present the next day ; the day following, and, in fact, every day, until the portrait was completed, or, at least, nearly so. By this means the young man was led to gaze for whole hours together upon the face of Beatrice ; until at length, feeling from a distance, as it were, the influence of beauty, he was enabled to explain as well as the old philosopher, why Cupid is painted with arrows. He gazed, as I have said, upon the face of Beatrice, and would sometimes spend a moment in examining the inanimate representation of it, and in instituting a comparison between it and the original ; and one day, forgetting in his idolatry of loveliness the respect due to old age, he snatched the pencil from the hand of Bernardo, and with singular ardour and impatience exclaimed—" Let me finish it ! " Without uttering a word, the old man, awed by the vehemence of his manner, yielded up the pencil ; and Spinello proceeded, as if in a dream, to embody upon the canvass the ideas of beauty which inhabited his soul. When his fit of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he perceived what he had done, and began with many blushes, to apologise for his extravagance : but the old man, charmed with the delicacy and freedom of his touches, declared that he alone was competent to represent the charms of Beatrice, and that to him he yielded up the honour.

Spinello, thus entrapped by his own enthusiasm, could do no other than proceed with the portrait. Though infinitely desirous not to wound the feelings of Daddi, he perceived at once that it would be necessary to recast the whole design of the piece, to change the style of colouring—in a word, to paint a new picture. Daddi, who loved his child still more than his art, and wished to preserve and transmit to posterity a likeness of her, by whomsoever painted, was not offended, though he was a little hurt by this freedom, and without murmur or objection allowed Spinello to accomplish his undertaking in whatever manner he pleased. The young man went to work with a satisfaction and alacrity he had never before experienced ; and the image of Beatrice, passing into his soul, to be thence reflected, as from one mirror, upon another, on the canvass, shed the slight of paradise over his fancy—as the musk-deer perfumes the thicket in which it slumbers.

Though this picture is greatly celebrated in Italy and especially at Arezzo, I shall not pause to describe it minutely, or dwell upon the effect which it produced upon my imagination when I first beheld it. Perhaps, as I knew the story of the artist, my feelings might be traced to another source ; but I well remember how strongly I was moved on first beholding the pale and thoughtful countenance of Beatrice. She is represented reclining, in a chaste and thoughtful attitude, on an antique couch at the foot of a pillar : flowers and flowering shrubs appear to shed their perfumes around ; and a spreading tree, with a vine loaded with grapes climbing up its trunk and branches, stretches over her. In the back-ground the sky only, and a few dusky trees, appear. The design, it will be perceived, is meagre enough, but the execution is incomparably beautiful ; and it may be safely affirmed, that if immortality upon earth was all that Bernardo coveted for his child, his prayer has been granted. A thousand pens have been employed in celebrating this picture, and Italian literature must perish ere Beatrice be forgotten.

It were as easy to count the billows which roll before the breath of the tempest over the wintry sea, as to describe that series of signs by which the soul reveals through the countenance the changes which take place in its condition ; and therefore I shall not pretend to say by what means, since it was not by words, Spinello discovered that he was beloved by Beatrice : but assuredly the discovery gave him considerable pain : for he was not one of those vulgar men, who, like the pagans of old, can pass with unconcern from the worship of one idol to another. The

woman, whose image he had ~~set~~ set up in his heart, though the image only had latterly been visible to him, was still the deity of the shrine, and he neither dared nor wished to bend the knee to a new object. Still the form of Beatrice would rise up both in his sleeping and waking dreams before his fancy, among his most cherished associations; and her features, although he observed it not, mingled themselves, as it were, with the elements of every picture he painted.

While this was the state of his mind and feelings, Spinello was engaged to paint his famous picture of the 'Fall of the Angels,' for the church of St. Angelo at Arezzo. The design of this great work, which has been celebrated by Vassari, Moderni, and other writers on Italian Art, was at once magnificent and original; and the countenance and figure of Lucifer, upon which the artist appeared to have concentrated all the rays, as it were, of his genius, were conceived in a manner fearfully sublime. Spinello disdained the vulgar method of binding together, by an arbitrary link, all the attributes of ugliness, which artists have generally pursued when they would represent the greatest of the fallen angels; and, after meditating long upon the best mode of embodying the principle of evil, determined to clothe it with a certain form of beauty, though of a kind not calculated to delight, but on the contrary to awaken in the soul all those feelings of uneasiness, anxiety, apprehension and terror, which usually slumber in the abysses of our nature, and are disturbed only on very extraordinary occasions. In short, the beauty of Spinello's Lucifer was that of the lightning, dazzling, pale, and fearful, such as it appears, to the benighted traveller on some unknown and unsheltered heath, when the bright flashes, as they pass, appear to be the arrows of death, and himself the quarry at which they are successively darted.

From the moment in which he began to delineate this miraculous figure, a singular change seemed to have taken place in his whole nature. His imagination, like a sea put in motion by the wind, appeared to be in perpetual agitation. He was restless and uneasy when any other occupation kept him away from his picture; and when he returned to it the motions of his mind, far from subsiding into that delicious tranquillity which generally accompanies the performance of a beloved task, only grew more violent and untractable. As his health was good, and his frame vigorous though susceptible, this state of excitement was at first rather pleasing than otherwise. He indulged himself, therefore, with those agitating visions, as they may be called, which the contemplation or recollection of his Lucifer called up before his mind; as daring and ostentatious men sometimes sport upon the edge of a precipice. At length, however, the idea of the mighty fallen angel, whose form he had delighted to clothe with terror and sublimity, began to present itself under a new character to his mind; and instead of being a subject to be fondled, as it were, and caressed by the imagination, seemed as it approached maturity to manifest certain mysterious qualities, which, like the carnivorous propensities of the lion reared in domesticity, were altogether unexpected by the fosterer, and engendered terror and apprehension rather than delight.

Spinello's studio now began to be a place of torture to him, and he turned his eyes towards the amusements of the world, which he had hitherto shunned and scorned. He frequented the society of other young artists, with whom he often strolled into the woods, or rather groves, for which this portion of Etruria was always remarkable, sometimes traversing or descending the Val d'Arno, at others roaming about the ruins, or visiting the site of Pliny's Tuscan Villa. On returning in high spirits from one of these excursions, he learned by the letter of a friend that the object of his first love had proved unfaithful, and been united in marriage to another. This event, though it had no connexion whatever with his former cause of uneasiness, threw a new gloom over his imagination, in the midst of which the figure of Lucifer, dilating, like an image in the mists of the desert, to superhuman dimensions, stood up to scare and torment him afresh.

The unhappy young man, wounded in his feelings, and haunted by the shadow of his own idea, now fled to Beatrice for relief; and her tone of thinking, which had in it something of the Stoic cast, united with a manner at once playful and dignified, delighted him exceedingly. They conversed together on many occasions for whole hours; and the trains of thought which at such times swept like glorious pageants through his mind, followed each other too rapidly to allow of the existence of melancholy. Sometimes, indeed, Spinello would observe that when he gazed in rapture,

rather than in passion, upon the face of Beatrice, a certain something, like a ray of light, or a spark of fire falling upon an altar, would penetrate his soul, and kindle a sudden and fierce pain; but it usually passed quickly away, and was forgotten. By degrees, however, its recurrence became more frequent, and the pain it inflicted more intense; and consequently there soon mingled a considerable portion of uneasiness in his intercourse with his fair and beautiful friend. The existence of this strange feeling, however, appeared to him so extraordinary and inexplicable, that he now began to feel extremely desirous of tracing it to its source, to discover whether it indicated any hateful or abominable quality in the cause of it, or was merely the result of some peculiarity in his own organization. He meditated on the subject in vain. Beatrice always came out of the furnace of examination more bright and pure than ever; and the perplexed, irritated, and unhappy artist, unable to account for the phenomena by which he was tormented, gradually learned to consider them as some of those mysteries of nature, which, however we may scrutinize them, we can never penetrate.

At length the picture was completed, and placed in the church of St. Angelo, above the altar; and Spinello felt relieved, as if the weight of the whole universe had been removed from his spirit. He now chatted with Bernardo, or with his pupil, and the other young artists of Arezzo, or enjoyed the passionate and almost solemn converse of Beatrice, who from a lively, laughing girl, had now been transformed, by some hidden process of nature, into a lofty-minded, commanding woman.

His constant and almost devotional application to his great picture had considerably shattered his nerves, and he felt his natural susceptibility so much increased, that although it was now summer, and the earth covered with glorious verdure, and the air peopled with balmy breezes, which seemed to have dipped their wings in all the spices and perfumes of the East, the horrible idea which had so long haunted him soon returned; and a cloud spread itself over his imagination, which all the hurricanes that vex the ocean could not have blown away. To dissipate this unaccountable sadness, he wandered forth alone, or with Beatrice, over the sunny fields; but he felt, as he wandered, that his heart was a fountain which sent forth two streams, ---the one cool, delicious, healing, as the rivers of Paradise, the other dark, bitter, and burning, like the waters of hell. and they gushed forth alternately, accordingly as his thoughts communicated with the recollection of his own picture, or with the landscapes around him, painted in celestial colours by the hand of God. Beatrice, who walked by his side, was herself a mystery. To feel the pressure of her hand, to hear her breathe, to listen to the music of her voice, was a bliss unspeakable; and there was a sovereign beauty in her countenance which seemed to cast forth rays of joy and gladness upon every thing around her, as the sun lights up with smiles the cool waves of the morning. Yet Spinello felt that as often as this fragment of Paradise, as it might justly be termed, was turned towards him, lightnings appeared to gleam from it which dismayed and withered his soul. At such moments a piercing cold darted through his frame; and when it passed away, a tremor and shivering succeeded, which withered all his energies. In fact, whether in the society of Beatrice or not, Spinello now found that the terrible form of Lucifer, which his genius had created, was ever present with him, standing, as it were, like a mighty shadow, between him and the external world, and eclipsing the glory of earth and heaven. And when in the gloom of the evening he sometimes instinctively closed his eyes, as if to shut out some corporeal sight, he discovered that, like the image of the Oriental lover, the abhorred figure had taken up its abode between his eyelids and his eyes, and was not to be shunned.

The summer passed away in this manner, and autumn drew near; and as the glories of the sun became dimmer, the figure of Lucifer appeared to increase in dimensions and brilliancy, and acquired more power over the imagination of Spinello. The apparition usually made choice of the night for its most awful visits; and when the unhappy artist lay down to court slumber upon his couch, the Lord of Lost Spirits seemed to lie down beside him, in all his fearful beauty, to project himself into the sphere of his sleeping fancy, and to envelop himself in all the folds of his dreams.

Tortured by an enemy who appeared to have passed by some dreadful process into the very core of his being, Spinello felt his energies and his health departing from him; while his imagination, into which every faculty of his mind appeared to be fast melting, increased in force and volume, as a wintry torrent is increased by the waters

of every neighbouring streamlet. At length it occurred to him that perhaps this demon of his fancy, which he was well convinced was an unreal phantom, yet could not banish, might possess no resemblance to the figure his pencil had produced; and might disappear, or at least be reduced to the condition of ordinary ideas, by a comparison with the bodily representative of his original conception. This thought presented itself to his mind one night in October, as he lay tossing about in sleepless agony upon his bed. He instantly started up, dressed, threw on his cloak, which the coolness of the night, windy and dark, rendered necessary; and seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church.

The holy edifice stood in those days, when Arezzo was but a small place, at some little distance from the dwellings of the citizens, and was surrounded by a thick grove of sycamores mingled with pine trees. The townsfolk had long retired to rest, and the streets were empty and desolate. Not even the shadow of a monk flitted by him as he passed, with his torch flaring in the wind, and casting an awful and almost magical light upon the houses, painted according to the fashion of the time and country, in broad stripes of deep red and white. As he approached the church, the wind, whistling through the pine branches, which swung to and fro, and flapped against each other, like the wings, of the fabled Simoor, or of some mighty demon struggling with the blast, sounded like numerous voices issuing from the black roof of clouds above him, and shrieking as he passed. At length he entered the church, which in those times stood open day and night to the piety of the people, and drew near the altar. Upon the walls on both sides were suspended rude images of the Saviour carved in wood, and blackened by time, and numerous antique scripture-pieces by Giotto, Cimabue, and other fathers of the art, which seemed to start into momentary existence as Spinello's torch cast its red light upon them. At every step, his heart beat violently against his side, and appeared as if it would mount into his throat and choke him. But his courage did not fail, and he ascended the Mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he stood on tip-toe on the altar and passed his torch along the wall, the mighty ranks of the fallen angels, in headlong flight before the thunderbolts of heaven, seemed to emerge from the darkness, with the awful form of Lucifer in the extreme rear reluctantly yielding even to Omnipotence itself, while blasting lightnings played about his brow and eyes, that flashed with the fires of inextinguishable fury. On first casting his eyes over his picture, a feeling of self-complacency and pride stole over the soul of the artist. No one had ever before succeeded, as no one but Milton has since, in delineating that tremendous majesty which sits upon the throne of hell. But as he continued to gaze with a kind of idolatry at the work of his own hands, his imagination became excited by degrees, and he appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon. In spite of the singular beauty of the features, which looked like those of an arch-angel, the face before him appeared to be but a mask, beneath which all the passions of hell were struggling, gnawing, and stinging, and devouring the heart of their possessor. "The baleful eyes, that witnessed huge affliction and dismay," appeared to flame in the obscure light, like the fabled carbuncle of the Kananian king; and the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvass, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple. As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and, stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination, now wrought up to a frenzied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every moan of the blast the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demoniac excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured; Spinello sunk upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long win-

dows upon the chequered pavement ; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.

The next day he was too unwell to leave his bed ; and Bernardo, with his whole family who loved the young man, and were anxious to discover and remove the cause of his misery, came to see and console him. Beatrice was the first who entered ; and when Spinello heard the sound of her footsteps, which he could most accurately distinguish, a beam of joy visited his heart, a tear of delight trembled in his eye, and he blessed her fervently. When he lifted his eyes to her countenance, however, the vision of the preceding night seemed to be renewed, and the hated form of Lucifer, with all his infernal legions, swept before his fancy. Ignorant of what was passing through his mind and with a heart yearning towards him with more than a sister's love, Beatrice approached his bed, and, kneeling down beside it took hold of his hand which was stretched out languidly towards her. She felt that it was burning with fever, and that his whole frame was at that moment agitated in a fearful manner. He spoke not a word ; but turned away his face, as if by a desperate effort to recover his composure, while he held her hand with a convulsive grasp. She saw his chest heave, and his eyes roll awfully as he gradually turned towards her. And at length, finding it was vain to struggle any longer to conceal his feelings, he threw himself upon his face, pressed her trembling hand to his lips, and burst into a passionate and uncontrollable flood of tears. Beatrice, surprised and overcome by the scene, hid her own face in the clothes and wept with him : while her father, her mother, and the whole family, stood motionless upon the floor of the apartment, transixed with sorrow and oblivious of every other consideration.

By degrees the young man recovered his composure, as persons generally do after shedding tears, and his heart seemed to be relieved. Beatrice also experienced the same change ; and her father a humane and compassionate old man, supposing that love might have some share in the misery of his lodger, after motioning his whole family to leave the room, drew near the bed, and inquired of Spinello whether his affection for Beatrice had any share in his present unhappiness ; and whether her hand, for her heart he perceived was already his, would make any change in the state of his mind. At this new proof of the old man's love, Spinello could scarcely contain himself. For the moment Lucifer left him, while visions of delight and joy painted themselves upon his fancy. To reveal to Bernardo, however, or to any other human being, the real cause of his misery, would he was fully persuaded, expose him to the suspicion of insanity ; and that we can, on such occasions, conceal what passes within us, is an advantage, the full value of which is not always understood by the vulgar. His expressions of gratitude, though few and brief, were vehement and sincere ; and his mind becoming wholly occupied with this new idea, his fever soon left him ; and in a few days he was again able to breathe the balmy air, with his future bride by his side.

His health still appeared, however, to be but feeble ; and the benefit of change of residence being understood in those times as well as in our own, Spinello was counselled to remove for a season to some sea-port town on the coast of Naples. Through mere chance, and not from any classical predilection, he chose Gaeta, anciently Cajeta, whither Lælius and Scipio used to retire from the politics of Rome to amuse themselves with picking up shells upon the sand. To render the excursion more pleasant and profitable, Bernardo determined to accompany his intended son-in-law, and to make Beatrice also a partner of the journey ; and their preparations being soon completed, they departed in good spirits, and in due time arrived at the place of their destination.

Lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood of the town, near the beach ; and the lovers now comparatively happy, daily strolled together along the margin of the Tyrrhene sea, which, rolling its blue waves in tranquil succession towards the shore, broke in soft murmurs at their feet. For a time the mighty demon of his imagination seemed to have deserted him for ever, while Love, with his playful mien and celestial countenance, sported in his stead in the warm recesses of his fancy. He now began to experience a secret exultation, in his delivery from his inexorable enemy ; and as he walked with Beatrice along the sand, or sat down on some wave-worn rock beside the waters, he would gaze with inexpressible triumph and delight upon the glorious form of his mistress, as the wind lifted her heavy golden tresses

from her shoulders which sparkle like alabaster in the sun. Ever and anon, however, when the beautiful creature suddenly turned her dark eyes upon him, a sharp pang would dart through his frame, and throw him into momentary but fearful perturbation. But these fits were not of frequent recurrence, and all his endeavours to discover their mysterious cause were vain and fruitless.

They had now been some months at Gaëta, when Beatrice was suddenly called home by her mother who had been seized with a dangerous illness. Her father of course accompanied her on her return; but Spinello in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances, was compelled to remain where he was; as Beatrice, who feared that Arezzo might recall all his gloomy ideas, peremptorily insisted that he should never return, but settle at Gaëta, or remove to Naples. He therefore submitted but with a heavy heart; and saw his guardians, as it were, depart from him, and leave him to himself.

What he seemed to fear when they left him, soon came to pass. With solitude Lucifer returned, and he now presented himself so frequently, and in such awful colours to Spinello's mind, that the little fabric of health which had been reared with so much care was quickly thrown down while visions of horror swept over the ruins. It should here be observed, that Spinello had now learned to associate every hateful, and abominable idea with this tremendous demon of his imagination, and they who know that countless hosts of phantoms can be drawn from the regions of fear, and marshalled in terrible array by the fancy, will not greatly wonder at the effect which the fearful vision that perpetually floated before the eyes of the artist at length produced upon his mind and body.

His health which now declined more rapidly than ever, was soon irrecoverably destroyed, his frame wasted visibly away, and as his body grew weaker, his visions increased in horror, until at length the intellect tottered upon its basis, and almost gave way beneath their intolerable pressure. In a few weeks he was shrunk to a skeleton while his eyes shone with preternatural brilliancy; so that the people of the house where he lodged, were terrified at his appearance and avoided his looks. For his own part he was scarcely conscious of the existence of the external world, every thing around him appearing like the creations of a dream---mere shadows with whom he could have no sympathy. There seemed, in fact, to be but two beings in the universe---himself and Lucifer, and he felt that he was engaged in a struggle which must terminate the existence of the one or the other. When he succeeded in freeing himself for a moment from the tangle of this vision and could repel it to some little distance from his mental eye, he perceived, as distinctly as possible its illusory nature, and wondered at the power it exerted over his imagination. If, however, he obtained a momentary respite of this kind, it was not, as in the case of Prometheus (whose vulture was of the same brood as his demon,) by night, but at sun-rise, when the God of the Magi stepped, as it were, upon his throne to receive the homage of the earth. The hour of repose, as night is to the fortunate and the happy, was to him the hour of torture; and he daily lingered about the sea-shore, anxiously watching the setting sun, and trembling more and more as the glorious luminary approached the termination of his career and disappeared behind the purple waves. As soon as darkness descended upon the earth, Lucifer, if absent before, invariably alighted with it, and stood beside his victim, who, clapping his hands upon his eyes, would fly with a howl or a shriek towards the habitations of men.

At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set---the moon and all the stars were in heaven---and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He sat him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild and piercing shriek he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice--- for it was she---instantly caught him

by the hand to drag him back ; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion ; and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his miserv. He now saw that, having been occupied with thoughts of her when he painted his picture he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen arch angel ; and hence the pain her looks had occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling over the precipice : but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss ; but the grass-tuft by which she clung gradually gave way ; and in another instant, a sullen plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.

We have now to give some account of the engravings of the *Friendship's Offering*, but as we have already occupied so much space with the Literary department of this publication, we must be brief in our remarks on the embellishments. The best of these is a brilliant line engraving by E. Goodall from a Painting by G. Arnold, entitled "Echo." This is one of the most poetical compositions we have met with for some years. Echo is personified in a light, and aerial female form, floating over a still secluded lake.—The portrait of a beautiful female, with an open and lively expression of countenance, painted by a promising young artist of the name of Wood, and engraved by Edwards, is a very exquisite production. The engraving is clear, sharp and sparkling.—" Mary Queen of Scots, presenting her son to the Church Commissioners" painted by Stephanoff and engraved by R. Baker, is interesting and well designed, but there is that dwarf-like appearance about the figures observable in the works of Hans Holbein, and the engraving has too much colour in some parts and too little in others. The child has the face of an old woman. We recognize however that air of theatrical elegance about the costume and manner of the Queen, which Stephanoff usually throws around his female figures, some of which are the perfection of loveliness, and refinement.—" Catherine of Arragon," painted by Leslie and engraved by Humphreys is a very superior production, though the drapery is somewhat hard and heavy. In other respects great taste and spirit are exhibited both by the painter and engraver.—" The Spae Wife" by Stothard, has his usual stiffness and mannerism.—A little child gazing on a Dead Bird, from its plainness, and want of proportion, and the peculiar shape of its hands, we should take to be Westall's, though the impression before us is a proof before the letter, and no artist's name is attached. A sketch of " Spoleto" is very beautiful as a landscape, but the engraving is feeble and cold. " Vesuvius" though we object to the hacknied nature of the subject is admirably handled by Turner, the first of our living Landscape Painters.—" The Masquerade" after Kidd, engraved by Armstrong is coarse and com-

mon-place.—“Reading News” a picture by Wilkie engraved by H. Robinson, is interesting from the name of the Painter, for who does not prize every production, however humble, of the immortal Wilkie. It has much of his peculiar humour and simple nature, but the engraver has scarcely done justice to the original.—“Lyra,” painted by Wood, is very sweet in the facial expression, and the engraving is excellent of its kind, though being stippled, it does not seem in its place among so many highly finished line engravings.—We have now gone rapidly over all the embellishments, and may be thought not to have spoken of them in a very enthusiastic way, but to confess the truth, we expected something better. They are very beautiful, and even superior perhaps to those of the last year, but the great efforts now making in the departments of the Fine Arts for the London Annuals, are apt to excite our expectations of almost absolute perfection, and as they fall short of this standard we feel proportionably disappointed; nevertheless it is but bare justice to acknowledge that there are very few similar publications that afford a stronger display of either Artistical or Literary Talent than the *Friendship's Offering* for 1830.

FORGET-ME-NOT, FOR MDCCCXXX.

We had almost despaired of being able to gratify our readers with specimens of the *Forget-me-Not* in this month's Magazine; but a copy having just reached us we hasten to give a hurried notice of its contents, and to select a few brief specimens in prose and verse. The Literary department contains many excellent articles by writers whose names and talents are familiar to the public. The first prose composition in the book is entitled “A quarter of an Hour too soon,” and is a very clever and amusing production. The writer commences by quoting Lord Nelson's remark that “if he had ever done any thing worth talking of in the world, it was by being always a quarter of an Hour before his time,” and proceeds to show that this saying might be reasonable enough in the hero of Trafalgar, but it could not be rendered applicable to common mortals. He illustrates his position with his own history, in which every untoward accident that befalls him is attributed to his having been fifteen minutes too soon. If we recollect rightly, an article written in a similar style appeared in the last *Forget-me-Not*, entitled “An hour too many.” “The quarter of an Hour too soon,” is too long for an entire extract, but we give a brief specimen of it. Our author had obtained an Ensign's Commission in one of the King's regiments, with which he had just embarked for the continent. He

had not been long at sea before he experienced the inconveniences of a gale of wind.

"Our ship still lay a hundred yards from the shore; and the waves which had brought her so far were not yet tired of playing the same antics with her as they had done for some time past; she pitched and rolled hideously. Before me lay the pleasant land of the canteen, the coffeehouse, and the hotel. A crowd of jovial-looking *militaires* had already gathered on the beach to welcome us home, and were roaring with laughter at our unwilling manœuvres. "Flesh and blood can bear this no longer," said I to the jurymast of our dancing ship. The words were no sooner pronounced than I jumped overboard, and was, like Cæsar, "buffeting the waters with fierce controversy." The waters took their revenge. I was the last of their victims, and they determined to make me remember them. The billows did with me just as they liked. When I was within ten yards of the shore on the back of one, the next conveyed me fifty yards to sea. No boat was at hand to determine "the controversy," and, in a few minutes as possible, a huge bill of foam, tumbling back from the beach, carried me with it, insensible, down Channel.

I awoke in the hands of a committee of country surgeons, at the critical moment when the men of science were on the point of carrying it against the philanthropists, and I was about to be consigned to the forces of a fashionable lecturer on the *post mortem* peculiarities of man. Here, perhaps, I began to breathe fifteen minutes too soon, for *one quarter of an hour more* was the time in which the philanthropists had agreed to give up the experiment of my recovery. Less promptitude on my part would have saved me a good deal of after-trouble.

But I was fated to disappoint every one; and I disappointed the men of science of their prize, jumped into a post-chaise, and flew back to quarters. The first man whom I met in the streets of Portsmouth was my friend Jack, taking a tranquil saunter among the print-shops. He was goodnaturedly glad to see me. "But you were unlucky," said he, "in venturing to swim from the vessel. The tide was going down; in *another quarter of an hour* she was lying high and dry, and you might have landed in a cabriolet."

"But the regiment, where is it to be found?"

"You have nothing to do with it now; you were returned drowned, for every ensign in the corps would have pledged every thing but his epaulette, that you were gone to the bottom. Your commission is given away, and now you have only to go to town and fight them out of another, if they will take your own word at the Horse-Guards for your being alive."

"But what are you doing in Portsmouth, Jack?"

"My duty. I have been gazetted to the regiment; and have the honour to be at this moment lieutenant in the company you left behind, when you were in such a hurry to see service."

I cursed the fifteen minutes in the depths of my soul."

Mr. Shoberl, the Editor of the *Forget-me-Not* has published, as he supposes, a very early production of Lord Byron, but we can hardly think it genuine, and if it is, it reflects no great honor upon his Lordship's Juvenile Muse. It is a very poor imitation of Shenstone. We extract it, however, as a curiosity.

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

BY LORD BYRON.

The lines addressed "To my dear Mary Anne" were written about a year or less before my marriage, and when Lord Byron left Annesley.—MARY ANNE MUSTERS.

ADIEU to sweet Mary for ever!

From her I must quickly depart.

Though the fates us from each other sever,

Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my breast burns
 Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows ;
 The love which for Mary I feel
 Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
 I wish not your joys to molest :
 Mistake not my passion for love,
 'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel
 The friendship my bosom contains ;
 It will ever within my heart dwell.
 While the warm blood flows through my veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
 And my Mary from evil defend !
 May she ne'er know adversity's frown.
 May her happiness ne'er have an end !

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu !
 Farwell ! I with anguish repeat—
 For ever I'll think upon you,
 While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

Our next poetical extract shall consist of some very sweet and touching verses by Miss Emma Roberts.

SONG.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Upon the Ganges' regal stream,
 The sun's bright splendours rest ;
 And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
 Reposes on its breast :
 But in a small secluded nook,
 Beyond the western sea,
 There rippling glides a narrow brook,
 That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
 Cares-ing to be fed,
 And spreads its plumes at my command,
 And stoops its purple head ;
 But where the robin, humble guest,
 Comes flying from the tree,
 Which bears its unpretending nest,
 Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
 A meteor swift and bright ;
 And the wide space around, on high,
 Gleams with its emerald light ;
 Though glory tracts that shooting star,
 And bright its splendours shine,
 The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
 To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
 In all the flush of bloom.
 Clustering around the forest bowers,
 Exhale their rich perfume.
 The dai-y, and the primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opes its chalices,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirrors make :
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home,
 Within my native land.

Miss Mitford has given an historical sketch of the Trial of Charles the First, but she has very feebly handled so fine a subject. The simplest prose narration of the circumstances attending this important event would be more interesting than any ordinary writer could ever hope to render it in declamatory blank-verse. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of Miss Mitford's powers generally, but certainly in this instance her nerveless versification, is peculiarly ineffectual. The prose story of the Exile, by Mr. W. H. Harrison is clever and agreeable. We can afford room for a brief specimen of it.

"I would inquire after certain of our friends in Flanders. How is Frank Sackville ? The king promised to take care of his fortune."

"And has kept his word most royally, to the last stiver of it," was the answer.

"And where is poor Frank now ?"

"In a garret at Brussels," said Pierrepont, "of such circumscribed dimensions, that he cannot stretch himself without flinging open the window for elbowroom."

"And does he flaunt it as bravely as ever ?" pursued the querist.

"Alas, no !" was the reply. "Poverty is now his only tailor, and has slashed his doublet sadly. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that the last of his shirts he had six different ways of getting into, until, on undressing himself one night, he missed it altogether, and at last found its melancholy remains confined in his boot."

"Has he recourse to the wine-bask as frequently as was his wont, drowning his cares after the manner of Clarence!" said Winterton.

"Oh, no?" rejoined the other; "he has descended to the alcohol, which he obtains as he can; begs, borrows, or perhaps steals it, as did Prometheus fire of another sort, and like him; suffers for it in his liver."

"And how fares it with old Sir John—absent Jack as we used to style him? Is he still subject to those fits of abstraction, under the influence of which he was accustomed to forget his meals?"

"Fortunately for him, as much so as ever," replied Pierrepont; "a circumstance that administers marvellously to his convenience, seeing that his dinner is frequently as absent as himself."

"He had a turn for poetry, had he not?" said Winterton.

"Call it a *twist*," replied the incorrigible Pierrepont; "for nothing could be more foreign to his nature. He had a fancy for bell-ringing, you will remember; and when he gave that up, he took to jingling of another sort, and nick-named it poetry."

"Gliding, by a natural transition, from poetry to music, I would inquire how goes the world with my friend Dick Crotchets, is he as indefatigable a scraper as ever?"

"Confound him! yes," said Pierrepont, "he lodged in the next room to me, where he fiddled from morning till night, and taught me, by sad experience, that the punishment of the bow-string is not confined to Turkey."

The lines on *The Stolen Kiss*, by Captain M'Naghten, have all the spirit and fervour that the subject required.

Barry Cornwall's verses on the Place de Jeanne D'Arc, at Rouen, and addressed to Prout the Painter, are replete with his worst faults. It is strange that this Poet who has a great deal of fancy and delicacy of feeling, should deform his productions with so much affectation, bad taste and absurdity.

His present Poem for instance commences in this fantastical manner.

Oh thou brave Art of Painting! with what skill, &c. &c.
and proceeds with such stuff as the following:—

Oh! a brave Painter art thou, Samuel Prout:
By Juniter! I would not live without
A Drawing from thy Pen, though I should feed
To-morrow on Chamelions!

* * * *

Oh! were I you, friend Artist, I would roam, &c. &c.

We shall now extract some pretty verses by Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of the popular Song of "Oh! no we never mention her."

SONG.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh! does he think, when I assume
This cold unmeaning smile,
That I forget his vows of love?—
That I forgive his guile?
'Twas he that left Remorse to pine
Where Peace was wont to dwell;
And shall the trampled foot forget?—
Oh, I remember well!

*I sought him not :—my mother's love
 Then left me nought to seek ;
 My heart was gay, my step was light,
 And health was on my cheek.
 He came, and bought the simple wreaths
 My mother used to sell ;
 He whisper'd praises in my ear—
 Oh, I remember well !*

*He linger'd near my village home,
 And said 't was for my sake ;
 He deign'd to be my partner, too,
 At harvest-home and wake :
 He placed a ring upon my hand ;
 And could I then repel
 The token of a blameless love ?—
 Oh, I remember well !*

*The summer pass'd—he came no more—
 I thought I should have died.
 When next we met, a noble dame
 Was smiling at his side.
 He saw me—but his guilty eyes
 Abash'd before me fell ;
 The lady soothed him, and he smiled—
 Oh, I remember well !*

*They told me 't was his wedding day,
 They bore me to the church ;
 And pale, and cold, and statue-like,
 I linger'd in the porch :
 I heard his wedding peal—I felt
 The beating of the bell ;
 I saw him kiss his lovely bride—
 Oh, I remember well !*

*And I have met him in the world,
 And I have heard him speak,
 And madly forced a smile to light
 My flush'd and feverish cheek :
 Do I forget ? No ; let him wait
 Until he hears my knell ;
 For till I rest beneath the turf
 I shall remember well !*

Our next and last extract shall be a very good story entitled

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country-inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester.

ter. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank!" said he, "take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know." And taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village school master—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he drew forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the school-master's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification.

But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his statue so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuckled, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise.

"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily.

"As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman.

The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke.

"Faith, this is odd!" observed the host.

"Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter.

After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head.

Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable.

"All red!" murmured the parson once more.

"Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late.

"Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers."

The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It began with the parson, and was taken up by the school-master, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the school-master's the loudest of all.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers."

"Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the school-master.

"And, pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance.

"But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand.

"And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your small-clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are——"

"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage.

"Ay, what is he, sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"He is a black-coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and schoolmaster anger was principally depicted: the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a sarcastic smile; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tranquillity the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson: but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation.

In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-legged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down according to orders. On hearing this, the Red Man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it.

"Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence.

"Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster.

"He is a bit of a conjurer, I warrant," quoth the exciseman.

"I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."

"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady.

"I am certain he is no better than he should be," spake the parson again.

"That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause: at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—"I shall question him tightly when he returns; and if his answers are impertinent or unsatisfactory, something must be done."

"Ay, something must be done," said the school-master.

"Whatever you do," said the landlady, "let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."

"A fig for his anger!" roared her husband, snapping his fingers; "I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."

"Anger, indeed!" observed the exciseman; "leave that to me and my cudgel."

"To you and your cudgel!" said the stranger, who at this moment entered, and resumed his place at the fireside, after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the exciseman. The latter did not dare to say a word; his countenance fell, and his stick which he was brandishing a moment before, dropped between his legs.

There was another pause in the conversation. The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the school-master, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. At one side of the fire sat the plump parson, with the tankard in one hand, and the other placed upon his forehead, as in deep meditation. At the opposite side sat the schoolmaster, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe. In the centre was the exciseman, having at his right hand the jolly form of the landlady, and at his left the Man in Red, the landlord stood at some distance behind. For a time the whole, with the exception of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wandering glances, but, though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the enquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were besides themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson.

"Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are—"

"That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter.

"Who are you sir!" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the other, "is Reid."

"And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson.

"I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the unkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room over-head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him God, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of

his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument and the proposer of forcible ejection said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room.

It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavy: though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity: and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes, they are like—"

"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience.

"Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupifying sound continued, like clock work, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral wail; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief

intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at first to be a travelling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjurer. Now their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse. The parson, in the height of his learning, regarded him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was lith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say!" observed the parson.

"Born on the borders of the Red Sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw nor heard of me before?" said the ostler in conclusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."

"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman.

"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.

"Such a voice!" added the landlord. "It is like the sound of a cracked claret."

"His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady.

"No matter," exclaimed the landlord, "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours."

"Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

"Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened coterie, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amid the increasing gloom.

At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright; the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out "Avant; Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!"

"I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

The Engravings of the *Forget-me-Not* for this year, though hardly equal to those of the last volume, are in many instances very beautiful. There is a little group of figures, *The Orphan Family*, painted by Chisholme and engraved by Davenport, that is characterized by much of that simple truth of expression in which Wilkie is so felicitous.—The engraving entitled "*The tempting moment*" is one of similar merit; an old apple Woman has fallen asleep in her chair, and a number of young boys are stealing the roasting treasures with timid cunning, and burning their mouths and fingers in their hurry. It is drawn by W. Collins, and is very beautifully engraved by Shenton.

Mr. Ackermann generally contrives with excellent judgement to secure the assistance of Prout, whose bold, broad and masterly style, is so much admired both by the critics and the public. His view of a street at Rouen in the present volume, engraved by the talented H. Le Keux, is full of his usual richness and power of effect. "*The Flower Girl*" by P. A. Guagain, to those who have seen Murillo's, will only excite contempt, and even without reference to that admirable work, the present will be considered a very ordinary and common place engraving. "*The Land Storm*" drawn by Clennell, is not without spirit, but it reminded us too much of a French composition, any thing approaching to which, is usually our abomination. Stephano, whose success in the *Keepsake* has brought him into great request has been called upon for his assistance, but he has not been so happy on this occasion, as on a former one. *The Death of the Dove* drawn by Stewardson and engraved in a bright and sparkling manner by W. Finden, is a very beautiful little work, as is also Daniell's drawing of an *Indian Ghaut*, which is softly and delicately finished. We had almost forgot-

ten to mention *The Spanish Princess*, by Wilkie but it is not in his usual or best style.

There are two or three other embellishments that we have not alluded to but we have noticed the most noticeable, and our Printer will bitterly complain of us if we further extend our remarks at the eleventh hour. We regret much that we did not receive the London Annuals at a more convenient time when we should have entered into fuller details, and have done more justice to their merits.

THE BENGAL ANNUAL, MDCCCXXX.

As the BENGAL ANNUAL, is conducted by the Editor of this Magazine, we are placed in a rather delicate position, for it is not fair towards the publishers, nor even to our readers, that the work should be altogether passed over on this account.

Our best plan perhaps will be to offer no remarks of our own, but content ourselves with quoting the following flattering notices from the Calcutta Papers.

[FROM THE INDIA GAZETTE.]

We have been favoured by the Editor with the loose sheets of the *Bengal Annual*, and we have much pleasure in availing ourselves of his courtesy to make our readers acquainted with some of its interesting contents. The attempt to get up an Indian Annual is worthy of high commendation; and if we may judge by the variety and excellence of the contributions, it has been rewarded with a degree of public support eminently flattering to the projectors. Amongst the names of the writers we find those of Dr. Wilson, Dr. Grant, Miss Roberts, Mr. Derozio, Mr. Parker, Colonel Young, and others, whom we cannot enumerate, all of whom have contributed from their stores to present a rich and varied treat to the Indian public. Considering the disadvantages under which the *Bengal Annual* has been given to the world, it may appear invidious to institute any comparison between it and the similar publications that are received from Europe. But we do not think that it need shrink from the comparison; for the taste and beauty of many of the pieces, the true poetic inspiration under which they have been conceived and expressed, appear to us to give the entire work a general style of excellence and power superior to its European compeers. Most of the eminent poets of the present day who contribute to the English Annuals, seem to furnish only the sweepings of their study—the mere *exuvie* of the poetic character: several of the contributors to the *Bengal Annual* have, on the contrary, put forth their powers, and their productions are consequently worthy of themselves, and the public to whom they are addressed.

JANUARY 1830.

Q

The nameless writer of the Introductory Stanzas* concludes his tender and plaintive lines with the exclamation

Home! Home! there—there alone
The minstrel's harp gives all its tone.

But the real pathos, the glow of poetic feeling, which pervades his own verses, shows that even the Exile's harp can give forth tones which find their ready response in the human heart. Yet why regard ourselves as Exiles? Why not make this the land of our adoption, and endeavour to make it all that the patriot and philanthropist can desire? * * *

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[FROM THE GOVERNMENT GAZETTE.]

Literature—to use an American phrase, seems to be progressing among us.—Not only is an Annual to be issued in a few days from the Press of Calcutta—but we are promised a Monthly Magazine too.—We have been always aware that there was no want of talent for composition amongst our Indian Sojourners—and that all that was requisite for its development, was some kind of motive or stimulus to call it forth. To the spirited Editor of the “Bengal Annual”—it is due to acknowledge—that he has given the required motive for literary concentration by announcing that he would undertake a task never tried here before—and which rendered it a point of honour in his literary Brethren to put their shoulders heartily to the wheel, to help him.

We have been favoured with the unbound sheets of the work—and its typographical execution is really most creditable. Of its literary merits we would, rather leave our Readers to judge for themselves—when, however, we state that amongst the contributors to its pages are to be found the names of the fair authoress of the “Houses of York and Lancaster”—of the Translator of the “Hindu Theatre”—and of the author of “The Draught of Immortality”—we say enough, we presume, to indicate that a work distinguished by such aid cannot fail to be worthy of consideration.

It is dedicated to Lady William Bentinck, and we trust will prove the *avant courier* of many others in *esse* and *posse* still more deserving of the honor of such patronage.

The chief end of publications like the one in question, has hitherto been to amuse, accordingly the matter of the Bengal Annual is, for the most part, of a light and entertaining character—the Poetry and Prose being pretty equally balanced.

A few pictorial embellishments are to be found in the work—which are the friendly contributions of Amateurs. Although not wanting in elegance of design and spirit of execution, they are not of course amenable to those rigid rules of Criticism which hold in England, and which considering the infant state of the arts in Calcutta, to apply here, would be to use a giant's strength as a giant—and therefore tyrannously. They will, some years hence, be interesting, were it only as showing the progress of the European arts in this quarter of Asia. * * *

* The author of these Stanzas is Mr. Parker.—Ed. Cal. Mag.

THE SEASON IN LONDON. MDCCCXXX.

BY CAPTAIN MCNAGHTEN.

[FOR THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.]

Good morrow to the Season! — it is coming round again,
 And though I shall be divided from its revels by the main,
 I shall not forget the sooner all the joyousness it gave,
 When to every eye that smil'd on me, I bow'd a willing slave.
 When every form I gaz'd on (if 'twere like a Sylph's at all)
 In the crush-room of the Opera, or the glories of a ball,
 And every cheek of rosy hue, and every snowy hand,
 Had a charm for one so newly from the sable-beautied land.

So, good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 So quickly coming round again—though coming not for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—will each girl I left behind,
 When on another, as on me, she throws her glances kind,
 Remember him she flirted with, through many a mellow hour,
 In the noise of glittering parties, or the silence of the bower:
 Will she, whose cheek was crush'd to mine, on that unvictual'd day,
 When the horticultural people* sent us empty all away,
 Remember those soft whispers that were in her ear distill'd,—
 The only really “good things” with which that day she was “fill'd.”

Oh! good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 So quickly coming round again---though coming not for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—what a change be in that heaven,
 Among the angels, bright and fair, I knew in twenty-seven!
 Young Phœbe may have settled down a rul'd, or ruling, spouse,
 And Lucy may to Gretna Green have gone to take the vows.
 Gay Julia may have turn'd a Saint, or turn'd — a fopling's head,
 And pretty little Jessy may have left her Booby's bed,
 Jane still may play the light guitar, or play the lighter fool,
 And Fanny's younger sister may have made her lover cool.

But good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 And to all its blooming beauties—though they bloom no more for me.

Good morrow to the Season! — by the Ganges, distant shore,
 I have sat me down, an alter'd man from what I was before,
 I am never going to flirt again — pink cheek and lily brow,
 May blush and beam—they once had pow'r—but that is over now.
 An eye could play the deuce with me, unless it chanc'd to squint,
 And I should have thought it hard to find a female heart of flint.
 But the greenness of my youth is o'er—that effervescent time—
 And I listen more to reason now, and rather less to rhyme.

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry
 And to all its blooming beauties—though they bloom no more for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—when life's tree to autumn's brown
 Its verdure yields, I'll go and pass the winter months in town;
 And if some old familiar form should cross my downward path,
 With wrinkles where the blushes are which she at present hateth:
 Borne slowly on her tottering feet, down life's declivous hill,
 Which now so lightly float her through the waltz and the quadrille;

* No one who was there will ever forget the Horticultural Breakfast of 1827! The gourmand who deemed it a new “pleasure” to feel hungry, might have had it, on that occasion, to his heart's content, but whether to his stomach's also is quite another question.

'T will be pleasant (if she have not got a sneezing husband by her)
To try and eye her wither'd shape as now my eye might eye her.

So good morrow to the Season !—with its witching revelry,
And a blessing on each face that ever kindly beam'd on me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — I have had my fluttering day,
I have been with jilts a butterfly, but *twigg'd* their birdlime *spray*,
I have gone through all the forms of adoration with *Coquettes*,
Have admir'd their *slips* and *laces*, but kept clear of all their *nets*.
A hundred thousand foolish things, no doubt, I must have said,
But the warm ones never caught my heart—though the cold ones caught my head.

If some of them were fond of *airs*—I fann'd them in a trice,
And if others would be chilly—why, I handed them an ice.

But good morrow to the Season !—with its witching revelry,
And a blessing on each face that ever kindly beam'd on me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — I have tasted all its joys,
Its dancing, flirting, whispering, pressing, visiting, and noise.
Its scandal I have chatted, and have scaun'd all my acquaintance,
The artless ones, the sinful ones, the blue ones, and the saint ones ;
But I'm not the sour misanthropist, to say I dont miss *Aun*,
The laughing little gull with whom my Season I began.
Nor do I look with hypocrite regret upon the past, —
I was happy while it lasted, and I'm happy at the last.

So good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And a health to those whose gentle hearts may yet remember me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — though the ocean's wide expanse
Will not let me dance again with those with whom I us'd to dance.
I cannot with *Rigge's* lavender, their beauteous foreheads lave,
For the briny wave compels me all *that* happiness to waive.
No more *Mammas* I chatter to about their darling daughters,—
I have left off all such nonsense, upon this side of the waters :—
But still I think with kindly warmth on both the young and old,
For this is not a clime in which a person can feel cold !

So good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And a health to those whose gentle hearts may yet remember me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — may it gaily come and go ?
May eyes be brighter than its wine, and joy more sparkling flow !
May they who fear they're growing fat, ungrow again to thin !
May the puppies be rejected, and the jilts be taken in !
To sit without a partner may manœuvrers be compelled :
And may thy Hell, St. James's Street, no longer be up-held !
May sighing maids be married, and cross old ones end their lives !
And may husbands all be cuckolded who take coquettes for wives !

So good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry.
And may those again enjoy it, who enjoy'd it once with me.

Good morrow to the Season ! — and a kind adieu to all,
Whom I have ever prattled with, in boat, or bower, or hall,
They shall all be recollected when my spirits may be high,
But one or two shall oftenest be remember'd with a sigh.
Farewell ! thou pretty, warbling bird—thou guileless one in heart,
Full be thy share of every good,—of ill be thine no part !
And to thee, the warm and gentle, who had lost my dancing hand,
Be happiness, as great as mine, in this all sunny land ?

Now good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And may those again enjoy it, who enjoy'd it once with me !

THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

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Subscribers are requested to observe that the *Calcutta Magazine* is divided into four distinct departments, and that the numbering and form of the pages are so arranged as to admit of the matter being bound into four separate volumes at the end of the year. Two volumes will consist of ORIGINAL PAPERS—a third, the SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS and the GLEANINGS—and a fourth will form a complete BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

At the end of the year separate Title Pages and Indexes to each volume will be supplied gratis by the Publishers.

THE YOUNG HOMICIDE.

In the year 18— there resided in the county of — in Scotland a country gentleman of the name of M—. My father's house was at least five miles distant from his residence, and I do not recollect that I had ever seen Mr. M—, but I had often heard him spoken of as a man generally respected. He possessed considerable landed property, and this combined with the excellence of his character, gave him some weight and consideration in the neighbourhood. He was married and had several children. At the time of which I write, his eldest son was about eighteen years of age, a tall, handsome, and intelligent young man, who had distinguished himself at the university during the preceding session. He was a high-spirited youth, somewhat presumptuous, and easily irritated by opposition, but otherwise of a kind and generous disposition, and exceedingly popular among the farmers and peasantry. His father's principal farm servant had a son of nearly the same age; a great favourite with his young master, and his constant companion in his field sports.

On the morning of the 27th of October of the year I have mentioned, these two young men went out coursing, with a couple of Mr. M—'s greyhounds. They had not returned at the usual dinner hour, four o'clock, although it was found that the dogs had been home for some time. This caused little surprise at the time, and I believe no alarm, for as it had been raining heavily since noon, it was concluded that the young men had sought shelter in one of the neighbouring cottages, from which the dogs might, either accidentally or purposely, have been excluded. As it continued to rain till a late hour, they were hardly expected that night; but considerable anxiety was excited by their not appearing on the following morning, and by noon this anxiety had deepened into serious alarm on the part of the parents; enquiries were made in every direction, but no information could be obtained. They had not been seen beyond the adjoining fields. More extended enquiries produced a similar result, and on the following day the whole neighbourhood was in commotion. The feelings of the parents of the young men I shall not attempt to describe. Every forest in the vicinity was searched and re-searched; every river was dragged; and hardly a bush escaped investigation; it was all in vain. Neither had the objects of their search been seen on any road or highway near or remote. Under such circumstances the idea of their having been murdered must have presented itself to every mind; but

to whom could suspicion attach? and what could have become of the bodies? The young men were as generally loved as known. They had nothing about them to excite cupidity; they were strong and active, and though only armed with sticks, could not have been easily overpowered, at least not by a single individual; and besides, it was a part of the country in which a murder had not been known within the memory of man. I need not repeat any of the various opinions which this mysterious circumstance engendered, regarding the means, human or superhuman, by which these two latent youths had been swept, as it were, from the face of the earth, without a vestige being left by which their flight might be traced, or the place and manner of their death divulged. The most ingenious failed in inventing even a probable surmise, and conjecture consequently took a range far beyond the bounds of possibility; but any attempt at a reasonable solution of the mystery, was at last abandoned in despair.

I had then just completed my sixteenth year. I was not tall for my age, and had a boyish appearance, though I was not deficient in strength or agility. On the day preceding that on which young M—— and his companion disappeared, a friend of my father, who had taken a fancy to me, had made me a present of a double barrel gun. Young as I was, I was a practised sportsman of three years standing, and had often used such a gun before, but had never had one of my own. I was proud of it accordingly. I sallied forth therefore on the following morning after finishing an early breakfast, confident in my own skill, for my aim then was as quick as it was sure, and not doubting that my new acquisition would do ample justice to it. At this late period of the season, the partridges had become shy, and though my dog was well-trained and staunch, I had bagged only a single brace. By this time I had wandered in a southerly direction about four miles from home, and now stood on the brow of an eminence, taking a survey of the adjacent country, and giving occasionally an anxious glance at the aspect of the sky, which had been lowering since morning, and now threatened rain. Before me lay a marsh, or as it is there called "a mire," considerably upwards of a mile in length, and at its eastern end opposite to which I stood, perhaps half a mile broad; which breadth gradually decreased towards the west till it terminated almost in a point. The marsh had a brownish hue, the moss which grew upon it being interspersed with heather. The surface was much broken towards the middle, shewing longitudinal stripes of shallow water, covering a great depth of a soft mixture of mud and sand. From the spot where I stood a gentle slope led to it: a range of low hills rose more abruptly

from the opposite side. The country was open towards the east affording a distant prospect of the sea ; the view towards the west was more limited, being closed by an adjacent wood. At some distance from the western termination of the marsh, a low and narrow embankment had been thrown across, apparently in an attempt to bring that part of the marsh which lay beyond it into a state of cultivation. This having failed, a second attempt of the same nature equally unsuccessful seemed to have been made about forty paces nearer to the extremity. These embankments served now as footpaths to the sportsman. By others the place was little frequented. There was neither farm house nor cottage within sight, except at a great distance to the eastward.

I directed my course along the northern side of the marsh, in the hope that a few snipes might have made their appearance. I was disappointed and on reaching the second embankment determined to cross over. Ere I had proceeded halfway, I saw a hare come over the rising ground from the south, and run towards the embankment which lay between me and the centre of the marsh. When opposite to me, in crossing it, being within shot I fired and killed her : and immediately proceeded to the spot. I had just begun to load when two greyhounds came from the same direction, and stood at gaze on the summit of the rising ground, as if looking for an object of recent pursuit. Two young men, the owners of the dogs, next made their appearance, and came rapidly towards me. Just as I had loaded my gun, and bagged my hare, they were near enough to address me. In advancing along the narrow embankment, one necessarily preceded the other. The appearance of the first indicated his connection with the higher classes of society, while that of his follower as evidently shewed that he belonged to the peasantry of the country. The first had dark hair and eyes, those of the other were fair and blue : both were tall and good looking : the former had a common walking stick in his hand ; the latter a kind of pole, use in leaping ditches. The flashing eye and flushed brow of the first who approached me betrayed a considerable degree of irritation, for which I was not conscious of having given cause, and his language, tone and manner were from the beginning, insulting and menacing. " So my lad" he began, " you have killed our hare have you ?"—" Your hare !" I replied, " I have killed a hare, but I had shot her before I saw either you or your dogs, and was not aware that you had put her up"—" I dare say," but where is your certificate ? we will make you pay for your insolence !"—My smile on hearing this was one of contempt and defiance, nor had I time for further reply, for he immediately resumed—" I thought so, a poacher ! give up your gun Sir !"—One lock was immediately

cocked, and I think the look which accompanied this action must have expressed a degree of resolution, which would have deterred many from further aggression ; but to be thus braved by a boy served only to inflame the wrath of the rash and choleric youth who now stood before me. He put a just interpretation on my look and action, when he exclaimed, " So you will not give it up ! Come on Allan !" and he rushed forward to close with and overpower me.

Ere the reader condemn me for what followed, let him reflect on my immature age and on the provocation I had received, let him also consider that as a young sportsman, I looked on the retention of my gun as a point of honour. I believe also that I was naturally brave, for although on common occasions I had little confidence in myself, and was subject to embarrassment from trivial causes, yet I have since found the immediate presence of danger can nerve my heart, and compose my mind. I knew not this when young, for I had not then ever been placed in imminent peril ; although I was sensible that I was free from those terrors with which many are impressed, on beholding the convulsions of nature, and witnessing the strife of the elements. I can recollect that when a mere boy, returning home with some of my school-fellows we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm—My terrified companions hurried on while I lingered behind alone, absolutely delighted with the elemental war that was raging above and around me. Yet it was an awful sight. It seemed as if a whole legion of demons had entered that dense and murky cloud, whence they were darting their forked and fiery arrows on the reptiles of the earth, while its innermost caverns reverberated the echoes of their dissonant and diabolical mirth. This however might not be courage, for the idea of danger never crossed my imagination. But be this as it may, I was when irritated by insult, as inaccessible to fear as reckless of consequences. " Come on Allan !" exclaimed my proud and impetuous assailant—the next instant he was prostrate before me, a strong sudden groan burst from his lips as he fell. The concentrated charge of shot had perforated his heart ; and he lay as lifeless as the earth, which with outspread arms he appeared to grasp. I looked on him but for a moment, the conviction flashed upon me at once that I had another antagonist to deal with who would take my life in revenge or lose his own. I was not mistaken. While I retired a few paces keeping my eye fixed upon him, he stood gazing on the body of his companion with a look of astonishment and horror ; but in a moment every other feeling seemed to be absorbed by a desire of revenge. He spoke not a word, but grasping his formidable staff with both hands sprang over the dead body. A

single blow from his weapon might have been fatal, but ere the stroke fell, the hand of the striker had been paralysed by death ! He fell forward like his companion, but a little to one side of the path, and rolled over on his back. He raised his right hand as if to place it on the wound which was near his heart, but it sunk extended by his side. I heard not a groan—only the gurgling of the blood in his throat—In a few seconds he was quite dead.

It might be supposed that the feelings of a youth of sixteen situated as I now was, would have hurried him at once from the scene of slaughter, but this was not the case. Irritation had subsided, and leaning on my gun I stood looking on the dead bodies, with no other feeling but regret. I was roused from my reverie by the whining of the greyhounds which stood behind the farthest body, evidently in distress, and apparently impressed with terror, in which feeling my own dog seemed to share. I passed the bodies and called to the greyhounds, which came up to me, but with some hesitation, though they seemed thereafter to consider me as a friend. My first impulse now was to go to the nearest dwelling, and relate what had passed ; but a little reflection served to convince me that even if the truth were admitted to its full extent, the known fact would have a ruinous effect on my character. My resolution was soon taken. I knew that the soil of the marsh was of the nature of a quicksand, and that the bodies if once immersed would never rise again. By the side of the path on which I stood the surface of the marsh was broken, and though the water was quite shallow, I ascertained by means of Allan's pole that the soft mud extended to a great depth. It was now raining, and there was little fear of interruption. With some difficulty I dragged the body of him whom I had first shot to the spot I have mentioned, and threw it in. I did not sink into the mud so fast as I had expected, but by stirring it with the pole it soon disappeared ; and I continued to agitate it till it had sunk to a considerable depth. The other body I disposed of in the same way, and every thing that belonged to them ; last of all the pole itself which I had used in submersing them. The few stains of blood upon my clothes might be supposed to have come from the hare, and though the blood which had flowed from the bodies was still visible upon the ground, yet as the rain was now falling fast, I felt confident that in the course of another hour, every trace of the awful tragedy so recently acted would be obliterated from the face of the earth.

Up to this time I had retained the utmost composure and presence of mind. It was not till I had quitted the marsh, that I became at all agitated. On pausing to look around me it seemed as if the earth had spun round, and that I now

saw the distant sea on the *western* horizon! I soon found however that instead of being on the northern side of the marsh, whither I had intended to proceed, I was now standing at the base of the low hilly ridge on the south. My attention was next called to the distress of the greyhounds, which seemed inclined to follow me, but this I discouraged, and they at last left me, though with apparent reluctance. Instead of recrossing the marsh I hastened to the adjoining wood, and emerging from its opposite side, directed my course homeward. It was never suspected that I had any knowledge of young M—— and his companion, far less that I had been the sole cause of their mysterious and untimely fate.

It has been a matter of surprise to me, that the event which I have now related should have affected me so little for some time after its occurrence, and that time should have deepened instead of erased the impression it had left—At first I felt only regret, but when I began to reflect on the promising adolescence of those whom I had slain; and the distress in which I had involved their kindred and parents; my regret became mingled with a painful degree of remorse. I left my native land, and have endeavoured to estrange even the recollection of it from my mind, as if the deed could be forgotten with the scene which beheld it. I was long cold and unsocial, and if not altogether unfriended could hardly be said to be a friend, for nearly ten years a tear never gathered in my eye; my heart, seared by remorse, was cold and hard as the polar iceberg. It was softened at last by the kindness of one individual, my better feelings were renovated, and I was again brought within the pale of human society, from which I had been alienated by my own conscience. Yet even now, if I observe in those with whom I associate, the slightest appearance of aversion or dread; if I imagine for a moment, that familiarity is repulsed, or kindness withheld: I cannot help fancying that my features still reveal the existence of that homicidal fierceness, of which the first fatal ebullition had quelled in my heart the elation of youth, and crushed the spirit of manhood—the remembrance of which had been a blight on the blossom of pleasure, and a canker at the root of happiness.

A. W.

THE BETRAYED.

A TALE OF 1757.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here.

MOORE.

Thy glories, one by one,
In gloomy night have set ;
All save Affection's sun
Whose light is ling'ring yet.

D.

The Ganges has so frequently changed its bed, that it is scarcely possible to speak with certainty of villages, which were in existence in Bengal ten years ago, especially of such as were upon the banks of the river. I must therefore run the risk of being considered inaccurate, should the traveller not find the village of——*poor*, opposite to Rajmahal. About seventy years ago, however, there *was* such a place; and if it is not now to be found, let it not be a matter of wonder, that Time, who lays low the palaces of the proud, and covers with oblivion the dwelling places of the mighty, should have left no trace of a small and unimportant hamlet. At no considerable distance from this village, lived, at the period I have mentioned, Dana Shah, a Mahomedan Durvesh. This man had been once in favor with Ali Verdi Khan; but the flagitious conduct, and cruel disposition of Mirza Mahomed, the Soobah's grand-son, had driven him out of Moorshedabad, and forced him to seek a privacy more suited to his sacred character. While engaged, during one stormy night, in his holy office of prayer, he heard the noise of heavy footsteps at the door of his hut; but according to a custom of the Mussulmans, who will not leave their devotions upon any account, he did not stir to ascertain what it was. Although Mahomed was obliged to go to the mountain, yet ~~was our good~~ Durvesh determined not to move an inch, to find out whence proceeded the noise, or what was tramping at his door. A human voice was, however, soon heard, imploring for shelter in the name of Soliman and every Peer and Puegumbur in whom the faithful trust. Dana Shah was not insensible to such a call; for, to the honor of the prophet be it known, that he has inculcated the practice of hospitality among his followers, and declared it to be a sacred and paramount duty.

In a little time, the door opened, and discovered to the Durvesh two elephants, which, as he saw by the vivid flashes of

lightning, were rather handsomely adorned with embroidered trappings, bearing in their howdahs two persons. A few servants completed the party; and they all appeared much fatigued with a long and dangerous journey. As soon as the strangers had alighted, Dana Shah perceived, that the one was an extremely handsome young man, about twenty years of age, and that the other was a female, whose youth and beauty should not have been the sport of so rude a night. Having first given them his blessing, he invited them into his cell to partake of such cheer as he could afford, and such shelter, as they might find under his humble roof. As soon as the strangers had entered, he spread a mat upon the floor for them, expressing at the same time, his regret, that it was not a carpet, such as their condition indicated they had been used to. "Alas!" cried the young man, "if you knew our condition, it would excite your pity." At the sound of his voice, the Durvesh started inwardly, but immediately suppressing his emotion, he moved a small brazen lamp towards his guest, that he might peruse his features. Looking intently upon him for a few minutes, he seemed to discover, that the face upon which he gazed was not a stranger to his eye, although Care had already begun to trace her characters upon his young and beautiful brow. The Durvesh who had been a man of the world, although he then lived retired from its business and its follies, wished his guest to tell his own story, without being questioned. For, although his suspicions of the young man's rank and importance were confirmed by the view he had taken of his face, he would have "assurance doubly sure," and, therefore, wished him voluntarily to unfold his secret. "May be, you are on a long march, and have lost sight of your attendants in this storm!"

"Well said," replied the stranger; "it is indeed a dreadful storm, that has separated me from all those who should be around their master; but God is merciful, and I yet may find a home."

"But you cannot be without a home," said the Durvesh; "your condition and appearance speak of other things; and although you have only the drivers of your elephants and a few other servants with you, I am sure there must be thousands of slaves in your father's hall to do all your behests.—But talking perhaps is irksome; let me set about preparing such food as I can offer."

"Alla reward thee;" exclaimed the young man, "Truly the night of adversity has lowered upon me, and I have no where to lay my head. They who fed upon my bounty have turned their arms against me; and thou beholdest, the representative of the house of Ali Verdi Khan thus low, imploring thy protection." Then taking off his turban, and laying it at the feet of

the Durvesh, "I am the man" continued he "who but yesterday was named *The Mighty*, and who was taught to believe, that there was no power like his own :—but Seraje' ad Dowlah is now at thy feet holy man, and he intreats thee in the name of the prophet, and for the sake of the hallowed Kaabah, not to withhold thy pity from an unfortunate, fallen prince."

"And what mishap has befallen you, son of the mighty ;" said Dana Shah, "that the habitation of one so lowly should afford shelter to the Soobah of Bengal ; and who is this partaker of the calamity which has fallen upon the descendant of the all-powerful Ali Verdi ?"

"It is some consolation," replied the prince, "that amidst all my sufferings, and in all my hours of trouble, I have ever found the bosom of my Lutf respond to mine ; and as she enjoyed my prosperity, you see she has not shrunk from sharing my adversity.—But ere I begin to detail my misfortunes, let me send away my elephants and attendants, lest their appearance at the door of thy hospitable cot should bring my pursuers upon me.

"Well suggested", interrupted the old man ; "and I hope your Highness will allow me to take that duty upon myself. I shall desire your servants to proceed with the beasts in a direction, which your pursuers cannot have followed ; and then send my own man, Abad al Russool, across to Rajmahal, that he may go from thence to the fakeer of the Colgong Rock, and solicit protection for you, until we endeavor to re-establish you on the musnud of your fathers."

With tears in his eyes, and with a heart too big for utterance did the young prince press the hand of his generous protector, and with that thoughtless confidence which characterized his life, and from which he suffered so much, at once assented to the proposal of the Durvesh.

While Dana Shah went out to give the necessary directions ; Lutf, the beautiful, the devoted Lutf took up her sitar, which she had brought with her to divert the mind of her unfortunate husband. But before she could get the strings in tune, the Durvesh returned, and informed Suraje ad Dowlah, that every thing had been despatched, and that he might now tell the eventful history of his calamity, without the slightest apprehension.

"Alas for Palassi* !" Exclaimed the prince ; "for upon that fatal field, the glory departed from my house. My army has

* *Plassey Anglice*. The names of places in India are utterly unintelligible to the natives, when pronounced by Europeans. Thus we have *Serampoor* for *Sreerampore*, *Boglipore* for *Bhagulpore*, *Muttra* for *Mathura*, &c. &c. Upon its being once asked how *Serampoor* could have got that name. "Easily enough," said an incorrigible punster ; "it is made up of " *Sir P m poor*," the exclamation of every hard-pressed debtor, who flies to the Danish settlement for protection."

been defeated, my own friends become traitors"—(the Durvesh here appeared agitated)—"and they in whom I placed confidence have sold me to my enemies. Alla! Alla! was the race of Ali Verdi destined to be bartered, to be given like slaves in exchange for gold—the gold too of *Kafirs*? Is there not a day of retribution in store for those who break their faith; and is not the perjury of Jaffer Khan now numbered among his sins? But it is the will of fate that I should thus be used; fortune has turned her back upon me, and, but for the truth of the love of my own Lutf, I might add, that I am abandoned by mankind. This is my story venerable man; and you, who have ceased to regard the world, but as one who has in it no stake, will not refuse me the protection I implore, nor drive me from this shelter to the mercy of my enemies."

"God forbid my son," replied the Durvesh, "that the descendant of Ali Verdi Khan should meet any thing but good from my hands. So may I hope for heaven, as I treat thee; and may that hope perish for ever, if I fail in my truth!—But you seem faint with the fatigue of your journey; let me dress some food for you. I can prepare it speedily; and although Sorrow supplies a poisonous nourishment to those whom she seizes, bidding them live upon their misfortunes, yet would I hope, that time may chase away the care that now presses so heavily upon thee." Upon this, he went into another part of his hut, and began preparing a slight repast for the unfortunate Seraje ad Dowlah.

To soothe the breast of her husband by whom she was sincerely loved, and whom she worshipped with the devotedness of an enthusiast, the tender Lutf took up her sitar again, and, "let me sing to thee," said she to him—"my songs you said were sweet in better days; let me see whether sorrow has destroyed the music of the voice you have always loved to hear. Misfortune has spared the strings of my sitar; but those of my heart are broken, every one, but that which binds it for ever to thee."—Then throwing her beautiful arm upon the instrument, she struck a few chords, and sang some words, something like the following to a well known plaintive air.

Ah! wherefore should thine eagle-pride
Still strive to soar above,
When thou may'st all thy sorrows hide
In this fond bosom, Love!
In vain the wounded bird would spread
Its wing when pressed with pain;
And why should thy unhappy head
Seek pomp and power again?

In murkyest hour, the giant storm
Runs madly through the sky ;
Yet, morning sees the rainbow's form
Like a young bride, on high.
Thus hath our tempest past, and thus
Our rainbow beams above :
'Tis all that now remains for us,
And who needs more than love ?

I cannot philosophize concerning human sympathy, and its causes ; but it is not the least of life's blessings, that we find hearts to reflect back our smiles, and to weep with us, tear for tear. The song of his gentle Lutf brought the light of other days around her husband ; her affections were all the treasure he now possessed, and the music of her voice the only comfort of which he was not deprived. For, although he had drunk the bitter cup of misfortune to its very dregs, and although he was reduced to the utmost misery, yet felt he something akin to joy, when Lutf poured out her sweet strain, like a blessing, upon his heart.

A knocking being now heard at the door of the humble dwelling, the Durvesh came out of the room where he was preparing a little food for his guests, and proceeded to see what was the matter. Seraje ad Dowlah waited his return with dreadful anxiety. His heart boded the worst, and he had no means of escape ; his elephants and attendance had been sent away, and resistance could not be successfully attempted. He therefore resolved to surrender his person, and to solicit the favor of being sent a prisoner to Colonel Clive, who was then with the army at Daoodpoor. In a moment, the little apartment was filled with men of ferocious appearance, who immediately seized the prince. Seraje ad Dowlah implored them to release him, but he implored in vain ; then turning to the Durvesh, he begged that he would exert his influence, as a religious devotee, in persuading his enemies to let him go. "Appeal not to me, thou monster of iniquity," cried the Durvesh, while the fire in his eye almost brightened the room ; "appeal not to me for assistance—that thou art in the hands of these brave men, the servants of Meer Kassim, is a fortunate circumstance and was contrived by me. Hast thou forgotten, boy, how thou didst drive me from before the face of Ali Verdi, and how, in addition to other enormities thou didst cause the murder of my last friend, my best benefactor Hosein Kouli, in the public street of Moorshedabad ? Alla has put thee in my power ; and I am happy, that the glory of having rid the world of such a tyrant will be ascribed to Dana Shah." Seraje ad Dowlah burst into tears. He was a

weak man ; and his misery upon finding himself thus deceived, and thus deprived of all hope, was beyond endurance. He fell almost lifeless into the arms of the men, who had surrounded him ; and they, while he was in that insensible state, conveyed him in a small boat across the river to Rajmahal. His fate, after these circumstances, is sufficiently well known. He was sent from Rajmahal to Moorshedabad ; but as, at the time of his arrival there, Jaffer Khan was at Munsoorgunge, he was thrown into prison by Meerun, the son of Jaffer. His last moments were dreadfully painful : but although separated from the tender, the true partner of his joys and sorrows, and confined in a small room, life was not to him a heavy load. O ! what is there in this earth, and all that belongs to it, which makes us still cling to existence, even when perhaps “ ’tis something better not to be.” He requested the officer commanding the guard to make it known, that if his life were spared, he would willingly retire to any part of the province upon a small pension. But the peace of Bengal, or the safety of Jaffer Khan was not to be hazarded by consenting to such a proposal. His death was determined—by whom, it is perhaps difficult to say. Some maintain, that it was fixed by men of a civilized nation ; but my authority states, that Meerun, the son of Jaffer, offered a sum of money to any of his attendants, who would undertake to kill Seraje ad Dowlah. At first they were all unwilling to execute such a commission ; but at length, a wretch named Morad Beg, who had once been his dependent, and who from his infancy had lived upon the bounty of Ali Verdi Khan’s family undertook the execution of this black, this cruel deed. When the assassin entered the apartment in which the fallen prince was confined—“ Art thou come” said he “ to kill me ; and will they not let me live in obscurity ?—no, no—it cannot be. I must die to atone for the murder of Hosein Kouli.” Upon this, the ruffian gave him several wounds till he sunk, exclaiming—‘ enough, enough ? Hosein Kouli, thou art revenged.’ His body was soon after removed from the prison ; and in a little time, the grave closed for ever over the faults and misfortunes of Seraje ad Dowlah.

D.

STANZAS.

*On the Death of a favorite Horse, at the age of nearly nineteen years ;
more than fourteen of which he had passed in my possession.*

Farewell, my good Steed ! thy long service is o'er
Thou wilt bear me in war, and in pastime no more.
No more thou'lt be cheer'd by the sound of my voice,
No more in thy speed shall my spirit rejoice !
Stiff, stiff, are those limbs, which in life us'd to fly,
Like a storm-driven rack through the hurricane sky ;
And cold is that ardour, so generous and true,
Which age could not weaken, nor labor subdue.

My faithful old Servant, of twice seven years !
Should I blush to embalm thee with *some* manly tears,
When I think that not once, for the space of an hour,
Hast thou fail'd me in will, or in courage, or power ;
When I think how that fond and intelligent eye
Would single *me* out, though a thousand were bye ?
And remember how surely thy eloquent neigh
Would give me glad welcome, my beautiful Bay !

In the pride of thy strength thou hast borne me along,
And hast shar'd in the risk of the battle's hot throng—
Where the arrows have whirr'd, and bullets have shower'd—
But thy eye never quail'd, and thy ear never cower'd.
Thou hast seen the Pindarras' sharp, murder-stained spear,
And hast heard the hoorra of their head-long career ;
And hast witness'd when on them our vengeance was wreak'd,
How the desperate have striven, and the timid have shriek'd.

Thou found'st me in years, and in wisdom, a boy,
For the future all hope—from the past no alloy ;
Thou left'st me in years (more than wisdom) a man,
With much to mourn over which *thou* could'st not scan.
But in frolic, or hazard, in fault, or in fame,
I have still been to thee, old Companion ! the same ;
And the same hast *thou* been through the much chequer'd time,
Which on *thee* brought old age, though to me but my prime.

We have gone through strange scenes, my lost Steed, I and thou ;
And thy vigour hath sav'd me from peril ere now.
I have shar'd with thee oft my scant morsel of bread,
And lain by thy side on the same chilly bed ;
('T was the fortune of war !) and, in mischievous whim,
I've had cause to exult in thy fleetness of limb ;
For thou'st borne me full well through morass and through wood,
And gallantly breasted both upland and flood.

I us'd thee not so as to now feel remorse,—
 No spur ever gall'd thee, my noble old Horse !
 In thy wildest career, or to guide thee, or check,
 A word from my lip, or my hand on thy neck,
 Was of magical power ;—and for pleasure, or need,
 A touch of the bridle would urge thee to speed.
 The loud booming shot could not quiver thy nerve,
 Nor the thunder-ton'd Elephant force thee to swerve.

No more shall the bugle's clear note of command
 Make thy hoof spurn the earth, and thy nostril expand ;
 No more to thy curvets my sabre shall clank,
 No more make thee bound as it swings to thy flank ;
 Nor again shall that eye with proud rapture be lit,
 Midst the toss of thy head, and the champ of thy bit.
 So mild, yet so mettled,—so steady, yet free,
 Oh ! never will Steed be what thou wert to me !

I have laid thee too deeply beneath the broad plain,
 For the loathsome beak'd vulture thy limbs to profane ;
 Or the ravening wolf and the jackall to feed
 On thy mangled remains, my so long cherish'd Steed.
 In decent repose and in safety they lie,
 And oft shall I yield thee a merited sigh :
 Thou hast earn'd it by service long, varied, and true,—
 Then to all but thy memory, old Charger, adieu !

CAWNPORE, }
Jan. 25th, 1830. }

R. A. MCNAGHTEN.

STANZAS.

Have you not seen these languid eyes
 Smile dimly o'er each scene,
 T'is sorrow haunts in pleasure's guise
 The steps where joy has been.
 For pleasure's self has lost the power
 To warm this blighted mind—
 As moonlight gilds the faded tower
 But leaves no glow behind.
 Yet while I feel each hope that fed
 Life's morning dream, depart,
 Still gleams of former days will shed
 Their halo round my heart.
 So when the Day-God downward moves
 Some beams are backward cast,
 As though his light like mem'ry loves
 To linger o'er the past.

ON THE EFFECTS OF CLIMATE UPON MAN.

[It may be necessary to state, that the principal parts of the following paper ' composed in 1823, while the Author was serving in the British Navy on the coast of Africa, and consequently before the valuable works of Macculloch were published ; a circumstance which is corroborative of the opinions so ably maintained by that erudite physician and profound observer of nature.]

The investigation of causes which have an extensive and diversified influence on animated nature, and more particularly on man, not merely respecting the duration of life, but in the more peculiar effects produced by them on intellectual existence, is a subject worthy the consideration of the philosopher, and the statesman. Of the numerous families of the human race scattered over the earth, and derived from a single species, it is an important fact, that no complete similarity has ever been observed between two individuals, and that the inhabitants of different soils and climates, exhibits the most marked distinction in their physiognomical appearances and mental endowments. Whence these peculiarities (which form the natural boundaries of kingdoms) have arisen, has been a subject of discussion for ages.

Some have assigned the craniological configuration as affording sufficiently marked indications of character and nationality ; others have reasoned on the approximation to, or distance from the sun's path in the ecliptic ; several have brought in support of a theory an astrological horoscope ; and at a later period political institues have been supposed to form the operating cause.

The principle, which it is the object of this essay to unfold, is, that man is the creature of circumstances over some of which he has no control ; that his corporeal strength and mental development, depend partly on birth, but more especially on localities, viz. the nature of the soil he inhabits, and the air he respire.

The induction of facts being not only the clearest but the most just mode of supporting a proposition, it is not intended to waste time and thought on useless disquisitions and superogatory observations, but combining *cause* and *effect*, adduce such cases as bear most strongly on the point at issue, and afterwards briefly

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treat of such preventives as experience and observation have suggested.

It is premised that animal and vegetable matter when deprived of the principle of vitality, and while passing through the putrefactive stage, undergo fermentation; during which period, certain gases (varying in some degree according to the nature of the decomposing substance) are given off, which Moschati, Currie, Broechi, &c. have shewn to consist principally of carburetted hydrogen and ammoniacal gases. This noxious production, has been designated by various terms such as *marsh-miasmata*, *paludal-effluvia*, *terrestrial-radiation*, *morbific-emanations*, *vegeto-animal-exhalations*; all of which however I shall include under the more simple and better known term of *malaria*, of which it may be requisite to observe that animal matter forms the most deadly source.

Myriads of *insects* and cold blooded *reptiles* spring into life during the seasons of rain, and perish in hot weather; the *former* at times darkening the air, by the swarms in which they rise from the earth, and the *latter*, as in the case of locusts, creating a famine by their rapacity and a plague by their speedy decomposition. With respect to miasm from vegetable decomposition it has been enquired, whether salt or fresh water is most productive of malaria? To which it may be replied, that a *small* quantity of salt materially expedites the decomposition of animal, as well as vegetable substances, and that for salt to prove antiseptic it must be abundant; hence the sickness of places where there is an occasional flux of tide to a considerable extent over a mangrove shore; and it has been observed, that where irruptions of the ocean have occurred, viz. in Holland, England, &c. plague or fever have rapidly succeeded: The Sunderbunds of Bengal, may here be adduced as affording a striking instance of the rapidity of ligneous decomposition, when aided by slightly saline water, and alternately wet and dry shores; a combination of which is extremely favorable to the propagation and dissolution of the mangrove shrub.

It is not a mere theory but a well founded opinion, that all the destructive epidemics that have afflicted this globe, have had their origin in malaria; which in a cold climate has produced typhus fever; in a more temperate one, plague and yellow fever; and within the tropics, cholera, &c.—each modified according to the Idiosyncratic state of the sufferers.

Hippocrates, Virgil, Seneca, Justin, Tacitus and many others who have transmitted to posterity accounts of various epidemics which have at different periods destroyed large numbers of mankind, have all remarked that they were preceded by heavy

rains and intense heat, and that these seasons were almost invariably to be prognosticated by the appearance of a comet. I may here enumerate a few examples;—ancient Rome was subject to frequent epidemics, generally caused by inundations of the Tiber, but in the year 81 of the Christian era, after a severe rainy season succeeded by intense heat, the mortality was so great, as to carry off *ten thousand citizens daily!* Proceeding chronologically to A. D. 1347, it is to be found narrated by historians, that that year was marked by a comet, by excessive rain and heat, and succeeded by the most dreadful mortality that we have any record of, which carried off *two-thirds* of the human race in a very brief period;—many places were entirely depopulated; *twenty millions* of mankind died in the East in one year; 100,000 perished in Venice; 50,000 were buried in one grave-yard in London; grass grew up in the streets of cities hitherto most populous, and people fled in boats and ships to sea, regardless of property and friends!!!

The years 1770 and 1771, were distinguished by a large comet being visible; an immense globe of fire was seen on the 17th of July, and the most violent earthquakes, storms, rains, and inundations occurred, succeeded by extreme heat and drought. The consequences were, pestilence and its concomitant miseries; 200,000 people perished in Russia and Poland; 1000 bodies were buried daily in Constantinople; in Bohemia 168,000 persons died in one year; 150,000 individuals perished in Canton; the streets of towns on the banks of the Ganges were filled with dead bodies, and such a number of carcases were thrown into the river, as to render the water and the fish unfit for use.

In 1817, this country was visited by a severe epidemic under the form of cholera, which evidently had its origin in malaria, as Jamieson in his report of it proves that the preceding seasons were accompanied by unusual moisture and heat, and that its general progress, was along the margin of a river, or over a low swampy tract; on such facts, we may reject the idea of the conveyance of cholera by contagion or infection to the Mauritius, or the still more improbable hypothesis, of its being blown over the surface of the Indian ocean to that island, as was stated.

In 1824, a season of unusual moisture and heat, a severe epidemic raged in Calcutta, when the mortality was not confined to man, for a large number of dogs and other animals perished; and a highly intelligent medical gentleman* states, that a similar "epidemic prevailed in some other parts of India, where the

* Mr. Twining.

situation was low, and in the vicinity of the sea or within the delta of rivers."

In 1825 an epidemic broke out at Berhampore, which spared neither age, sex, nor habit of body; and we find the reason of a difference of a year between this sickness and that of Calcutta in 1824, by observing in Dr. Mouat's description† that the rainy season did not set in, by a long period, as early as in the lower parts of Bengal.

It may be necessary now to point out a few instances of malaria, in various parts of the world, and as a general rule it may be observed, that a clayey soil is most productive of this gas, and a chalky one most free from it;—and that the most beautiful and fertile tracts in warm climates are the most sickly, after the exciting causes before adverted to.

Dr. Rush, in enumerating the causes of yellow and bilious fevers in Philadelphia says, they are as follows; exhalations from marshes and from animal and vegetable substances in a state of putrefaction; bilge water; stagnating rain water; duck-ponds; hog-styes, locusts; weeds cut down and exposed to heat and moisture near a house; and the matter which usually stagnate in the gutters, common sewers and alleys of cities, and in the sinks of kitchens. Of the ill-effects of the latter, and more particularly of gutters, many instances could be cited in this country, where durwans are liable to fevers, &c. from similar causes; it may be sufficient to mention the following circumstance quoted by the distinguished author above named. "A gentleman in Philadelphia, who had a sink in his kitchen lost a number of cats and dogs by convulsions, at length one of his servants was affected by the same disease and died; this led him to investigate the cause and he traced it to the sink, which, on its being cleared and closed up, was completely deprived of its unhealthiness."

As the same effects are experienced from bilge water on ship board, or where there are green timbers in a ship; it is unnecessary to advert to the *many* instances that have occurred in the naval and merchant service; one, as illustrative of the cause of a disease, formerly of great destruction to the maritime interests, I may here quote:—Captain Bell states, that scurvy broke out among his men on a voyage to the East Indies, in 1784, whereof several men died, and he supposed the scurvy to have been "caused by the *foul air* emitted by the green timbers" that were in his ship; for he observed, that "the hammocks which were near the *sides* of the ship, *rotted* during the voyage, while those that were suspended in *midships*, retained their *sound* and natural state."

† Vide translations of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta.

Moorshedabad, built on the banks of the Cossimbazar river, is a very crowded and populous city, containing upwards of 200,000 inhabitants; it is low and filthy, built with narrow streets, after the usual manner of eastern towns, and having numerous stagnant pools; there are no drains, and even the natives find it exceedingly unhealthy; scarcely a year passing without some epidemic raging in the city.

The pestilential and dreaded shores of eastern and western Africa, have proved the destruction of many of our bravest seamen and soldiers, and even the nobler animals domesticated by man, such as the horse, dog, &c. speedily perish. Of the unhealthiness of these shores, except at certain seasons, the writer of these pages has had painful experience while serving as a medical officer in the squadron, employed under the command of that distinguished officer W. F. W. Owen, Esq. who, notwithstanding the death of nearly two-thirds of his officers, among whom were included a Post Captain, a Commander, five Lieutenants, a Medical Officer, a Master, a Purser, a Naturalist, a Botanist, a Linguist, very many junior officers, and a proportionate number of seamen and marines; completed the most extensive maritime survey that has ever been made. Dear bought experience however at length taught the Commander not to attempt the survey of any bay or river, either during the rainy season, or immediately after it.

The island of Zauzebar, is situated on the east coast of Africa, in Latitude $6^{\circ} 12'$ south, separated from the main land by a navigable channel of a few miles broad; it is so low, that the sea breeze blows almost entirely over it. Nothing can surpass its fertility, and although nearly a degree in length, it appears throughout like a beautiful cultivated garden, where every fruit and vegetable of the tropics grows in the fullest perfection and abundance, where the carpet of nature is at all seasons green and bedecked with all the lowly yet lovely flowrets, that usually decorate the lawn:—Yet amidst all this luxuriance and loveliness, death is borne on the breeze that blows over this, otherwise, terrestrial Eden, and its shaft is unerring in its aim to any stranger who may be allured by the bewitching scenery around him, and the apparently ethereal blandness of the night, to sleep on the island.

Commodore Nourse and several officers and servants, were induced, partly through necessity, to sleep one night on shore; on the following morning they sailed in H. M. frigate *Andromache*, and in a few days, those who remained that *one* night on the island, perished from the effects of fever:—in fact so sudden and uniform were the symptoms, among those who slept on shore, that it was at first supposed, they had been poisoned by the Sultaun of the Island at whose residence they had been entertained.

A boat's crew of H. M. S. "Barracouta" passed one night on shore at the watering place of the same island, in a tent, and they all died ;—several sailors attracted by the extreme beauty of the place, deserted from H. M. vessels "Leven," "Barracouta" and "Albatross," but were speedily captured by the Arabs, for the usual reward of three guineas. The poor fellows however might as well have been permitted to enjoy their brief moments of liberty and happiness, as they all fell victims in a few days, to the effects of malaria.

While on the subject of malaria on this coast, a striking instance of its effects in Madagascar, (where the French have suffered so much from it) may be adverted to.—Radama, the most powerful and enlightened chief in the island, when aiming at what he ultimately obtained, namely the absolute sovereignty of the country marched from his capital, (which is situated on the high table land to the northward and centre of the island) at the head of 100,000 men, for the purpose of subduing the feudal chiefs of the southward or low provinces, and the fertile but swampy districts of Anossi. Fever and dysentery soon thinned the ranks of the invading army, and they were compelled to retrace their steps ; exhibiting at one view the unhealthiness of the marshes and the strong links of affection that attach men to each other ; every ten soldiers having bound themselves by a vow, that, in case any of their number perished in battle, or died from wounds or sickness, the survivors were to carry the bones of their comrades to their native country and families, for interment ; hence arose the melancholy sight of one man wending homewards his sad and toilsome way, laden with the least perishable remains of perhaps four, five or six of his comrades ; and in the faithful fulfilment of their plighted faith, amidst all the depression arising from discomfiture, sickness and famine, 20,000 Malagashes returned to their Highlands, from the swamps and marshes of the low, southern provinces !

Before I proceed to demonstrate how malaria is best obviated, I shall, without any particular-chronological or geographical arrangement, cite cursorily a few more instances of the injurious effects of this morbid gas.

The plague in Egypt has been, after due investigation, ascribed to the slimy deposition of the Nile, subsequent to the recession of its waters, when the fervid rays of an African sun, begin to dart on vast quantities of semi putrescent animal and vegetable effluvia. In Hungary where epidemics have been so frequent and fatal, it is worthy of remark, that there are an immense number of morasses formed by the overflowing of the Danube.

Lancisius, physician to Pope Clement the II^d. relates that, * thirty ladies and gentlemen of the first rank in Rome having

been on a party of pleasure towards the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly shifted and blew from the south *over the putrid marshes*, when 29 of the party were immediately seized with a tertian fever, *one only escaping.*"

The author of this essay, is the sole survivor, (after a most severe fever) of a party of three officers and sixteen seamen, who went up the river which separates the island of Mozambique from the main, having slept only one night on shore at a Portuguese monastery, about ten miles distant from Mozambique.

That accurate and able physician Dr. Lind, in describing the cause of the severe mortality that occurs on the coast of Guinea says, "There are generally perceived heavy dews which fall in the night, and the land is every morning and evening wrapped up in a fog; there are forests and thickets of trees impenetrable to refreshing breezes; the soil is either marshy or watered with rivulets whose swampy and oozy banks are overrun with sedges, mangroves and the most noxious weeds, the slime and filth of which sends forth an intolerable stench, especially towards evening."

The Arabs have evinced their knowledge of the effects of marsh miasm, by breaking down the banks of rivers, and inundating the territories of the Turks when they received injuries from them; the consequences of these shocking acts of barbarity have been, a general consuming sickness which depopulated whole towns and villages.

Although the island of Java may be considered in general as healthy, yet an exception must be taken as regards the low and swampy shores of the island; and in particular the city of Batavia, which was at one time considered the emporium of disease in the East. It was intersected with half filled canals and tanks, and so completely environed with trees and shrubs as to prevent the free circulation of air. A veritable historian has stated, that within the space of 22 years, although there was no particular extent of sickness, yet the number of deaths within the city, was upwards of one million. An intelligent Naval Surgeon has given a melancholy account of the effects of malaria in Batavia roads, in which a squadron of H. M. ships, with troops on board anchored; there are two islands in the roadstead named Onrust and Edam, the *former* well cleared of trees and underwood, nearly flat and free from swamps or marshes, with the exception of a small spot which is however *daily* washed by the tides: the *latter* covered with jungle and long grass, and having a *stagnant marsh* in a part of the island. Sickness prevailed among the troops and seamen employed in the expedition, and most unfortunately, for some political or military reasons, the British Hospital was removed from Onrust to

Edam, the consequence of which ill-timed measure was, that although all those who were employed on shore during the *heat* of the day escaped sickness,—yet only *four* men survived out of many hundreds of soldiers and sailors who slept on the island, or remained even for a short time on shore after night fall, and those *four* men, were under the influence of *mercury*.

Arrakan and more particularly Rangoon, have afforded recent examples of the effects produced by swamps and dense jungles; the mortality which occurred in the British army (European as well as Indian,) during the campaign of 1825, being more destructive to our gallant soldiers, than the sword, spear or jingal of the wily Burman foe. Similar but more extensively fatal examples might be cited by the catastrophies of Walcheren, New Orleans, &c.

The late endemics at Mill Bank Penetentiary and Gibraltar, have been proved to owe their origin to marsh effluvia.

A low and swampy river in South America has been called by the Spaniards, Rio Morte, or *the river of death*, from the destruction attendant on all their countrymen who have attempted to settle on its banks.

Humboldt says, that the lakes situated in the valley of Tenochtitlan throw off from their surface, miasmata of sulphuretted hydrogen; (a gas probably similar to that which issues from the Grotto del Cana and Lake of Averno.) This miasm is considered extremely unheathy, and the Atzetcs in their hieroglyphical writings represent it by a *death's head*: These lakes are partly filled with plants of the family of the Junci and Cyperoides, which vegetate at a small depth under a bed of stagnating water. This extraordinary philosopher in another part of his works relating to New Spain says, "The humidity of the coasts, assisting the putrefaction of a great mass of organic substances gives rise to several maladies; for under the burning sun of the tropics, the unhealthiness of the air, almost always indicates exceeding fertility of soil;" and again he observes, "tertian fevers, &c. are the scourge of those countries exposed to humid winds and frequent fogs, although adorned by nature with the most vigorous vegetation and rich in every useful production."

At Jamaica a magnificent hospital was erected for the reception of seamen, and from its intended usefulness and grandeur, it obtained the name of "Greenwich Hospital." Unfortunately it was built near a swamp, and the patients who entered it with even trifling complaints, were soon seized with the most malignant diseases; the mortality at last became so alarming, that the medical officers were obliged to abandon the hospital altogether, and another asylum for the sick was erected in a more healthy situation. It was not uncommon to find the whole of the sentinels

who were posted at this ill-fated Infirmary, seized in the middle of the night with sickness of various natures, and several reliefs of guards be required before morning.

A remarkable instance in confirmation of my opinions on malaria occurred in the arid Island of St. Helena: in 1741, a tremendous water spout burst over the highest peak of the island, washing the slight strata of soil from the hills, and completely inundating the vallies; a severe sickness and mortality rapidly succeeded, and intermittent fever became so prevalent among all classes of the inhabitants, as to induce General Pyke to advise the Court of Directors of the E. I. C. to permit the importation of arrack for the use of the sick.

As a conclusion to this part of my essay, I may hazard a general observation, that those localities of soil which are unfavourable to men as new comers, are equally so to those domesticated animals, that most probably belong to the temperate zone;—in illustration of this I may state, that horses and dogs conveyed to the beautiful and fertile island of Zanzibar and the fortress of Mozambique, have invariably perished, and the Arabs of the former, and Portuguese on the latter island, are necessitated to use camels and asses which are apparently indigenous, or have been for a long period naturalized there. I may even generalize so far as to state, that whenever epidemics or endemics have raged, horses, cows, dogs, fowls, &c. have also suffered from somewhat similar diseases at the same period. It would be superfluous to adduce instances of a fact which is obvious to every person who has had the slightest opportunity for observation.

I shall now proceed briefly to state the more remote but not less destructive effects of malaria, and then recount the measures and preventives that have been found most efficacious in arresting the progress of this subtle and baneful destroyer, or in neutralizing its pernicious consequences.

The first effect of malaria, on those who are unaccustomed to it, is a depression of spirits—sometimes accompanied by excessive nervousness—listlessness—torpor—an acute pain across the forehead and breast, together with oppression of breathing,—the eyes become dim—the face of the sanguineous, flushed—and after a slight resistance of the nervous and vascular systems to overcome the obnoxious poison, the latter prevails and a broken slumber succeeds, which, if the sufferer be in a situation prolific of malaria, is almost sure to be fatal:—Indeed many instances have occurred of travellers who have lain down in such places, having been overcome with these sleepy sensations and never risen again; one instance of recent and contiguous occurrence may be here adduced, which together with the circumstance heretofore related of

Commodore Nourse and others, who slept one night on shore at Zanzibar, will be sufficiently corroborative of the opinions advanced. "A Sergeant of the Horse Artillery at Dum Dum, on the 7th Dec. 1828, lay down inadvertently under the night air and fell a sleep; he was taken up in the morning almost bereft of sense, his eyes swelled to an extraordinary degree, and immediately conveyed to the hospital, where he soon after expired;"—after this manner have perished many of our brave but too often thoughtless soldiers and sailors, who have lain down to snatch a momentary repose in unhealthy spots, with no other canopy but the skies.

Every observer of the appearance of the lower class of people residing on the vicinity of the Pontine and other marshes or sickly situations, has described them as being in general characterized by a miserable, apparently old, and decrepid appearance,—withered and sallow in corporeal structure—having their abdomens immensely swollen—their limbs exceedingly attenuated—a leaden eye, livid complexion, shining skin, and louncing gait, and with a fatuity of mind indicating extreme age.

The difference that is manifest both in mind and body between the inhabitants of a low, hot and damp region, and the people of an elevated, cool and dry atmosphere, is too striking to require comment, and this may be sufficiently illustrated by contrasting a Dutchman with a Swiss. Indeed in many nations, although the language and the lineaments of the countenance may be common to the highlander and lowlander, yet is there very little affinity in their genius and disposition. The Tartar and Chinese may serve as an example; the *former* being bold warlike and independent, lovers of toil and of a ferocity approaching to brutality; the *latter*, a cowardly, pacific and servile race, prone to superstition, addicted to compliments and extravagant in all the littleness attending the ceremonials of behaviour. That the effects resulting to man from a residency in a marshy climate is not of recent observation, may be known from the fact, that the Greek and Latin Historians, ascribed the proverbial stupidity of the Bæotians to the humidity of their climate, and that the Britons were remarkable for the longest, and the Egyptians for the least extended, life.

All the travellers who have visited the Tierras Calientes of South America are of opinion, that the inhabitants of those warm and moist vallies will never be roused from the apathy and degradation in which they have been plunged for centuries; and they have remarked, that the residents of the Tierras Calientes, form a striking contrast with the bold and free men who inhabit the Table Land above them, who are so attached to their native soil, that "although the frost of a single night frequently deprives them of the whole hopes of their harvest,

yet they never think of descending into the fertile but thinly inhabited plains beneath them where nature showers in vain her blessings and her treasures, and where the labour of one man for two days in the week may procure the means of subsistence for a whole family for a week."

Of the effects of malaria on the range of human life I shall cursorily notice a few facts.

M. De Warville says, that he has seen in the dry, healthy parts of America, women of 60 or 70 years of age, with an air of freshness and sparkling with health; and that in many places *one* person in *nine*, attains the age of *eighty* years;—while on the low island of Oerlon, M. Moheau states, there are not more than *five* or *six* octogenarians in *fourteen thousand* inhabitants! The limit of life in Switzerland is placed by M. De Moivre at 86 years, while in Georgia it is stated that white females born there very seldom attain the age of 40, and men rarely that of 50 years.

Out of 1000 persons born at Vienna, half of them do not live to be two years of age, whilst in the province of Vaud in Switzerland, 500 out of 1000 persons born there, live to be *forty-one* years old!!!

At Petersburg in Virginia, no white person born there has ever attained the age of 23 years; one individual who attained the age of 21 (!) was quite decrepid and worn down, although he had never sufered from severe sickness; and on the West Coast of Africa, white children born there, seldom attain 10 years of age;—this is strongly contrasted with the health of the people of the capital of Norway, where there is but one physician among 30,000 inhabitants.

The preceding remarks sufficiently demonstrate the effects of climate and soil even on man, who, of all animals, is best capable of defending himself against the consequences of deleterious elements; for it cannot be denied, that in some countries his mind as well as body arrives with great rapidity and but little vigour, at maturity—when, without a perceptible intervening period of manhood, the corporeal structure hastens in an equal ratio of celerity to the grave: this fact is however but a part of the universal law of nature, that whatever is rapid in its growth, is equally speedy in its dissolution; the horse and the poplar quickly reach their height, gracefulness and beauty and are short lived;—while the elephant and the oak require nearly a century to attain their vastness, strength and grandeur, and flourish in all the pride of majesty for ages!

I shall now advert to the preventives which both savage and civilized nations, are in the habit of using, with a view to counteract the pernicious consequences of malaria.

Elevation and distance form excellent safeguards against marsh miasm, which apparently possesses such a gravity and density that it never rises high or travels far in the atmosphere; the truth of this remark may be fully exemplified. Dr. Hunter and several other army practitioners found that an elevation above the ground floor of a barrack enjoys a considerable exemption from disease, and the same remark may be made respecting the lower and upper deck of a ship of war. Several places in the vicinity of the Pontine and other marshes are elevated a few feet above the level of the plain, and the inhabitants of the raised land present a great dissimilitude to those residing on a marshy soil. This observation might be cited with respect to many situations; the marked difference between the Bengalees and the natives of the Upper Provinces of India, mentally and bodily, is sufficient for my purpose and has been too often remarked to need comment. During the prevalence of the epidemic which ravaged this country in 1817, the Marquis of Hastings ascribed the preservation of the centre division of the grand army, which he commanded in person, to having removed his encampment from the banks of the Sinde river in Bundelkund, to some high and dry land in an easterly direction. At this period it was also found, that the cantonements at Agra being *dry* and *airy* were nearly exempt from the epidemic, but those at Muttra being *low* and near the banks of the river suffered much from the prevailing disease. It is also stated in Jamieson's valuable report of this epidemic that the city of Saharunpore which is *low* and filthy, filled with ruined buildings, and intersected by *foul* channels with oozy banks, suffered considerably;—and that the disease became checked on its approach to the high land, which proved hostile to its further propagation in that direction:—This latter remark of Jamieson's coincides with Humboldt's statement, viz. that 3000 feet above the level of the sea is the utmost limit of yellow fever.

Enough has perhaps been said to evince the utility of *height*;—and as respects *distance* I shall merely observe that the officers and crews of H. M.'s ships, who were employed at Walcheren, Beveland, New Orleans, Batavia, &c. (with the exception of those who slept on shore) enjoyed a perfect immunity from disease, although the vessels lay at anchor within a cable's length of the shore where so many of their brave comrades fell victims to malaria.

Respecting the other precautions such as the smoke of wood or coal—a generous diet—the use of tobacco and stimulants—the anointing the body with some oleaginous matter—the keeping up of fires—the not venturing into the open air before or after sunrise—and the wearing of a veil or covering over the

breathing apertures, a few remarks may be made. The smoke arising from coal, wood or any of the substances usually used for fuel, has been found to destroy the effects of miasmata—Bruce relates that all those persons who lived in smoky houses escaped a severe epidemic; and it has been observed, that cooks on boardship are frequently exempt from a fever which affects the whole ship's company. Men who are employed in the occupation of making charcoal or preparing turf, inhabit the most unhealthy spots of marshes for years, in the enjoyment of rude health, by constantly keeping fires in their houses and where they work, and by not being out of doors during the night. The Italian couriers when crossing the Campagna-di Roma are frequently obliged to sleep in the marshy districts, but secure themselves from any baneful consequences, by having a fire made in a well closed room, (even in summer) drinking a bottle of wine, and smoking a few segars.

The squadron of H. M.'s ships before alluded to which were employed on an extensive survey of the islands and rivers on the coasts of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, &c. where the officers and seamen suffered considerably from the effects of malaria: after painful experience, at last found that their only safeguard when exploring a low, swampy river, was to anchor their boats in the middle of the stream, close well the tilted canopy of the boat, light a fire beneath it and sleep in the heat and smoke produced by it: by these precautions they escaped the severe fevers of which so many of their comrades had previously perished.

The crews of whaling ships who find a profitable but arduous employment on the sickly shores of Asia and Africa, frequently return to their native land without the loss of a man and in the most perfect health, although necessitated in their search after whales to toil with strenuous exertions at the oar for six or eight hours daily, beneath the fervid rays of a tropical sun—their habits are therefore worthy of notice: Their cloathing, which is seldom taken off until worn out, consists of a shirt, jacket, trowsers, cap and shoes of flannel or blanketting which soon becomes thoroughly imbued with oil; their beards and whiskers are suffered to remain unshaven, and the face becomes thereby protected from the sun; their diet is nourishing and abundant, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl, with yams, rice, &c. (which they obtain from the natives in barter for beads, knives, iron, gunpowder, &c.) together with a moderate daily allowance of spirits; their toil is solely between *sunrise* and *sunset*, after which they retire to their crowded births, where, over a can of grog and enveloped in the funes of tobacco, each boats crew relate the perils and achievements of the day to one another.

Men thus inured to a life of danger and hardship suffer little from the rapid vicissitudes of climate, and are as remarkable for their nautical skill and strength, as they are for mildness of temper and independence of sentiment.

With respect to the application of oleaginous substances as a preventive of disease, it has been observed that very many of the natives of Asia, Africa and America, pay particular attention to the anointing of their bodies with oil during sickly seasons, by which means they consider they enjoy a considerable immunity from disease, and are not so liable to "catch cold."

Indeed oil has been used, with great efficacy, as an antidote to the plague, an idea that suggested itself from a consideration of the fact that no oilman died of that malady during the period when it raged for four years in Egypt, and destroyed 400,000 of the inhabitants. Oliver in his travels in Africa says, that the men who make and sell butter are in a great measure exempt from epidemic diseases, and it would be corroborative if we were enabled to discover whether oil and butter men in Calcutta enjoyed a like immunity from the plague of Bengal—Cholera.

With regard to wearing a veil over the mouth and nostrils, it is said that the American Indians invariably resort to this precaution when their occupations lead them into the noxious fens of their country, and the natives of Calcutta may be observed morning and evening with their faces enveloped in one of the folds of their garments.

Whatever be the nature of this subtle and mysterious poison it seems certain by these facts, that its deleteriousness is in a great measure destroyed by a high temperature, as is obvious from the most unhealthy spots being perfectly innoxious at noon day—from the efficacy of fire and smoke as a preventive of its effects—and from the natives of countries where its effects are felt in a severe degree, guarding the respiratory organs from the inhalation of the night air, except it passes through a warm medium:—The functions of the skin being intimately associated with those of the lungs, as is evident from the fact that when a portion of the cuticle is destroyed by burns or scalds, the breathing becomes proportionately laborious, may explain the utility of anointing the surface of the body, when contagious or infectious diseases prevail.

I shall now proceed to the most important preventives of malaria, and by which a very great influence may be exercised over the corporeal nature and even mental endowments of man—and animals and plants be modified to a wonderful degree;—these are, *digging canals*—cutting out passages for stagnant waters—burning and otherwise *clearing away underwood*—*cutting down forests*—and *opening and tilling the soil*. If we look to the history of the commercial establishments and colonies

of European nations in every part of the world, we shall find that a salubrious climate, a healthy race of people—increase of wealth and a diffusion of the blessings of freedom and civilization have been the sure effects of persevering and well directed industry.

By referring to the works of Hippocrates it will be found, that he states the city of Abydos to have been several times depopulated by fever &c. but that on the *draining* of some *contiguous marshes*, the city and its vicinity became perfectly *healthy*. Can there be a stronger illustration than the foregoing, as to the benefits to be derived from draining the salt water lake and clearing and cultivating the Sunderbund waste land?

The feats recorded of *Herculus* may in many instances be traced to his having also drained and cleared several districts.

Barbadoes, the most southern of the Caribbean chain of Island, Lat. 13° N. has been well *drained* and *cleared*; the result of which is, that ague is not now an endemic on the island, and speedy recovery is obtained by those persons visiting it, who suffer from ague at the adjacent islands.

Humboldt and Ward state that cholera, vomito—prieto and agues are dreadfully severe in Vera Cruz and the Tierras Calientes, where the vegetation is rank, dense and luxuriant, but that on the table land of Mexico, which is cleared, these diseases are unknown.

A celebrated writer, Dr. Lind, speaking of the Portuguese settlements in Africa, observes, that the most healthy place, or the Montpelier for its air, is the town St. Salvador, notwithstanding that it lies within six degrees of the equator, and on the banks of the river Congo or Zaire; yet from "the *neighbouring country* being *cleared* of the natural *woods* and *thickets*, its inhabitants breathe a *temperate* and *pure air*, and are in a great measure *exempt* from the *plagues* of an unhealthy climate."

The town of Kingston in the island of St. Vincent was found to be extremely unhealthy on account of an *adjoining* morass, but since the marsh has been drained and the woods cut down, the town has been comparatively healthy. Dr. Chisholm in his statistical pathology of Bristol and Clifton, so long ago as 1805, has given severing striking examples of the effects of malaria; among many others, he states, that "King Steinton stands on a portion of extensive *claybeds*; it is exposed to the *exhalations* from several marshy tracts on the side of the river (Teigne,) and several small islands which are seldom covered with water, the consequences are that the inhabitants are very short lived, and after children arrive at the age of 10 or 12 years their constitutions are affected with *miasm*, and never after recover without a change of situation; this is exemplified by the complexion of the inhabitants, and the vast number of graves in the church-

yard; these various exhalations affect the habit by producing agues, remittent fevers and dysenteries, which generally terminate in scirrhus livers and dropsies, and are most active during the warm months; if a removal however take place to the almost adjoined village of Bishop Stanton, (which is *cleared* and *airy*) health is secured."

The space occupied by the preceding observations necessitates my postponement of several remarks, naturally arising from a consideration of the vast utility to be derived by the inhabitants of this city, from the *widening* of its *streets*—(particularly those in the native parts of the town,) the *cleansing* of the drains, sewers, and *gutters*—the *filling* up of *shallow* depositories of *water*—the *digging* of large and *deep tanks*—the proper formation and declivity of water courses—the speedy and complete removal of all putrefying substances—the abolition of every thing which obstructs the free circulation of air for miles round the city and to the southward, such as old houses, walls, shrubs, underwood, and as many trees as possible—the burning of wood instead of coal for fuel—the digging of canals whereby the country would be most effectually and beneficially *drained*—and finally the general *clearing* and cultivation of the soil to as great an extent as possible, and particularly *towards* the *sea*: by the adoption and execution of these measures, a purer, dryer and, of course, healthier atmosphere than they now respire would be breathed by the residents of the "city of palaces," and this emporium of the intelligence, commerce and wealth of Asia, (where but little more than a century ago there were but a few hundred inhabitants,) may be elevated to a still greater extent than heretofore, as the proudest *testimonium* of the extraordinary energy, perseverance and skill of the British nation!

NIGHT.

I love thee Night! there is a pleasure in
 Thy gloom which day denies—a solitude
 So fearful yet majestic—then begin
 The streaming fancy and the hushed-up mood
 Of bitter feelings; and of thoughts endued
 With an impassioned burning, all their own:
 A time that suits the cankered soul to brood,
 Upon its ills, in its own o'erstrung tone;
 Hid from the curious eye, unfettered and alone.

WHY WEEP WE FOR THE DEAD.

Why weep we for the Dead?
 For their's is sweet and calm repose,
 The slumber of the fragrant rose,
 Whilst we on thorns and brambles tread.

Is it, that dark despair
 Points to the future, as a shade
 Thro' which, nor love, nor light pervade,
 A cavern deep of gloom and care?

Or is it, that the mind
 Trembles to pierce the veil obscure
 Which hides from sight and splendor pure,
 A light, to strike the earthly blind?

Why weep we for the dead?
 They sleep in peace—their sighs are o'er,
 Their footsteps press a heavenly shore,
 Where not one bitter tear is shed.

Why grieve, we for the blest,
 Who smile in skiey realms of peace?
 'Tis that we covet their release,
 And envy them their rest!

My Brother! thou hast gone
 In all thy opening bloom of mind,
 And thou hast left sad hearts behind
 To wail o'er thy funereal stone!

My Brother thou hast died
 When thought was stealing o'er thy mind;
 And frank, vivacious, bright, and kind,
 Thou wert thy grey haired father's pride!

Yes, Henry! thou hast fled,
 Released from life's protracted woes
 To brighter scenes than earth bestows;
 Then, *wherefore* weep we for the dead?

R. C. C.

MR. LE BLOND.

[It is not precisely known how much truth may be in the following story ; but it was first published in French as a narrative of actual events, under the title of *Histoire de Mr. Le Blond, ou aventures secretes and plaisantes de la cour de la Princesse, de * * **. It is a counterpart of the well known history of the executioner of London, who was carried off to behead an unknown person, and after being well rewarded was again set down with blind folded eyes, before the city gates. The adventures of Le Blond, however are not quite of so terrific a nature.

MOTHER AND SON.

In the handsome town of Namur there lived an old and pious widow, very retired and quiet. He who did not see her at the mass where she never failed to attend every day, or in her shop where she sold silk and lace, knew nothing of her existence. Mrs. Le Blond might have died as unknown as she had lived, had she not had a son who attracted the attention of the whole town, when he could scarcely be twenty-five years of age. He was a good youth, and was educated by Mrs. Le Blond in the most pious manner ; he never saw worse company than his mother, and his nearest relations ; his pockets were never well lined with cash, for Mrs. Le Blond had inherited nothing from her husband, and her trade with silk and lace yielded her but a scanty profit ; he was very moderate in his wishes, very industrious, very honest, and not deficient in sound common sense. But all these virtues would not have made him celebrated, had he not been by far the most beautiful youth, not only in the town, but at least a hundred miles round. But the honest and simple hearted Le Blond seemed not much affected by the admiration of the ladies. He thought he was a human being like every one else, and was not conscious with what power he attracted the looks and the hearts of the fair sex of Namur, as they by mere chance passed his shop. Married and unmarried ladies whenever they looked at him did so with expressions of kindness that he was used to from his very infancy ; in this he found nothing strange, and did not give himself the trouble to make any reflexions about it. When the complaisant ladies entangled him in long discourses, he only thought that women were all alike fond of talking. If any lady, in self-forgetfulness, gave a gentle squeeze to his hand, he very honestly squeezed again and let her go.

The customers of Mrs. Le Blond visibly increased, ladies of the higher classes willingly went to, and fro, to buy ribands or laces, Mrs. Le Blond said, "Behold my child, heaven blesses our piety, our honesty and our industry." The son thanked heaven for its goodness.

Mean while it was remarkable that this success was attended by strange peculiarities. Mrs. Le Blond certainly was as pious, as honest and as industrious as her son, in spite of which, when she

was alone in the shop, she seldom could come to a bargain with her customers. She was always found to be too exorbitant in her prices. On the other hand they never bargained her son down for a krentzer, they found him very reasonable, though he did not demand less. "Well" said the mother, I am a peevish, weak, old wife. You have a better mouthpiece than I. It is best for me to retire, I have traded and scraped together long enough. Do you the business now. Take a wife, I shall pass my old days with you.

The son found all this very reasonable. The ancient custom of taking a wife at a certain age, was well known to him, without troubling his head about the reason.

MR. LE BLOND'S DILEMMA.

But where shall I get a wife? "For that let me care, my child!" Said Mrs. Le Blond: "let me look out."

"How would it be mother, if I took Mary my cousin? You know mother that uncle said long since: Mary and I must become a pair. She would make a good house-wife. In our earliest childhood we played together husband and wife, uncle spoke to me about it only a few days since."

"With me too!" said Mrs. Le Blond: "but my dear child that can never be, and for a hundred and fifty good reasons. Out of these let me only enumerate to you the first dozen. Then for the *first*; as long as our shop was little visited, your uncle would not deign to look at us. Now that, the proud Gentleman perceives our customers to be on the increase, he grows more polite. I cannot trust the old fox. The *second*: Mary is very good, very economical, very amiable; but she has nothing. A merchant should not ask for the qualities of his bride, but for the quantity of her fortune. She is as poor as a church-rat, you are not better off. Zero multiplied by zero produces zero. The *third*: you are cousins german; earthly and spiritual laws are against a matrimonial union of such near relations. I shall never give my consent to it, should even the laws give it. The *fourth*. * * *"

"Enough mother!" said the corrected son: "It was only a fancy of mine, choose then another for me."

Mrs. Le Blond in a few days had got another, the daughter of the rich cutler Paul. The girl was rich but as ugly as sin; a humpback and a deformed eye, caused by the small-pox, were the least defects of her person. Hence she had not got a husband as yet, though, to be sure there was no scarcity of admirers of her money. Mr. Paul, the cutler, agreed immediately with Mrs. Le Blond's proposal, and Miss Paul who had given up all hopes of ever finding a lover within the four quarters of the known

world, glowed, as she heard of the fair Mr. Le Blond, so much from shame and pleasure, that her whole face turned quite green.

But when the good Le Blond heard of the new acquisition, all things turned green before his eyes. After he had recovered from his first terror, he raised all his ten fingers, and said: "Mother, see I cannot only recount to you on my finger one hundred, but, two hundred and fifty good reasons, why I cannot take Miss Paul, for my wife. First: if only I think of it, I get the fever; secondly, the horrors; thirdly, the fits; fourthly darkness before the eyes, fifthly * * *."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Le Blond who did not wish to hear the remaining odd hundred reasons: "you speak like an Apothecary, and not like a merchant. Let us count and see how much we shall gain if we get in our trade ten times a return of the Paulish money?"

But mother and son in their calculations came never to the same result. This produced much chagrin and vexation. Mrs. Le Blond insisted upon such a profitable union, and her son on his 250 objections. She grew more peevish, he more melancholy. Notwithstanding the hoarse winter weather, he went oftener to take a walk than in the spring or summer, only to avoid hearing his mother, and had he not been restrained by gratitude and filial affection, he would have run away into the wide world that he might not hear of that fever-bringing bride.

THE APPARITION.

One morning he was as usual in the church to hear the mass. Not far from him there was a lady on her knees, her face covered with a richly embroidered veil. She played the rosary quickly through her fingers, but still she did not appear to be over attentive. Her eyes were often turned towards young Le Blond; then she whispered with her neighbour, and looked again towards the youth.

Le Blond saw this well, but he only thought to himself: "this lady may not be quite so ugly as the bride intended for me." When he was leaving the church he perceived that the ladies were also preparing to leave it. Some Gentlemen respectfully followed them, helped them into a magnificent carriage standing before the church, got into a second, and drove off.

This passing apparition was only remarkable to him because he beheld it again on the following day. When, to divert his thoughts from his humpbacked bride, he passed the Stone-bridge of the Sambre to ascend the Castle-hill. Soon afterwards he met the same gentlemen he had seen at the church, and he also saw the two same carriages waiting. After ascending a little higher on the second turn of the road, he saw the same foreign lady with

the embroidered veil, and her companion. From thence is a beautiful view of Namur and its environs, situated between two mountains, circumflowed and crossed by the rivers Maas, Sambre, and Vederin.

Ladies when they ascend or descend a hill should not talk too much and turn about their heads, or a false step may be the consequence, particularly when the road is rendered slippery by the snow. The veiled lady gave a proof of it. She fell with a loud scream, young Le Blond ran to her assistance and politely helped her to get up, who with many thanks accepted of his arm as a support all the way down the mountain. But she complained of some hurt at her foot; hence she often stood still to repose. She put various questions to the polite youth, and when she heard amongst other things, that he traded in lace, she expressed a wish to buy some, named the hotel where she lodged, and the hour when he was to carry the lace to her. He had only to inquire after the Countess St. Silvain. She would have chattered on without feeling the least fatigue, had the Gentlemen not come up to inquire into the delay of the Ladies. She related to the respectful Gentlemen her little misfortune, who on hearing it were nearly fainting, and led her most carefully to her carriage. Mr. Le Blond continued his walk, related to his mother what had happened to him, and at the fixed hour he enquired at the Hotel after the Countess St. Silvain. He was conducted into a room. She was there again in a travelling dress, her face covered with an embroidered veil. He laid before her two boxes of his best lace. She had soon made her choice, paid whatever he asked, added some pieces of gold for his trouble, in coming himself to the Hotel, and ensnared him into a long talk, as she did in the morning on the Castle-hill. As amongst other things he said, that he had never been far from Namur, the Countess replied: "will you enter into my service? You will see the whole of France. I'll give you more pay than all the profit you can make in your trade. I will make you mine or my husband's secretary.

She said all this so kindly, and in so sweet a voice, that he was well nigh seduced by it, particularly when Miss Paul entered his thoughts. But to abandon his old mother—that his heart revolted against. And though he had sworn more than twenty times, that he would run away into the wide world rather than marry the rich cutler's daughter—yet he gave the Countess a refusal, assuring her he could not think of leaving his poor old mother.

But when he returned home to his mother he laid no little stress on his sacrifice. To which she replied: "Go whenever you will disobedient son. Yet you must marry Miss Paul. She is not handsome it is true, but you ought to look at her through

golden glasses, a handsome face gets ugly by the wear, but a plain one improves in sight by long custom, and besides matters are too far advanced now with Mr. Paul, to retract.

The youth embittered by his mother's obstinacy ran back to the Countess, but he returned very quietly into his shop for the Countess had departed.

THE SIEGE.

The apparition was soon forgotten. But Mrs. Le Blond did not forget Miss Paul. In the meantime custom rendered every thing tolerable. The youth heard daily of the advantages of a match with Miss Paul and daily said *no*. In such a manner a whole year passed, and then a new plague came.

The King of France Louis XIV. took it into his head to be called a great man, he was indeed called Louis the Great, but what is not done to please a man who has the command of some hundred thousand men? With his armies he marched towards Namur in 1692, and at the expense of some hundred tons of gunpower he ruined all the plans of marriage settlements of Mrs. Le Blond, in regard to the cutler's daughter and her headstrong son. For after a siege of eight days he took the town, and after two and twenty days the castles; and Mrs. Le Blond fell sick from terror and died.

Her son felt much obliged to the king of France for his Military interference in his marriage concern; but the death of his mother chagrined him a great deal. However the good mother left him more property than he expected. Without his knowledge she had laid by many rolls of Ducats which just sufficed to put in execution his long conceived plan of taking a larger shop. After two months, he quitted his small house wherein was his small shop situated in a narrow lane, and hired a roomy and elegant shop in the most frequented street in the town. And his customers soon found the way to it. He was also not a little pleased to find that a fine little garden was attached to his new dwelling house, for he was extremely fond of rearing flowers. The garden was bounded to the left and right and behind it with gardens belonging to the neighbouring houses. The gardens were separated with hedges of white-thorn in which there were so many openings that the whole might be viewed as a common. Le Blond in his part of the common had a bower of wild jasmin, where he resolved to pass his leisure hours, and learn the Italian grammar, to be enabled to correspond in the Italian language, as well as other traders of Flanders. The proprietor of the splendid mansion, of which he occupied the premises, was the president of the Souverain Baillage, who cared little about his tenant.

Things went on extremely well. The fair customers did not abandon the good youth; they always had something to see, to examine and to buy. He seemed to get handsomer every day; and the fair sex of Namur asserted, that his magazine of goods was the best in town, and his prices the most reasonable.

On the other hand he did not make much progress with the Italian grammar. There was no Italian teacher in Namur. It was altogether a troublesome job; moreover a new interruption to his lessons came on unexpectedly.

THE INTERRUPTION.

As on a warm summer evening, he marched towards the jassmin bower with the Italian grammar under his arm, he saw his place occupied by a lady with a book in her hand reading with much attention. It was a girl of about eighteen years of age, beautiful as Venus. For such warm snow as her face and neck, such cheeks of carmine, lips like glowing fire, eyebrows as if painted with China ink in beautiful arches, and round the charming head a cluster of dark locks, were not easily to be met with in this world.

The youth was startled, and the handsome lady was not less surprised at the entrance of Le Blond who seemed to her a being of another world. In her confusion she hurriedly bowed to him, and both asked mutually a thousand pardons, without having given the slightest offence. At last the conversation was begun; the lady spoke with much vivacity, but somewhat unintelligibly, for she pronounced the French with a curious foreign accent, interlarded with entire Italian phrases. Yet so far could be made out, that they both were neighbours. He had sought the bower to learn Italian, and she to increase her knowledge of the French, a grammar of which she had held in her hand. She had arrived from Italy, but three months. Whilst conversing with the help of signs, a female voice called Carolina, on which she took leave, and disappeared. He now swore by all the Saints to apply himself diligently to the study of the Italian, to be enabled to tell his fair neighbour, he hardly knew what.

As he took up the grammar, he saw it was French, Carolina in her confusion had taken his Italian one. Towards the evening only it occurred to him that it would show good manners to return the grammar with his own hands. He betook himself to the now beloved street. The large house, a true palace was easily discovered. Over a warehouse of fashion was in large golden letters. *Bienvenuto, Sisters, Milliners from Milan.*

So far things were well. But an uncommon anxiety now seized him. He passed the palace a great way down the street, he then

recollected himself. "Why should I not enter?" thought he: "I am not going to commit a crime." He turned round, but with every step he approached the palace his anxiety rose. "What would she say if she should see me with the grammar? Will she not think that I am an intruding fool? Can't I wait till she should send for the book herself? And which one of the sisters *Bienvenuto* is Carolina? Who knows if she be at home? Then the grammar would be off, the only pledge of seeing her again."

With similar observations he again passed the palace with lengthened steps. But the farther he went, his longing increased. He again turned, went up to the palace with firm steps and passed it again. In such a way he went on for an hour longer, till it grew quite dark. Tired and vexed at his pusillanimity, he returned home.

THE MISTAKE.

Le Blond felt no great appetite for supper, but one lives sometimes very well on air, and builds fine castles in it too. It pleased him much that Carolina was a Milliner. That trade agreed so well with his silk and lace shop. He made various plans, the charming Carolina was the only one in the world that was fitted to be Mrs. Le Blond. The only question was, how to gain the affection of that angel?

He had calculated well and correctly, he only was mistaken in a trifling circumstance, viz. that Carolina belonged indeed to the palace, but not to the sisters *Bienvenuto*. She was the only daughter of the French General de Fano, who in the siege of Namur had received a wound and was obliged to remain to nurse himself. It never entered the brains of the silk and lace trader, that he aspired at the conquest of the only daughter of the most courageous General of Louis XIV. he was also so bad a politician, that he did not even know of the existence of General de Fano.

Carolina on her side—for since I have betrayed to the reader a part of the secret I may as well give the remaining part into the bargain.—Carolina did not leave with a little confusion the enchanted *jasmin* bower. Young Le Blond was constantly in her memory. She was extremely curious to know who he was. At last she learnt that the large house with the *jasmin* bower was inhabited by the president of the *Souverain Baillage*—that was sufficient. Young Le Blond was of course the son of the president.

The change of grammar she had long perceived. From a *Dog-ear*, she saw that the learner had come as far as the first conjugation, *Io amo*.

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION.

The following day Le Blond went to the *jasmin* bower before sunrise, entered it just at the same time with his fair

neighbour from the opposite side. Probably they came so early because the mornings are particularly well adapted to study. The grammars were treated like prisoners of war after peace is concluded—they were exchanged.

The discourse once begun, they naturally came to touch on the merits of languages. Carolina complained of the difficulty of the French, and young Le Blond of the troublesomeness of the Italian. The one by the complaint of the other felt the sweet virtue of pity, and they agreed to teach each other; the *jasmin* bower, was so well calculated for the school-room.

The beginning was made on the spot; they sat down on this small bench, and very earnestly took up the grammar.

Without doubt they would have made rapid progress in the very first lesson, had they not been seated so close, perhaps on account of the shortness of the bench. When Carolina's finger, in following up the words, by accident came in contact with the young man's hand, it sometimes happened that she could no longer distinguish a single letter, though she had never before had occasion to complain of dimness of sight.

Of course much progress could not be expected from the first lesson, though the desire of learning was so extraordinary in both the young people, that on the following morning, the rising sun found them in the new school-room deeply engaged in the study of languages. But it so happened, that they sometimes lost their memories. Both were often as mute as fishes, glowed as if they were seized with a fever, probably arising from the contemplation of the singularities of the two different languages and their respective difficulties.

At the third lesson they naturally were disposed to make up for the little progress they had hitherto made. After a long silence in looking over their task, Le Blond began the lesson with the present tense: "*Io amo.*" It is well that he had to wait for the translation, as for the life of him he could say no more.

With downcast eyes she translated: "*j'aime.*"

After sometime he had strength enough to stammer: "*Tu ama.*"

With a deep sigh she said: "*Tu aimes.*"

He continued, and accidentally took up her right hand and pressed it against his beating breast: "*Egli ama.*"

"*Il aime!*" she added with a glance at him. With the beautiful hand on his breast all his knowledge of the Italian vanished, he continued: "*nous aimons.*"

"That is not correct!" said the teacher: "you must tell it in Italian."

He looked into her eye with a pitiful look and repeated: "*nous aimons!*"

She replied unconsciously: "*nous aimons!*"

Both remained silent, fell into each other's arms, lisping. " nous aimons "

They did not learn more in that lesson but they thought to have learnt a great deal.

THE HELPER.

The desire of learning increased daily. They learned to speak without the assistance of the grammar, they had a great deal indeed to say. True Le Blond loved only the Milliner, and Carolina the President's son; but when they both knew of their mistake, the whole lesson passed in sighs and tears, they only loved the more heartily, the more their mutual desire to be united by the priest's hand, became desperate.

" Were I only rich ! " he sighed. " Were I only poor ! " sighed she.

To increase the misfortune, the winter came, made the jasmin bower more transparent, and bestrewed with treacherous snow every path in the garden. The interviews became less frequent, they only saw each other in the churches where not a mass was omitted, so pious did they become.

One evening young Le Blond in a melancholy mood brooding over his misfortune, took his seat in a coffee-house in Namur. The unlucky man had not been able to see Carolina for three long days. Meanwhile she had been present at all the grand balls and parties, and this evening she was invited to a ball and supper by the president of the Souverain Baillage. Thence his despair; he shut his shop early and ran away, not to be compelled to hear Carolina dance over his head. Ah! he was very unfortunate!

A gentleman in a great coat of a pepper and salt colour, sat next to him.

He drank one glass of punch after another.

" Is it not so ; " said he to Le Blond : " you are Mr. Le Blond ? "

Le Blond stared at him, and at a large scar accross his forehead he recognized a stranger whom he had often seen within the last two days. Once in his shop, when he bought for a large sum, silk and lace, and many times besides, walking up and down the street where his shop was situated, and at church also. He seemed to be an aged man with a long lean yellow face, yet his eyes had lost nothing of their primitive lustre. Le Blond replied in the affirmative.

" You don't seem to be in good humor ? " said the stranger

" Possibly. One cannot always be gay."

" Then take some punch, it serves to cheer one up."

" Not with me."

" Can I assist you ? "

" I dont see how."

"I have taken an interest in you, young man, and more than you can believe. You don't know me, but let us be friends. Do but trust me, and I will certainly assist you."

"Very obliging."

"Has any one offended you?"

"Not at all Sir."

"Or a love affair?"

"The least of all."

"Then it may be want of money. Some thousand *Livres*? You are a child of fortune. You might be the richest man in Namur."

"How so?" "That I'll tell you as soon as you wish to be so?"

"Who would not wish to be rich."

"Well. But here—where all we say may be overheard, this is no fit place to discourse such matters. I am a stranger in Namur, will you accompany me to my Hotel, and sup with me in my room."

Le Blond gave a mistrustful look to the stranger. Yet the adventure on that fatal evening when Carolina was to dance over his shop, was for diversion sake not to be rejected. "There can be no harm in trying the experiment!" thought he and went along.

THE TREASURE.

The stranger occupied the best rooms in the Hotel. On a wink of his, four servants flew immediately to order a selected supper. Le Blond was surprised at all he saw, for he could perceive that the stranger with the great coat of pepper and salt colour, must be a man of extraordinary wealth, who might choose other men for his companions than a simple trader of silk and lace.

"With whom have I the honor to converse?" Asked Le Blond somewhat bashfully.

"Only call me Abubeker," replied the man with the great-coat: "I am from my birth a Chaldean."

"Dear me a Chaldean! Why came you from so far in Asia, to our country?" "As chance had it, somewhat from ennui, somewhat from a desire of knowledge. I propose to travel into Iceland as soon as the weather gets warmer."

"To Iceland, and permit me to ask, is it a long time since you left Asia?"

The Chaldean seemed to calculate for a short time, he then said carelessly: "In about a fortnight, it will be one hundred and thirty-five years."

Le Blond said he did not understand him. The Chaldean repeated dryly. "One hundred and thirty-five years."

"Good God! one hundred and thirty-five years!. And pray how old are you then?"

"Three hundred and thirteen years."

"Three hundred and ———, " exclaimed Le Blond.

"And thirteen years full," added carelessly the Chaldean: "you find this strange, I dare say; you might think that I have a desire to joke with you. You will live to see more strange things if you will confide in me. But believe what you will, never judge men by their words but by their deeds."

Le Blond found this speech extraordinary, but he thought to himself: "This gentleman wishes to joke on my credulity. But let us see who will outwit the other."

The servants announced the supper. They went into a large dining room, illuminated by innumerable lights, and highly perfumed. Two covers only were set on the table, one for Le Blond and one for the Chaldean. They sat down. The finest viands, the first rate wines only were served.

"Now my dear friend," said Abubeker: "let us relish our meal; banish every care you may have."

Le Blond relished his meal well enough, and towards the conclusion of the meal he got pretty merry with the fine wines, but instead of becoming more open toward the stranger, his just mistrust rose. He would have liked well enough to know more of that extraordinary Chaldean, though he related during the whole time, the most curious adventures, and singular things by water and by land.

"But Mr. Abubeker" said Le Blond after the servants had retired: "You relate to me Fairy tales. Do you then really think, that a man of common sense should believe all that you say on your bare assertion?"

"It is perfectly indifferent to me," replied the Chaldean: "whether you believe me or not; it is only your own loss. But that I am versed in the occult sciences, you might easily have perceived. Did you never hear of necromancy?"

"Indeed I have; but I never held it in high esteem. So much I know that it rests on deceit and the artifices of a juggler."

"Very possibly with you ignorant people in Europe; but in our country, it is totally different."

"Let us see a trick."

"I make no tricks!" replied Abubeker: "But—see young man. Your countenance has won my favour. I swear to you, that you are born under a lucky star. Speak sincerely to me, in what can I assist you? My assistance will be of more value to you than all the tricks of a juggler. For example: Are you as a merchant, in pecuniary embarrassment? Do you require money?"

Le Blond smiled mistrustfully: "It might be so."

"Very well! why conceal it? You are destined to lift a treasure at the ruins of the castle Valerien des Anges."

"A treasure!"

"Yes, and that a very considerable one."

"Why don't you lift it for yourself Mr. Abubeker?"

"Because it is not destined for me, and because I do not require it at all."

"When shall I lift it?"

"As soon as you wish to undertake this journey to Valerien des Anges."

"Does it require certain preparations? or other circumstances?"

"Not any in the least."

Le Blond became almost mad at the dry earnest manner of the Chaldean, yet he thought he wished to have his joke with him. He considered by himself for some minutes and then said, "Well Mr. Abubeker, to tell you the truth, by to-morrow I must pay a bill upon me of five thousand francs. Should I be sure of the treasure, would not you have the goodness to advance me five-thousand francs until I lift the treasure?"

Le Blond remained silent and fixed his eyes attentively on the countenance of the Chaldean, to feast on the unavoidable dilemma of that boaster. But the Chaldean did not change his features in the least, and with the greatest composure he said: "with pleasure. You shall have it."

Then again he turned the discourse on Necromancy and his adventures during his travels.

At last, towards midnight, Le Blond rose to take leave. Out of forbearance he did not wish to remind the swaggering Chaldean of the five thousand francs, and was sufficiently pleased with the agreeable way he had passed the evening in his company. Beside the story of the bills which he said he had to pay was merely invented, to put the Necromancer on a trial. But he requested him to delay a little, stepped in a side room, brought four bags of money and placed them one by one on the table. He then ordered one of his servants to light Le Blond home, to another to carry the money after him.

Le Blond was surprised. He thanked him in a most earnest manner, and took his leave. The servants accompanied him home where he was expected by his own servant to whom the money bags were handed.

THE JOURNEY TO VALERIEN DES ANGES.

This extraordinary event deprived Le Blond entirely of his sleep.

On the following morning the Chaldean occupied his whole mind, which previously was all devoted to Carolina. Now more sober than the preceding evening he thought that the pretended

three hundred and thirteen years old Gentleman had only made a fool of him, and instead of the five thousand francs he had sent him home with some bags filled with lead and sand. To spare himself shame, he did not even open the bags which were lying at the same place. At last curiosity prevailed. But how great his astonishment, when instead of sand and lead he found in each bag, fifty Louis d'or.

"False money and nothing else!" thought he, taking the gold weights. All were full in weight. He sent some pieces to a Goldsmith, they had the legal pureness.

Le Blond did not know what to believe; after such a considerable advance on the treasure he was to lift, could he doubt its truth? what earthly motive could the stranger have had to play with him such a costly joke?

He resolved to be henceforth sincere with the Chaldean, to unfold to him his pitiful case.

Immediately he went to Mr. Abubeker, from the vivacity of whose motion he would not have been suspected to be three hundred and thirteen years old. He asked him in a friendly tone! "Well have you paid off your bills?"

Le Blond confessed that he only wanted to try his new friend begged his pardon and promised to unfold to him the innermost recesses of his heart. He did so, and he related minutely all the circumstances of the lessons in the jasmin bower; of Carolina's love; of the pride of the General de Tano, and that he had not the faintest hope of ever obtaining her hand.

The Chaldean listened attentively.—"My Good friend," said he after some considerations, "why do you despair? Lift the treasure, buy a country seat yielding a handsome revenue, present yourself to the General as a rich proprietor, and he wont refuse you his daughter."

"But do you not deceive me with the hope of the treasure?"

"What interest could I have to deceive you? On the other hand I cannot conceal that you have deceived me with your story about the bills; you ought not to have done this; it undoubtedly delays the lifting of the treasure for some days or even weeks."

Le Blond betwixt doubt and confidence asked "what have to I do if I decide to go with you?"

Make arrangements for your business, remain silent to every one of our intentions, give out, you go on a journey of commercial affairs; you had better sell all to the highest bidders, for after the lifting of the treasure you will want your shop no longer."

"May I not tell it to Carolina?"

"Yes of your journey, of your confidential hope to be shortly able to sue publicly for her hand. But nothing of Valerien des Anges, nothing of the treasure."

"When will the journey begin?"

"In three days I shall be no longer in Namur."

Le Blond promised to make the necessary arrangements for his departure. "For thought he when at home," what do I hazard? Should Carolina not become mine what do I care about the world? I will lift the treasure."

Before three days were over he was ready, Carolina was informed of his departure and they parted with a thousand oaths sealed with a thousand kisses of eternal love and faith.

He took his seat in the Chaldean's carriage, and with him he went off from Namur, not in the clear day but at midnight. The moment the clock of the Cathedral struck twelve the coachman of the Abubeker cracked his whip!

THE LIFTING OF THE TREASURE.

In the way the Chaldean continued as boasting, free and the same assurance as at the Hotel at Namur. The whole day they travelled in full speed, changing horses, and the carriage closed. The weather was foggy and rainy. Even food and wine was taken in the carriage, they halted no where. Towards the evening in the dusk they stopped at a lonely house in a large forest. An old huntsman in a worn out livery, received the travellers, and conducted them into a room, whose window panes were for the most part broken and replaced with paper, and the once costly tapestry hung in mouldering pieces. After lighting an agreeable fire. The Chaldean's servants brought wine and cold meat, whilst the huntsman with a servant spread some mattresses and straw on the floor.

"Are we to sleep here?" asked Le Blond frightened at the large room, which had all the appearance of being haunted.

"Ten steps from here are the ruins of Valerien des Anges. Precisely at midnight not earlier nor later, we must be there. In the mean while let us drink by the enlivening flames of the fire and make ourselves comfortable."

A cold sweat seized every limb of Le Blond. All extraordinary tales of strange apparitions which are said to appear on occasions of lifting hidden treasure came to his mind. He asked: "Are *we* to meet too with such?"

The Chaldean smiling shook his head and said. "Stuff! Are you afraid of nursery tales?"

They shortened the long winter-evening with wine and conversation. Le Blond partly from the last sleepless night, partly from the effects of the wine felt very sleepy. The Chaldean took much trouble to keep him awake by wonderful stories.

When it was near midnight the Chaldean grew more serious, and perceiving the extreme want of sleep of Le Blond, he ex-

claimed him in a stern tone: "You have not deceived me with any untruth? It might prove prejudicial both to you and me."

"I assure you upon my honour, that besides the invention of the bills, which I——"

"That alone was bad enough. Your inclinations to sleep at a moment of so much consequence for your future days, is suspicious. I have experienced a similar case when the lifter of the treasure fell into a slumber of six weeks."

"That is terrible!" exclaimed Le Blond.

"Not quite so terrible for the sleeper, for all this time he had the most charming and sweetest dreams in the world, so that he would have wished nothing more ardently than never to awake from his swoon. But for me to wait for his waking was disagreeable enough."

"But the treasure—was it lifted in spite of it?" asked Le Blond.

The Chaldean looked at his watch and hinted to him to be silent and to follow him; he lighted a small lantern and descended a narrow stair case. Le Blond was so much drowned in sleep that he scarcely was conscious of what he did. After some windings they stopped near the ruin of an old wall. The Chaldean by signs hinted that here lay the treasure. Whilst the Chaldean by the light which the lantern afforded him read in a book Le Blond on a broken piece of the wall made himself as comfortable as possible; the Chaldean continued to read long after the Blondin had fallen fast asleep.

THE DREAM.

That was to be sure a very unseasonable sleep, but Mr. Le Blond could not possibly help it. When he at last awoke or thought he was awake it was broad day light. He repeatedly rubbed his eyes. He was on a superb bed, received an agreeable light through the green silk curtains. He drew them aside when he saw that he was in a magnificent bed room; the wood of the furniture was of the finest grain; the walls were hung with beautiful pictures in richly carved and gilded frames, representing for the most part the tricks of Cupid. On a side table near his bed, flowers of roses and geraniums, were in chaste golden vases.

Le Blond found it difficult to recollect the past. He had a confused remembrance of the chimney fire at the house of the forest, of his walk to the old wall, of the reading of Abubeker. He rose from his bed, in search of the Chaldean.

On the rustling a side door opened; a valet de chambre with a livery thickly inlaid with gold came in; he made a sign, two other servants stepped in on their toes, and an old Gentleman

behind them, who immediately without uttering a word and touching his pulse presented him a golden spoon with medicine.

"It is not necessary!" said Le Blond: "I feel somewhat confused, but very well in other respects."

The Doctor shook his head and said: "I intreat your Royal Highness, to take only these few drops! Your Royal Highness will feel infinitely relieved by it."

Mr. Le Blond gazed with widened eyes on the Doctor, and desired to be spared from medicine. He then inquired after Abubeker.

Every one present stared with looks of consternation, it was evident from their countenances that they thought him deranged. At last the Doctor asked, "Whom does your Royal Highness mean by Abubeker?"

"The Chaldean who last night arrived here with me, who else."

Your Royal Highness has been here a considerable time, and you arrived with your consort the Duchess."

"I? considerable time? Consort? Duchess? spare those jokes, and foolish titles, where are my clothes?"

The Doctor and the servants enterchanged painful looks. At last they all united to entreat him most submissively to wait till they would have obtained the necessary orders from his consort. One of the servants went away. Le Blond thought those people mad or all a trick of the Chaldean. He inquired if he was at Valerien des Anges?

Your Royal Highness is in your hunting castle of Linden for the benefit of your health! Replied a valet de chambre.

Shortly after the servant returned with an order to give his clothes to his Royal Highness.

"Does your Royal Highness please to dress in the morning suit, the uniform, or the Hunting dress?"

"I wish for my own clothes, and that you will make an end to this royal joke."

They brought the clothes, all were of the finest texture, also a surtout of green cloth, on the left side of which was embroidered a silver star.

Le Blond at the sight of it lost his patience. He demanded his own clothes in a furious mood. All were frightened, the physician only had the courage to conjure him most humbly, not to be ungracious, because anger might bring a relapse of his sickness. And told him that he never wore different clothes from these, Mr. Le Blond, seeing his remonstrances useless, consented, in the hope of soon finding the Chaldean when dressed; the servants were busy in assisting him dressing, and brought him perfumed water in a silver ewer to wash himself. Then breakfast was served in magnificent porcelain-ware.

All was strange and curious to him. He had never dreamt of such magnificence. He stepped towards the window, saw that he was in an elevated old castle, and as far as his eye could reach he saw but one continued forest.

"How far may Namur be from this place?" No one could tell. He repeatedly asked for Abubeker, described him minutely, said that he was three hundred and thirteen years old, and whatever he knew of him. The servants shrugged up their shoulders as if to excuse their ignorance. The Doctor assured him that in this part of the world such a figure never appeared; and on account of the three hundred and thirteen years, he immediately examined his pulse.

"Gentlemen," said Le Blond, "either I am mad, or you are so. For I do not dream that I am fully awake,—I feel it. By whom am I here?"

"Your Royal Highness is with her Royal Highness the Duchess, your consort in your own castle of Linden," replied the physician.

"What I am married? Pray let me see my consort."

"I shall immediately inform her Royal Highness of your desire!" said one of the servants and went away.

"Stuff!" said Le Blond, and was going to leave the room when he perceived that he was in slippers only; he called for his boots.

Meanwhile a servant opened wide the door saying: "Her Royal Highness the Duchess!"

THE DUCHESS.

A young lady in a light morning dress, as tasteful as costly, came in. On a glance from her, the Doctor and the servants retired respectfully. "I wish to remain alone for a short time with my consort!" said she. "Remain within call."

Le Blond when he saw the young, unknown and charming stranger approach toward him with a friendly smile, knew no longer if he dreamt or was seized with the raging fever. He bowed respectfully opened his mouth to excuse himself but he could not utter a word. She gracefully placed both her hands on his shoulders looked for a long time in silent tenderness in his countenance; then said: "How do you do to-day? Be yourself again, dream no longer of a lace and silk shop, of your conjuror, hidden treasures, of Carolina, which have been your constant theme for these six months. How glad I should be to return soon with you to the Royal Court in Paris! To-day only I received letters from the Duchess de Berry in which she makes the most affectionate inquiries after your health."

"The Duchess of Berry?" exclaimed Le Blond whom the familiar leaning on his shoulders from the beautiful figure, her tender looks, her sweet voice made him blush and turn pale again in rapid succession. "My gracious Lady, I don't know where I am. I begin to believe in witchcraft. I intreat you to clear these mysteries. I will relate to you the whole history of my life. Then judge." He related it.

"Gracious God," exclaimed the Duchess: "you have related that and repeated it over again these two hundred times. For that very reason according to the advice of the royal physicians in Paris and to avoid publicity, we were obliged to come here for the sake of your recovery. I beg of you to remain quiet, fancy no longer such foolish ideas, be again yourself, do not grieve me again with such strange imaginations. Will you promise this to me?"

"Whatever you may be pleased to command. But I am either mad, or influenced by magic, or the conjuror deceives you and all your domestics. For I swear unto you, that I am no Duke, I am the silk-trader Le Blond of Namur, I" "Again the old song!" exclaimed the Duchess in a sorrowful mood; and you have just now promised to me to be reasonable. All my efforts, my anxiety for you, are then in vain. Perhaps you don't know me again?" Le Blond shook his head; yet her shape and particularly her voice seemed not unknown to him: "It appears to me that ere this I have had the honour of having been in your company but ——."

"Thanks to Heaven," replied the Duchess! "your mind begins to clear up; for the first time these six months I hear a reasonable word. Patience, by and by you will recollect every thing. Endeavour only to avoid your wild imaginations. At least, do not give utterance to them, above all not before your domestics. You are the Duke of Mottier, you are my husband, you might be so happy, if ——."

"I the Duke of Mottier! I,—my Lady—your husband! indeed I must be mad to believe all this!"

"My dear you are mad for not believing it, for wishing always to jump out of the windows, and ragingly running about. Thence was I obliged to cause the windows and doors to be secured with bars, to keep myself for some days at a distance from you; on that account must I keep the servants watching even now before the door of the room. Once even you were on the point of killing me! so little do you love me."

"What, I kill you? I—to jump out the windows? but do tell me how in God's name I could wish to do so!"

"You will then no more frighten me?"

"Indeed Madam I will not."

"You will never any more speak of your dreams, at least not make yourself ridiculous before the servants; be again the Duke, my husband, in short all what you really are?"

"My gracious Lady," replied Le Blond, trusting no longer his eyes or ears. "I do not indeed know what I am; but I'll be whatever you may be pleased to make of me."

On that the Duchess embraced him with both her arms, imprinted her beautiful lips on his, and fire streamed through all his nerves and veins. He returned with shyness the warm kiss, and led by her hand, he went into the other apartments.

THE DUKE.

One room surpassed the other in splendour. But as often as he said, he never before beheld such magnificence, the Duchess with a smiling threat put her hand before his mouth: "What did you promise me?" said she and he willingly obeyed.

When he was left alone for a short time, seated on the softest couch he said to himself: I cannot conceive what comedy is played with me, and with what intentions, or if I have been charmed by that damned Chaldean. Meanwhile I will wait the issue patiently. Or, an idea struck him; he recollected that Mr. Abubeker had related to him in the house in the forest of a person who fell into a slumber of six weeks at the time of lifting a treasure, during which he had the most agreeable dreams?

"It would be the most singular joke in the world, if in a swoon I were lying now on my mattress in the house in the forest and the old Chaldean anxiously waiting for my awaking whilst I fancy myself to be a Duke here.!"

On this he resolved to act the part of Duke, in which he happily succeeded. He however felt a little embarrassed how to treat the handsome Duchess as his wife. He looked up to her with the profoundest respect, much more than she herself could have wished. Her tenderness made him at last more bold, less respectful, but more loving. The castle was lonely and surrounded on from all sides by an immense forest, old and weatherbeaten on the outside. On the other hand within, the saloons and apartments were furnished with princely magnificence, and the meals were of the most profuse richness and delicacy.

But nothing interested him so much as the Duchess; he could not but admire, and love her; he pitied her delusion in taking him for her husband, true only in his thought, but at last, who can blame him? he contradicted her no longer. She was particularly gay when he assumed a commanding tone towards the domestics, and acted the part of the Duke of Mottier; after a few days he felt at

home as if he had been from his infancy used to that splendid indolence. His spouse seemed daily to increase in beauty, even the recollection of Carolina became weaker by the splendor of her presence. The days passed away with uncommon rapidity. They made hunting parties. The Duchess was a most excellent rider, and with her gun she brought down the game with infinite better luck than the inexperienced Duke who for along time was very awkward and unsuccessful. But even in that he soon became very expert, yet the Duchess asserted that he was far from having attained his former celebrity, that the king himself had often declared that no one could be compared to him as a huntsman.

When the astonished Duke heard the like, he used to scratch himself behind the ears and to think. "Alas of all this I don't remember a single word. But that I am completely deranged, I know very well."

But similar things he never ventured to utter, lest he might displease the Duchess. She frequently read letters to him from various Princes, congratulating him on his recovery, and what seemed to him most droll was that he was obliged to reply to those letters, even to Louis XIV. to thank them for the interest he took in his health. His spouse was often bursting with laughter when he read to her these letters in which the style of the lace trader was so strangely mingled with that of the Duke of Mottier.

THE SECRET.

Had Le Blond had the option to leave his splendid prison he would not have done it. The bolted doors, the drawn up draw-bridges kept him less than his heart. He dearly loved his spouse, and indeed she behaved affectionately towards him. He became even more attached to her, when one morning with an inexpressible felicity on her countenance she confessed to him, that her wish to become a mother was accomplished. From that moment she was the dearest object in the world to him. When Carolina obtruded on his memory he endeavoured to banish it like an hereditary sin.

The Duchess too, since that confession, seemed to redouble her tender affections towards him; but with every day he saw in her features an increased melancholy. In vain did he endeavour to console her, to coax from her the reasons of her afflictions. She continued her sobs and tears endeavouring to excuse her singular behaviour under various pretexts. The physician whom the afflicted spouse consulted, shook smilingly his head and said, "Your Royal Highness should not be so anxious, that melan-

choly is in her Royal Highness' circumstances so very natural, that it scarcely could be expected to be otherwise."

This appeared to His Royal Highness a very plausible reason. But when he observed the Duchess more minutely, her tears, her caresses, it seemed to him that another reason was at the bottom of her soul. She even once uttered the enigmatical words "That the end of my wishes is accomplished is the very reason of my melancholy."

One evening holding her husband close in her arms melting in tears, he conjured her again to unriddle the secret of her soul. He intreated so earnestly, that she said at last: "Well to-morrow you shall know it." In vain did he beg her to unfold it to him now. She led him to supper and requested him to drown his curiosity in wine.

When he awoke, the secret the Duchess promised to reveal to him was uppermost in his thoughts. But not a little was he surprised to see that he was lying on the old matrass in the room with the torn tapestry in which he had last been with the Chaldean.

Some coals were still on the fire. The old huntsman with the thread bare coat was standing at the windows, and scarcely did he perceive the sleeper awaking when he ran to the door, calling out; "Mr. Abubeker he is awake!"

The Chaldean with a smile entered the room, his first question was; "How do you feel?"

"Tolerably well, I only feel somewhat confused! But before all, tell me where I am."

"Where else but in Valerien des Anges."

"Where is my castle, my spouse the Duchess of Mottier? Where are my servants?"

The Chaldean burst out into laughter: "It appears you still live in your dreams. But joking apart take these few drops it will serve to restore your strength; it is no trifle to be lying unconsciously beyond three months. What a deal of trouble we had with you. Here take this."

Le Blond at first refused but when the Chaldean assured him that he would not say a word before he drank it, he swallowed it down. It was like liquid fire: "Now tell me," continued Le Blond: "Where is the Duchess my spouse? I must absolutely go to her."

"Mr. Le Blond," replied the Chaldean with his peculiar dryness: "recollect where you are, and for what purpose you came hither with me? Do not render yourself ridiculous by speaking of your dreams like a madman, of your castles, Duchesses, servants? On the contrary I have a right to reproach you for your long unseasonable sleep of which you alone by your duplicity are the cause. I have warned you more than once."

"Do not joke with me Mr. Abubeker, where is Linden, and the Duchess of Mottier my spouse? You surely will not make me believe that all that was a dream." The Chaldean in discontent shook his head, and said after a while with visible displeasure. "And you Sir, will not suppose that I am in humor to dispute with you about the nature of your dreams. The sound reflexion of one moment will convince you of your folly, you ought to thank me that I saved you from your swoon."

"To thank you? No Mr. Abubeker in this you are mistaken. It is not so delightful to descend from the rank of a Duke to that of a lace trader."

"Well Sir remain in your frenzy, I'll be no longer at the trouble to contradict you," replied by the Chaldean: "My time is precious. The carriage is ready, I return to Namur. Do you intend to go with me?"

"Not from this spot Sir. The castle Linden and my spouse cannot be far from here."

"Very well. Then I go alone, and must leave you in this forest. Farewell." Le Blond opened the window and called out. "Well Mr. Abubeker what then is become of the treasure which we were to lift?"

"Of that, in the carriage. I must be off now, should you wish to accompany me, you have no time to lose."

Indeed the carriage stood ready, the lamps were lighted, the servants at their places, Le Blond saw that he would be left alone. He took his seat at the side of Abubeker.

THE SEPARATION.

Le Blond seated at the side of the magician who did not seem disposed to reply to his various questions, had time to make reflections in silence. Two circumstances appeared remarkable. The one, that if the treasure had indeed been lifted, and was in the carriage, it could not be of considerable weight. The other that the Abubeker was fond of making the longest way in the least possible time, for the horses did not delay them above a few minutes, since at every post they stood ready prepared.

"But to return to the treasure," asked Le Blond: "What is become of it? Is it lifted?" "Certainly."

"To what amount if you please?" "I don't know."

"Is it in the carriage?" "Yes!" replied the Chaldean yawning: "But with your leave, I require sleep. Let me I beg of you, be undisturbed for a few hours. In the mean while, consider how you will employ it with wisdom." The sleepiness of Abubeker suited ill with Le Blond's curiosity. "Allow me to ask before you fall asleep, what you mean by employing it with wisdom?"

"You love the daughter of the General in Namur—what is his name?" "Good God!" exclaimed Le Blond. "There can be no question of that. I am already married, I am nearly a father."

"You drive me into a fury with your nonsense. If you will not become more reasonable, I tell you the whole treasure will vanish!"

Le Blond remained silent, and the snoring of the Chaldean was soon heard.

Towards the morning when the carriage stopped to change horses, the Chaldean gaped widely, Le Blond could not contain himself any longer and said: "To speak with sincerity, do you think me fool enough to believe that I have dreamt, and been lying in a swoon this quarter of a year, that—

The Chaldean whistled a morning song. Le Blond continued: I can now give you the most undisputable proofs, that I am awake, and that I actually was the husband of the Duchess."

Mr. Abubeker did not allow him to go on, he addressed him in a thundering voice, but in a wildly strange language of which Le Blond understood not a word.

"Speak to me in a way that I may understand you!"

"You are right Mr. Le Blond, I forgot myself!" Said the Chaldean continuing in an angry tone of voice, and pressing his hand much harder than reasonably could be expected from a man of three hundred and thirteen years: "All my warning is then in vain. Already you have by your persevering folly diminished your fortune. Forget your dream, may its foolish contents never more pass your lips, nor do you write a word of it: with these conditions, you will once see me again; but should you not strictly adhere to it, never.

With these words the door of the carriage was opened, the Chaldean dismounted, the same moment a broad shouldered robust fellow entered unceremoniously, took his seat opposite Le Blond, and immediately after the carriage drove off in full speed.

At these new arrangements Le Blond felt thunder-struck; his wonder was not all diminished when his new travelling companion drew forth a pistol saying: "That is well loaded!" he then took out a long knife: "That is very sharp, will you try the sharpness of its point with your finger?"

"I feel not the least inclination for it." replied the terrified Le Blond: "I believe you on your word. But why all these ceremonies?"

"At the first outcry, or the least suspicious motion, I'll have the honor to plunge this knife in your body, or should I not have the pleasure to be near enough to you, to aim a ball

through your brains. In the meanwhile I must request you to allow me to blindfold you.

But why so? asked the trembling lace maker.

"Because you are my prisoner," replied the frightful neighbour, presenting a piece of cloth.

Are you ready? he continued pointing with his knife towards his heart.

Le Blond in despair advanced his head towards the cloth, for such a convincing invitation required little argument. His eyes were soon so hermetically shut that he could not perceive a glimpse of daylight.

Our adventurer had now full leisure to make philosophical reflections, for his companion became as mute as a fish. He repented having had any thing to do with the Chaldean, and he was sorry to have exasperated him when once engaged, by which means he had forfeited the treasure. He took the resolution to follow his admonitions punctually, at least by so doing he had the hope of seeing the magician again.

I don't know how long the journey lasted, Le Blond did not know himself, for he could not distinguish day from night. He slept, awoke, fell again asleep, dreamt, awoke again, and found the journey very long because the new mode of travelling with closed eyes did not overmuch please him. He was anxious to know whither he was conducted, and what was to become of him, two questions to which subject his neighbour never replied.

ALL THINGS AT THE SAME PLACE.

"Dismount if you please," said his neighbour. Le Blond obeyed. He felt himself on terra firma, but did not know where; he was waiting for what was to happen further. He heard the carriage rolling away. Still he remained motionless. After a considerable while, he ventured to ask several questions. No reply. At last he hazarded to lift the bandage a little. The poniard of his neighbour was not felt. He tore the bandage from his eyes, he did not see the better for it; all was dark. The poor Le Blond was afraid of having turned blind, "Oh God, must I experience such a calamity! would I were dead!" Continuing to lament the loss of his eyes; he happened to turn, when to his inexpressible joy he saw a number of lights from the windows of a long range of houses. He viewed the place more narrowly. It was the well known street of Namur, he was before his own shop, but it was shut, it was perhaps midnight.

After knocking a long time at the door, the clerk came to open it; he was half asleep; when at last he recognized his master,

he was right glad to see him again, and took up the travelling trunk placed before his door.

The following morning or rather noon (for Mr. Le Blond had a long sleep) he found all things in their former place. The interval of time of his absence appeared like a dream. All appeared the result of the diabolical tricks of the pretended Chaldean; perhaps Beelzebub himself, who had pitched on him for some satanic purpose. What was to be done now? He soon found that he would be obliged to attend again in his lace shop on his customers who during his absence seemed to have forgotten the way to his warehouse.

The less he had to do in his magazine the more assiduous he was in his visits to the jasmin bower, in the hope of seeing again his beloved Carolina. But all in vain. He stepped more than twenty times a day to his garden, Carolina was not to be seen. But the oftener he returned to the bower the more the memory of the Duchess became faint, the stronger the recollection of the charming Carolina; the happy moments during the lessons; the eternal vows of fidelity and love. To be sure the recollection of the circumstances with the Duchess of Mottier were not strictly speaking in accord with his vow of his eternal fidelity; he was afraid lest his dear Carolina might have kept her vow of fidelity in the same manner. He endeavoured to convince himself that all was but a dream, yet his tender conscience reproached him, that infidelity in a dream, was still infidelity.

Towards evening he ran up and down before the shop of the sisters Bienvenuto, but alas, all his voyages of discovery were vain. He saw no more the handsome Carolina.

The following day brought him still worse news. General de Fano and his family—despair seized him—had left Namur some weeks ago, probably for Italy. On hearing this he ran to his room, threw himself on his bed and cried like a child. Life was now a burden to him. He cursed his melancholy fate, and the impious Abubeker, who had cheated him of his fidelity, had made him lose his customers, had despoiled him of his Dukedom and deprived him of Carolina.

But one cannot always curse and weep. The poor Le Blond was reduced to sell lace again and to measure out silk. Of his adventures he did not say a word, however much he was urged by his friends. Without the express forbidding of the Chaldean he would have kept silence, for he heard from learned men that there was no such place in the known world as Linden, Mottier, nor even Valerien des Anges.

After six months he had forgotten all except Carolina, then again he experienced a

NEW CHALDEAN PRANK.

He received one day amongst other commercial letters, one to the address of M. De Blond de Beaulieu. The town, street, number of his house were so accurately given, that the address could not mean any one else but himself. That Le was changed into a noble De did not surprise him, it might be a mistake, but the addition de Beaulieu made him wonder. He opened the letter. It was dated from Beaulieu in the Government of Languedoc. The letter was signed Louis Favier, and the following were the contents: That as M. Valerien des Anges had purchased all the landed property together with all its rights, &c. &c. for M. De Blond, he as superintendant begs to recommend himself to the favour of his Lordship, &c. Accompanying was the deed of conveyance in the usual tedious forensic style. Among these papers he found the following note.

" Sir,

Herewith the treasure is changed into one of the most agreeable and advantageous estates. *Enjoy it in silence!*

ABUBEKER."

The annual rent of that estate alone amounted to more than the whole value of his stock in trade.

Le Blond could not believe all this to be true, for that Abubeker should have left Chaldea, and at such an advanced age as three hundred and thirteen years, should have nothing better to do than to hunt for a good soul to lift treasures for him, appeared, impossible. He read over those papers, however and as the various informations as to the reality of the existence of that estate were affirmative, his incredulity began to shake. To have all doubts cleared, he took heart and went up to the president Du Baillage in whose house he lived. When he was noticed at last, he said he had inherited the property of an aunt at Chander-nagore in Bengal, that he had in consequence purchased the dwellings and lands of Beaulieu in Languedoc, &c. &c. The president who had never condescended to take the least notice of his tenant, was thunder struck when he heard of the riches of the young man. The question was to look into the validity of those documents. When he found the signatures correct, he made him a friendly smiling bow, calling him: "my dear friend!" After having ascertained the correctness of the various seals: "My best M. Le Blond," he exclaimed when he remarked the sum of purchase, and when he read of over the long list of rights, &c. he got up from his seat and called him. "M. De Beaulieu."

From the rising politeness of the proud president he saw that for this time the Chaldean had treated him honestly; a chair was politely offered to him. His lace shop was stiled a singular

fancy. The president had several marriageable daughters, and he was pressingly invited to renew his visit. A whole unoccupied story, stabling, equipages, kitchen, cellar, were offered to him. He was gently reproached for his long neglect in never having paid a visit before, and the president seemed quite delighted with his company. When he had withdrawn, the young ladies agreed with the old Papa, that Mr. De Beaulieu was a betwitting man.

The report of his large accession of riches spread soon over the whole town of Namur. His shop and stock in trade was immediately disposed of. Congratulations, and invitations from the first houses crowded upon him. The whole town pretended to be related to him.

Though till then his sole occupation had been to make money now all on a sudden so miraculously possessed of so much wealth, he did not feel the happier—Carolina was wanting. Namur seemed a desert to him. He resolved to travel the four quarters of the globe in search of her, but as such long travels require money he directed his way first to Languedoc to take possession of the cash collected by his intendant Louis Favier.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE CHALDEAN.

In his way to Beaulieu, passing the night in an Hotel in the town of Alby, when he first opened his eyes he saw the Chaldean standing before him, who addressing him said: "M. de Blond I promised to see you once more."

"It is very agreeable to me," said the surprised Le Blond, "but Abubeker"—

"Silence my name here is not Abubeker, but Valerien des Anges. I have fulfilled my promise towards you, and to accomplish all your desires, accept of the invitation you will receive to-day. I am now returning to Chaldea, but even there through my faithful spirits, I shall know if you keep your dream a secret. Beware not to communicate it to any one else, or all your fortune will vanish."

So saying he went away. Towards noon, a well dressed gentleman came to invite him in the name of the Archbishop to dinner at his palace in the Fauxbourg Chateaux Neuf. He accepted of the invitation, yet it appeared strange to him. How came the Archbishop to know him? Since Le Blond had been once Duke, though only in a dream, nothing was easier for him than to act the Nobleman. The Archbishops' court hence did not perplex the ex-lace and silk trader. When he reached the palace the Archbishop with a number of Gentlemen were walking up and down in the magnificent garden. The salutations

were soon over, they all seemed to know him. All spoke with admiration of his beautiful villa. They all complained that circumstances had compelled his friend Valerien des Anges to depart so suddenly.

"We must become better acquainted," said an old gentleman with a stiff leg: "by your purchase of Beaulieu we have become the nearest neighbours. I am General de Fano. My daughter remembers to have become acquainted with you sometime ago in Namur."

The young man turned red and pale. The old General perceived it and smiled, lend me said he, your arm for a support; the young girl is yonder in that jasmin bower of which she seems to be very fond, she knows that you are here.

Le Blond trembled as if seized with a fever. He did not deny being acquainted with her, nor did he deny many other things which appeared strange to him. He continued with more courage: "I wish my friend Mr. Valerien des Anges had told you all—that, for example, I should like too, to become the nearest neighbour of your heart."

"That he did very honestly," replied the General, "he might have told you that I'll be happy to welcome you as my son-in-law."

Le Blond unmanned by surprise and overjoyed, would in gratitude, have thrown himself at the old General's feet had his daughter not made her appearance at that instant.

Why relate more. All went on in the prosaic form. The Chaldean had done all, and well. The general who had retired with a stiff leg and a moderate fortune, was glad to accept of such a rich son-in-law. M. De Beaulieu was proclaimed bridegroom at the Archbishop's table. Shall I relate the splendour of the nuptials? That of all the splendour Le Blond found nothing so splendid as the tear of joy in Carolina's eye as she fell in his arms, when for a moment they were left alone. "Io amo!" exclaimed she, "tu ama?" said he, pressing her to his lips. After a while, almost expiring in the fulness of their hearts, they lisped: "Noi amamo!" They conjugated further. A proof they had not altogether forgotten the lessons which they had so pleasantly studied at Namur. But without following the author from whom I have this history, who is very prolix in his description of the marriage ceremony and the after scenes; suffice it to say that Le Blond and Carolina—what they never could have hoped, became man and wife, and the history with the exception of a trivial circumstance is finished. Were it only a romance and not a true history, it would be easy enough to give it a romantic end. But history gives no latitude to the historian.

THE VEIL.

Five years had elapsed (says the French original writer) before Carolina could tell her husband the further consequences of conjugation, when the handsome mother of a lovely boy received a remarkable present not on the very birthday but a few weeks afterwards.

It was a beautiful pearl necklace and a veil, with the following lines!

"Happy being! Receive this as a present, on your child's account, from a happy woman who envies you no longer! Your husband, if he can, may now tell you who I am."

Le Blond was sent for to confess. When he looked at the chit, he turned as pale as death: "Gracious God! the hand writing of the Duchess of Mottier!"

He had scarcely uttered these words when he was terrified at having betrayed the secret which the Chaldean had warned him so much to keep, but after reading the lines and looking at the veil, "O ha!" said he, the veil of the Countess St. Sylvain who once wanted to make me her secretary, only because I assisted her to rise from a fall on the hill of the castle in Namur."

A young wife does not easily forget such things. She did not cease to tease Le Blond for further information. But in vain.

Carolina suspected what never had entered Le Blond's head. Yet all their inquiries remained fruitless. Duchess of Mottier! Countess De St. Sylvain! no such names were known M. De Beaulieu and his fair lady could never learn more!

V. R.

SONNET.

THE SHOOE DAGON, RANGOON,

Oh! it is splendid, this—a glorious gleam
Of fairy land! while now the rising sun
Pours o'er the forests one rich glowing stream
Of beauty and of light!—doth it not stun
Each sense, to view that bright, aspiring dome,
Lifting its golden pride so high in air,
And, like a lighted pyre of glory, there
Gleaming in might and majesty?—but, come,
Ascend the platform—now,—oh, heavens! how grand
A pile is this to grace a heathen land!
And all around how beautiful!—the foam
Of seas and rivers,—hills, and woods, and lakes,
And every form fantastic nature takes,
Here shine upon the eye,—a scene most brightly fair?

C.

LILY OF LARA.

Lovely the lily, that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide
 Lara is glad when on her roots he plays
 Joys not the sun that warms her with his rays?
 Shall I not go the lovely lily bring?
 Shall I not go, and to the lily sing?

" Fairest of flowers! Oh wilt thou come to me?
 Wilt thou the first of all my garden be?
 Shall thou not bear of all the highest place?
 Shall not all others fade before thy face?
 Let me rejoice, when morning shews thee bright
 Let me rejoice, when with thee lives my night
 Come to my arms, and in my bosom rest,
 Come to my arms, and let my soul be blest."

Who is the lily that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide?
 Is it not Merjan, of the flowing hair
 Dark as the nights on Zabra's mountains are?
 Is it not Merjan, of the downcast eye,
 Whose looks for ever in our bosom lie?
 Is she not fair as happy Yemen's bow'r?
 Of Yemen's virgins is she not the flower?

" Oh Virgins come! array'd in all thy charms!
 Oh Virgin come! and nestle in mine arms!
 Mother of many children shalt thou be,
 Lions thy sons—thy daughters like to thee!"
 " Why should I come, youth of the desert wide?
 Wilt thou not leave me when I am thy bride?
 Will not thy love to other fair be borne,
 And I but pitied, or but laughed to scorn?"

Never, Oh never! will I leave thee fair!
 Virgin Lara! by my tribe I swear.
 Oh, if I leave thee be accurs'd my fame,
 Mock'd by my people! and despis'd my name

* * * * *
 " Thanks! thanks! thou Virgin of the flowing hair
 Dark as the nights on Zabra's mountains are!
 Thanks! thanks! thou Virgin of the downcast eye
 Whose looks for ever in our bosom lie!
 Thanks! to the lily, that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide."

LODOWICK BARRY THE YOUNGER.

SONNET.

On dreary Iceland's sterile, Polar plains,
 Or locked in frost, or drench'd with melting snows,
 The cloud-compelling winter sternly reigns :
 Yet peace is there, and every virtue blows ;
 Warm constant love, and faith that never feigns,
 And all unknown remorse's vengeful pains.
 But in the Isles that gem the tropic sea
 Where verdurous groves re-echo to the strains
 Of nature's minstrelsy, and seem to be
 The seats where mercy builds her chosen nest,
 Not all that genial Heaven-descended plea
 Avails to make the stormy passions rest,
 'Twere slaves are steep'd in abject, deep despair,
 Or troop rebellious by the torches' glare.

Y.

SONNET.

To————

Our paths are desolate, and far apart—
 Our early dreams have vanished—Never more
 May we together mingle, as before,
 Our fond impassioned spirits. Quick tears start
 As eager memories rush upon my heart,
 And rend oblivion's veil. E'en now the store
 Of star-like spells that softly glimmered o'er
 The twilight maze of youth, a moment dart
 Their clouded beams on Care's reverted eye !
 Alas ! the promise of the past hath been
 A brief though dear delusion !—All things fly
 My onward way, and mock the lengthening scene—
 Through Life's dim mist thy form oft seemeth nigh,
 Though lone and distant as the Night's fair Queen.

D. L. R.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Subscribers are requested to observe that the *Calcutta Magazine* is divided into four distinct departments, and that the numbering and form of the pages are so arranged as to admit of the matter being bound into four separate volumes at the end of the year. Two volumes will consist of ORIGINAL PAPERS—a third, the SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS and the GLEANINGS—and a fourth will form a complete BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

At the end of the year separate Title Pages and Indexes to each volume will be supplied *gratis* by the Publishers.



THE ESSENCE OF ENGLISH SERIOUS OPERA.

Blood and Thunder, or the Injured Ghosts.

CHARACTERS.

Alonzo, Prince of Tartary.

Caleb Williams.

Admiral Benbow.

Grumbold.

Humbold. } *Assassins.*

Fumbold. }

Ghosts.

Guy Fawkes.

Heliadora, daughter of Caleb Williams.

British sailors, Banditti, more Ghosts, Crusaders, &c. &c.

ACT. 1ST.

SCENE 1st.—*A dark wood—thunder and lightning,—curtain draws and discovers Banditti in ambuscade.*

Chorus of Banditti.

Darkness reigns and blood must flow,
To the traveller fear and woe,
To ourselves his gems and gold,
Then my noble hearts be bold.

Full Chorus.—Then my noble hearts be bold.

TRIO.

Grumbold, Fumbold and Humbold.

If our cave is dark as night
Beauties eyes shall make it bright,
If we're chill'd in this wild storm,
Rosy wine shall make us warm.

Chorus.—Rosy wine shall make us warm.

Hum.—Death and the devil, comrades! this sharp north wind will cut the traveller's throats, and leave us only the trouble of examining their baggage.

Omnes.—Ha! Ha! Ha!

Grum.—I believe *that* is the part of our duty that suits *you* best.

Hum.—Death and the devil, is my courage questioned?

Grum.—One can't question what does not exist.

Agitated music—Hum. *draws his dagger*—Band *interfere*
—a group—*thunder and lightning*.

Fum.—Come, come—friends all, no drawing steel where it
can only be crimson'd by the blood of a friend.

Omnes.—They must be friends.

Hum. }
and } Well if it is the general wish?
Grum. }

All.—It is, and by the magnificence of the blue lightning!—

*Sudden music expressing agitation and reconciliation of
friends! with the distant approach of a carriage and six
horses.*

*Enter the CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI, he is masked and habited
in black with black gloves, and pocket handkerchief. He has
four brace of pistols in his belt, two daggers, a long sword
and a cutlass—with a double barrelled gun on each arm.*

Capt.—How now mutinous slaves? (*The Banditti fall on
their knees.*) For ever brawling? let one but stir, a look, or
breath while I am nigh, but as I command, and he had better
have been born with a powder magazine in his belly.

Banditti.—Pardou, gracious Captain.

Capt.—You have it—but beware.—Your infernal noise has
deafened you to that which ought to have sounded to your ears,
like the tinkle of the wine cup to the Bacchanal, or the rustling
breeze to the becalmed mariner, listen.

Chorus of Banditti.

Hush! Hush! we can count each plash,
Of the rain drops as they fall;
We can hear the rats their white teeth gnash
And the cricket's shrilly call.

Capt.—That has nothing to do with it.

Chorus of Banditti.

And now we hear
More clear, more clear
Our destined prey approach,
It comes at last
My mates stand fast,
'Tis the Paddington stage coach.

Omnes.—'Tis the Paddington stage coach.

Enter STAGE COACH—Hurried music—Bugles—Drums—a desperate conflict ensues, outside passengers are killed, the guard falls covered with glory—and the scene closes with the triumph of the BANDITTI, and a group expressing the joy of the victors and consternation of the vanquished.

SCENE 2nd.—*The Robber's cave.*

Enter Alonzo, Prince of Tartary, and Admiral Benbow in chains—slow and pathetic music.

Alonzo.—Three tedious years—My native land, alas!

Recitative and Air.

Oh Heliadora, grief has barbed the dart
More keenly, of Captivity's stern chain,
When shall I press thee to this aching heart?
When shall I see my native land again?

Air.

My native land, my native land!
Alas! what woes are mine,
When wandering on a foreign strand
While hopes, while fears combine
To call before my dreaming soul
As by enchantment's wand
The happy hours that used to roll
In thee my native land.

When last thy beach, my native land,
Was fading from my sight,
A form stood on the distant sand
Of all on earth most bright;
But never more again in mine
Shall rest that snowy hand,
Condemned away from her to pine
And thee my native land.

Ben.—Nay messmate, never haul over the slack of misfortune, nor let the Hulk float into the tideway of despair. One Englishman can always beat a dozen loblolly boys of any other land, and though d'ye see, my hands are belay'd in these here lubberly bilboes, yet my heart's as free and as sound as English oak, so the king and old England for ever.

Song.

When first Britain's flag floated over the sea,
Like a sun-burst it dazzled all slaves,
But glad were the eyes of the brave and the free
As they saw it shine over the waves.
Then a fig for our foes
Though they're twenty to one

Shall we flinch from the battle boys—never !
 But while the fight burns
 Or when victory's won
 Sing the king and old England for ever !

Our country's the pride and the boast of the main
 It's daughters are fair as its foam,
 Our vales shine with flowers while corn clothes each plain
 And dear is our loved native home.

Then a fig for our foes, &c.

Exit Benbow.

Alonzo.—Three tedious years. But soft who comes. I will retire and observe.

Expressive music Alonzo retires slowly—expressing by his actions the eloquent regrets of a heart torn by exile and keenly alive to the beauties of external nature, from the contemplation of which he is (by a strange fatality and not to be believed series of apparently, and without some extraordinary good fortune not likely to be speedily terminated) accidents for ever debarred.

Enter Banditti.—Headed by the Captain still masked—Grumbold and Humbold dragging in Heliadora, violent music.

Capt. Halt.—Comrades, have you stabbed all the passengers.

All.—Aye.

Capt.—Have you brought in the booty.

All.—Aye.

Capt.—What the three Portmanteaus, the Warwickshire cheese, and the brown paper parcel addressed to Smith, Timkinson, Williams and Rutherford ?

All.—Aye.

Capt.—Then divide the spoil amongst you—here (*pointing to Heliadora*) is my share.

Grumbold,
 and
Humbold } (*aside*)—Hah !!

Heliadora.—Merciful heaven for what am I reserved ?

Capt.—(*To the Band*) Retire to the Inner Cave.

Banditti retire.—Music expressive of a sullen spirit of discontent and a disposition to resist authority.

Capt.—Gem of Beauty—behold me at thy feet—by thy bright eyes I swear !—by those lips which shame the ruby !

Heliadora.—Hold presumptuous man—behold in me the affianced bride of Alonzo, Prince of Tartary.

Capt.—By heavens! It glads my heart to hear thee say so—revenge and love both gratified—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Laughs convulsively.*)

Helia.—Revenge?

Capt.—Aye by the flames of Etna—Revenge! Once the captive of his hated arm—curse on the failing steel that made me so—but now!

Helia.—Oh spare me—spare me—here on my knees—behold these streaming eyes—these wild, dishevelled locks—these pallid lips.

Capt.—Spare thee?—aye when the Lion spares the Lamb—thus—thus.

Heliadora.—Mercy—Mercy—Alonzo!

At this instant a horn sounds—agitated and terrific music—the Captain after a moment's hesitation strikes his forehead and rushing up the rocks disappears through a secret passage—Heliadora fall on her knees in an attitude of devotion.

Alonzo.—*At the same instant rushes in exclaiming* “Who calls Alonzo?”

Heliadora.—(*Rising*)—Heavens that voice!

Alonzo.—’Tis she!

Helia.—’Tis he!!

They fly into each other's arms, at that moment the Banditti pour in from the inner cave—wild and plaintively ferocious music expressive of the pleasure of the reunited lovers and their despair at this fresh separation, together with the various feelings which agitate the desperate beings by whom they are surrounded—while this action is proceeding, at the front of the stage. Admiral Benbow is seen in full uniform, climbing up the rugged sides of the cavern with immense energy and activity—he makes his way towards the secret door, which the Captain has left open in his hasty flight—as he reaches it, the Banditti perceive him—they fire a volley—the Admiral shakes his chains in triumph, shouts the “King and Old England for ever,” and disappears through the secret door—the drop falls to music and a Tableau expressive of the events which have passed and those which are to be anticipated.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

THE WOOD—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Caleb Williams discovered standing on the centre of the stage by a hollow oak—a bugle horn is at his lips, he blows

a long wild blast, agitated music.—Il Capitano springs from the oak,—thunder and lightning.

Caleb.—Welcome—my horn hath sounded thrice.

Capitano.—I was,

Caleb.—What?

Capitano.—(After a long pause) busy—he must not suspect;
(*Aside.*)

Is all ready?

Caleb.—This night,

Capitano.—This night,

Caleb.—Victory!

Capitano.—Liberty!!

Caleb.—Freedom.—!!!

Capitano.—Heliadora!!!!

Caleb.—What name was that?

Capt.—Name—I mentioned none.

Caleb.—By heaven 'twas one which waken'd all my woes!

Capt.—I must dissemble (*Aside*)—Friend of my soul how did it happen to do that?

Caleb.—Alas! this miserable night my daughter was by Rufians carried off.—Even now my heart's distracted from the mighty act we have to do by thoughts of my lost Haliadora.

Capt.—Heavens is it possible—what marble bowelle'd villains did the deed?

(Benbow is seen cautiously rising from the hollow of the oak, he hears the last speech.)

Caleb.—Upon my soul, I cannot for my life give a conjectural guess—but would to heaven they stood before me now!

(Wild but resolute music.)

(Benbow Springs from the oak and rushes forward between Caleb Williams and Il Capitano—he points to the latter and cries “behold their chief”—a group—thunder and lightning.)

Caleb.—Ha! is it true?

Ben.—Yes by Heaven!

Capt.—Die both and keep my secret! He rushes at Caleb Williams and aims a blow at his head with his sabre—Benbow interposes and receives it on his chain which he draws tight and holds in the fashion of guard, the blow severs the chain—Benbow draws from Il Capitano's belt his additional sword a desperate combat ensues. The Robber Chief is gradually forced back towards the oak into the hollow of which he springs and disappears—Caleb Williams who is unarmed expresses intense interest during the fight and at its conclusion falls on his knee with one hand on his heart and the other

pointing towards the upper gallery—Music during the whole action expressing its progress.

Benb.—My eyes what a squall! What cheer Brother? I think somehow that Jack in the box there, pretty near scutiled your nob.

Caleb.—Thanks my gallant preserver, but how have I been deceived.

Benb.—Why in the voyage of life Master Caleb we do now and then fall in with Cruizers, that carry false colours, but if so be that they lure you to the shoals of destruction, or give you a birth on the lee shore of falsehood, you have only to overhaul your signals for an Englishman, and if one is in sight he'll soon warp you out into the smooth water of truth, and bring you to safe moorings in the harbour of sincerity.

SONG.

When first I saw my lovely Nan,
Her eyes like Cupid's darts
Were form'd to conquer haughty man
And make her queen of hearts.
But the breeze that blows our good ship home,
Shall welcome be to me,
For it bears me to my native land
And—lovely Nan—to thee.

2.

When last I saw my charming girl
The wind was from the north;
But none, where'er the breakers curl,
Can equal her in worth,
But the breeze that blows, &c. &c.

3.

And soon I hope a smiling cot,
With Woodbines crowned—may be,
A witness of the happy lot,
Of lovely Nan and me,
But the breeze that blows, &c. &c.

Caleb.—(Who has been lost in thought during the song)
Yes, no longer will I league with traitors—he who can violate the ties of Friendship and tear a daughter from her Father's arms, can neither feel a patriot's ardour, or wish the general welfare of mankind. My brave preserver listen to my words, a vile conspiracy hatch'd to destroy our glorious constitution—I, in a moment of imagined wrong, have madly joined.

Benb.—What—can I believe my ears?

Caleb.—The offence is venal, and nobly will I expiate it, but how? now—even now—the minute is at hand, had we but aid all night be well.

(*Clock strikes twelve*)—Ha ! merciful Heaven ! in half an hour more they fire the train.

Benb.—I'll perish or prevent it !

Caleb.—"Tis useless, your rash valour will only bring destruction on yourself.

Benb.—No matter, it is a British Seaman's pride to die for his king and country.

(*Music "Rule Britannia," He is rushing towards the hollow oak when groups of sailors enter hastily from the forest and the wings*)

Benb.—Stand there—What ! Is it possible !

Sailors.—Can we believe our eyes !

Benb.—It is—It is—my own gallant crew—(*rushes into their arms—they hoist him on their shoulders, and unfurl the British flag—Loud and long cheering.*)

Benb.—But my gallant friends how did you find me ?

Sailors.—We have sought you in the forest these three years.

Benb.—You are come in a lucky moment, Traitors conspire against our glorious constitution—shall they live ?

Sailors.—No !

Benb.—They are ten to one.

Sailors.—Lubbers !

Benb.—Will you follow me ?

Sailors.—To Erebus !—

Grand Chorus.

Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

'Tis victory points the way,

Though canons roar,

And bullets pour,

They cannot bid us stay.—(*Bis.*)

Solo Benbow.

If the girls of our hearts should behold us return,

Bright garlands they'll weave for the brave,

But if not, each will bend o'er her own hero's urn

And hallow his glorious grave.

Chorus.

Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

'Tis victory points the way,

Though canons roar,

And bullets pour,

They cannot bid us stay.—(*Bis.*)

Grand chorus including audience—Rule Britannia—Britannia Rules the Waves, for Britons never, never, never never, will be slaves !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT. 3d.—SCENE 1.

The Cave—on one side a large barrel, marked "Gunpowder," in the centre a recess marked " Powder Magazine"—above which is the secret door, also marked "Gunpowder" Alonzo and Heliadora chained to the rocks on each side of the stage—the Banditti form a group in the centre—slow and expressive music as the drop scene rises.

Chorus of Banditti.

All is ready—Death and doom,
Hover in the cavern's gloom,
In the subterranean air,
The fates a traitor's end prepare.

Solo Grumbold.

Now the owl is hooping loud,
Now in Candles hangs the shroud,
Coffins from the fire grate boom,
All foretel a traitor's doom.

Chorus.

Prepare—Prepare—Prepare!!!—

Alonzo.—Why must I die? how have I deserved to be torn from life and Heliadora?

Humbold.—You would destroy one band?

Alonzo.—itti—to your faces—aye!—

Heliadora.—Alonzo in mercy hold!

Alonzo.—Never—Heliadora—were I to love honor less would you love me more?

Helia.—The sword that pierces thee, slays more than one.

Alonzo.—It unites us in death.

Helia.—Love!

Alonzo.—Glory!!

Helia.—Alonzo!!!

Alonzo.—Heliadora!!!!

Fumb.—Enough, prepare for death—you Sir, as a traitor who would destroy our gallant band, you Madam as one whose fatal beauty might tend to disunite it.

Alonzo and Heliadora.—to die together—thanks, a thousand thanks.

Alonzo.—Alas!

Helia.—Wherefore that sigh?

Alonzo.—It was for thee alone.

Helia.—Sigh not for me, born in the land of glory and of storm where the bleak wind hurtles the azure mist round the bold castles of my forefathers, I have been taught, even from childhood's hour, to look at dissolution but as nothing when weigh'd 'gainst love or honor.

SONG.

When I think of the hills in my ain dear land,
 A tear blinks in my ee,
 For there the sacred altars stand,
 Of honor and liberty.
 And the Highland Lad,
 With their bonny plaids,
 From strath and corrie pour
 To add new fame,
 To that we claim,
 For Scotland's bright claymore !

2.

Honor to Scotland's bonnets of blue,
 To the hands that bear her glaive,
 To the Plaidie o'er those hearts as true,
 And leal as they all are brave,
 The streams that flow,
 The airs that blow,
 Frae Caledonia wild ;
 Are dearer far,
 Than sun or star,
 To her own mountain child.

Fum.—(*Aside*) the song, the words of other days, soften my soul. I will save them, but 'twill be dangerous—no matter, for Providence who guards the sea boy in the tempest's blast, and shields the soldier on the field of battle—will not forget the child of virtue in the hour of distress.)

Hum.—Fumbold, you muse.

Fum.—Aye—how to protract their agony.

Hum.—Shall we try ?

Fum.—No first to supper ; meat and mass never hinder'd work, remember prisoners your doom is fixed in half an hour—you die—come comrades—to the joys of the board.

Chorus of Banditti.

Away to the joys of the table
 While the flaggons are reeling about
 Wee'll relieve them as fast as we're able
 From the liquor that causes the rout.

As they repeat the last line they march off—Fumbold lingers behind.

Fum.—(*Hastily and aside*) I am not what I seem my name is McAllaster McDonald—be cautious—be fortunate, (*drops a key at Heliadora's feet.*)

Exit.

*The stage Dark.**Heliadora feels for the key and unlocks her chains.**Duett.**She*—Guide me love—thy torches light

Can turn to day this cavern's night,

He—Guide her love—thy torches ray

Can turn this cavern's night to day.

She—Hist love Hist—Oh do not fear!

Thy faithful Heliadora's near.

He—This way, this way*She*— I am nigh,*He*—Hasten—Hasten*She*— Love—I fly*SOLO**She*—'Tis sweet to see the skylark rove

From captive cage set free,

But sweeter when the joys of love

Combine with liberty.

He—'Tis precious from a hand we prize

To gain so blest a boon

While joyful shine the summer skies

And blooms the verdant June.

Both—This way—this way—I am nigh

Hasten—Hasten—love—I fly.

Heliadora.—Unlocks Alonzo's chains—they embrace—run forward, and kneel to appropriate music—at this instant a dolorous and lugubrious noise is heard—the secret door is thrown open, and Il Capitano appears playing furiously upon his horn—stage lights up Banditti rush in at the same instant—Alonzo and Heliadora fly back to their places and replace their chains.

Il Capitano.—All is lost—the enemy are at hand—they follow me swifter than my own shadow—life and death hang trembling on the wings of the passing instant—we have not a moment to spare but Providence who guards the sea-boy in the tempest's blast, and shields the soldier in the field of battle, will not forget the child of virtue in the hour of distress.

Song Il Capitano.

Fling forth our bold banners free to the morn,

Up with our battle cry, sound the wild horn

Hark how our swords in their steel scabbards rattle

They pant for the joys and the glory of battle.

2.

Morn breaks on earth and all ruddy the glow

Of the sun-beams that bright through the morning clouds flow,

But ruddier still shall the field be to day

When the beams of our sabres flash bright through the fray.

-3.

Up, with the war cry and out with the swords
 That have never proved false in the hands of their Lords
 On! and may he who is traitor or craven
 This night be the feast of the wolf and the raven.

At the end of the song the Banditti fly to arms—enter at the secret door Benbow, Caleb Williams—Townsend and Bowstreet officers—British seamen—The Oxford Blues, &c. &c. They form across a ledge of rock which runs immediately above the powder magazine.

Benbow.—Surrender.

Il Capitano.—Never!

Banditti.—(*Shouting*) victory, Liberty, Glory, Death, &c. &c.

Benbow.—Resistance is in vain. The Blues are quarter'd at Datchet—The Third Buffs occupy Hammersmith, and the Tower Hamlets Militia bivouac at the Alpha Cottages—your conspiracy is discovered and you have no hope but in submission.

Banditti.—(*Dropping their swords and pistols*) alas!

Il Capitano.—Death!

Grumbold.—Hell!

Humbold.—Confusion!

Banditti.—(*Despondingly*) where shall we look for mercy?

Fumbold.—(*Springing forward*) here!

All.—From whom?

Fum.—The King! (*pulls off his Hat, Wig, Beard, Coat, and Breeches; and appears in the magnificent costume of James the Sixth of SCOTLAND, and first of ENGLAND.*)

All.—(*Except Il Capitano*) *fall on their knees and exclaim.*
 —The King!!!!

(*Grand flourish of Martial Music.*)

Il Capitano.—Then all indeed is lost! Cowards, Cravens! however you have not yet subdued?

All.—Whom?

Il Capitano.—(*Tearing off his mask with furious majesty*)
 GUY FAWKES!!!!

All.—Hah!!!!!! seize! arrest! slay!

Guy Fawkes.—Then thus I baulk your Malice and am triumphant still!—(*Hurried and characteristic music, expressive of the resolution of a bad and daring mind to consummate a long career of crime by a terrible deed, the pallid apprehension of some of the spectators, and the resolution of others neither to be surprized or awed while supported by a sense of conscious rectitude and general Philantrophy—Guy Fawkes rushes to the wing and grasps a torch—he hurries towards the powder*

*magazine—as he is about to ignite the combustible the stage darkens—thunder and lightning—the distant music of an organ is heard, the door of the powder magazine flies open, and the ghost of his first wife appears cover'd with blood—Guy turns pale as death—utters an exclamation of horror—rushes down the plat-form and flies towards the barrel marked “gun-powder”—stage darker—more thunder and lightning—owls—bats—and little balls of fire flit across. Guy applies the torch to the barrel—instead of exploding it changes to a pale cloud of lambent light, in the midst of which are his second wife and five children all covered with blood—Guy is seized with a fit of trembling but at length draws his sword with a convulsive laugh of horror and rushes down the stage towards the king—Alonzo flings off his chains and interposes—short but terrible combat—Guy falls—all the ghosts gather round him, and the whole group sink through a trap door—The scene changes to a view of the coronation of **HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH**—the characters form a Tableau and the curtain falls.*

ROSA MARIA.

STANZAS.

The sudden throbs, the frequent tears,
 The tumult of the soul,
 When some bright dream of happier years
 Is shrouded in the storm of fears,
 Ah! who can all controul?

For griefs there are that none may still,
 And thoughts that none may share,
 And incommunicable ill.
 And pangs that silent bosoms thrill,
 Are those we least can bear.

This clouded life is doubly dark
 To him whose path is lone,
 And he whom Hope's far glimmering spark
 Ne'er leads to Faith's unfailing mark
 Is quickly overthrown.

He sees with wild delirious eye,
 And strives with awful dreams;
 He may not mingle sigh with sigh,
 And e'en affection's calm reply,
 An idle mockery seems!

D. L. R.

CASES IN COURT, OR A MONTH OF MISFORTUNES.

BY PYHLWAN SING.

Whoever has seen the Pergunnah of Pookree in the zillah of _____ must know that it possesses beautiful scenery ; the soil is generally fertile and there is abundance of water ; of all the villages in it, that of Busuntpoor, where I reside is the prettiest. Busuntpoor in former times belonged to my ancestors ; but for some reason, which I know not, it was one day put up to public auction by the collector and sold, by which our family were reduced from respectable landed proprietors to paupers. Though this change was sudden and severe to my grandfather, I was born in the situation I now am, and never felt the loss ; for my part, I have with a few exceptions, passed easily enough through life. I have heard the old men of the village tell of the tyranny and oppression of the Mussulman rule, and of the comfort generally enjoyed under the English ; of the former I know nothing and little more of the latter. Our village is luckily situated three days journey from the Magistrates' station, and some ten coss from the thannah, so that of the great men of the earth we see little. I just recollect once the rumoured approach of the district collector to make a settlement in a neighbouring village, and that one of his chupprassies came to the head man of our village to demand provisions ; and that after he went away there was scarcely a kid or a fowl to be procured at any price for a month subsequently. Saving these things, and a few family disturbances, I have lived happily enough, and am esteemed in my own place, as a descendant of those, who once owned the property. It has, however, been decreed by fate, that we must all meet with misfortunes, and one befel me, which certainly for the time being annoyed me exceedingly.

It was one morning in the month of May, I was awakened by the sound of a tomtom, and on rising I beheld a Gosain seated before my door in the usual way ; his long matted hair fell down in greasy clusters on his shoulders, and his coat was formed of every colour under the sun : His face was smeared with white ashes, in his waist was a gourd to hold his alms, with his right hand he beat a small drum, and in his left he held a bunch of peacocks feathers. I was in an ill humour when I arose, for on the preceding evening I had had a quarrel with my neighbour Joomun Khan about a small piece of land of which I had long held

possession, to which however, he had newly laid claim, and threatened to bring me before the Court. Influenced by my ill humour or my bad fate, I spoke roughly to the Gosain, and bid him go away elsewhere, told him that he would get no alms from me; and then going into my house, I shut the door. The Gosain was as persevering as he was importunate, and still continued seated before my house, until at length irritated by the continual drumming he kept up, I again went to him and asked him why he sat Dhurna on me? to which he only replied "O Baba Baba, give something, give some pice for Mahadeo's sake." Highly enraged at the bad success of my remonstrances, I at last threatened to send for the chokedar to remove him by force, on which he muttered several heavy curses and left my doorway, though only to seat himself a short distance off, where he took up his abode in a ruined hut; but his countenance was sour and sinister. A distant relation of mine hearing the altercation between me and the Gosain came out of his house and witnessed my proceedings; he became much alarmed and besought me to consider before I affronted this holy man. I listened to him impatiently, and desired him at length not to run on in this foolish way; why should or how could the Gosain injure me? Telok Sing evidently deemed me mad, and went away; but only to return with some of the elders of the village, who earnestly joined with him in beseeching me to repair the evil I had done. I was loth to make advances to one whom I had treated with contumely, but I was over-persuaded. The Gosain, however, would admit of no compromise; my offer of food, lodging and money for himself and two of his hangers on, who had at this time arrived, were treated with scorn and contempt; in vain I pressed my tenders, they were refused and I myself was pushed away by the Gosain's attendants. This strange pertinacity astonished me, and my friends grew more frightened; they clearly expected that some calamity would happen. Following their advice, I sent for the village Brahmans, feasted them, made offering at Mahadeo's temple, and even released some birds, which had been brought for sale, to expiate my sins, after this I sat down more composedly than before; but the Gosain still remained near my shop, and heeded neither my entreaties nor those of the priests.

Towards the evening, after my friends had left me, and as I was still ruminating on the events of the day, three pilgrims passed my house with baskets on their shoulders; they accosted me, and begged to know if there was a Serai in the village, where they could alight for the night. Determined to retrieve my past churlishness, I invited them to take up their abode in my house, to which proposition they willingly and thankfully acceded. They stated themselves to be Nepal pilgrims, who having

performed their Pinda at Gya, were proceeding to Juggernath, I procured them water, food, and firewood; my own mess I got cooked separately, but in the night we had a long conversation on the holiness of Gya and of the other sacred places of worship in that part of the world; after which we retired to rest, and I felt on the whole pretty well satisfied that I had done all that was proper to recompense my morning conduct to the Gosain. It wanted but about one hour to day-light, in the next morning when I was again aroused by the beating of the Gosain's drum, which most unpleasantly recalled yesterday's transactions; my ears were soon filled with cries and shouts, and speedily afterwards a croud of men with torches approached my house. I imagined that some band of dacoits had attacked the village; so calling on my wife I took down my sword and shield, and told her to throw my box of valuables down the well in the court-yard. Before however, I could quit the room, my outer door was burst open and the croud rushed in. I was determined to sell my life dearly as a true Rajpoot should do, my fears were soon to be changed; a person at my zenana door announced himself to be a government officer and desired me to surrender myself a prisoner, to resist was useless and had I done so, I should have been subject to severe penalties even if not killed in the struggle I therefore came out, and gave myself up to the officer who proved an opium peon. On being led down stairs I was kicked and cuffed well, after this my house was searched from top to bottom, and the ground dug up; but luckily my wife had found time to secrete the cash, or had it been found it would have been of little consequence to me, whether my house had been invaded by Government officers or dacoits. When I arrived in my court-yard, I found all the people busily engaged in examining the baskets, which my pilgrim guests of the preceding night had brought with them, and which I supposed full of the holy water of the ganges, from these to my great astonishment and trepidation appeared several bags of contraband opium but my guests had departed. I was then taken to the house of the manager of the village to be examined my story found easy credit with my neighbours who knew my character; but with the opium peon it was far different. He talked of nothing else than fine and imprisonment; declared he must take me in to the sudder station, and loudly swore I had long been known as an opium smuggler. To go into the station at this moment would have been destruction to me, even had I been sure of acquittal, which was by no means certain, and it was therefore my object to secure my release at any rate, my friends came forward and entered into negotiation with the peon, he was high in his terms, represented the loss of a reward, the risk he ran in letting off a criminal, and alluded to the fees he would have received for

allowing me petty comforts on my way to the sudder station; his dignity, he said would not allow him to receive less than two hundred rupees and he bid us remember that if he brought down the Police Thannadar upon us, we should not get off under a much larger sum. After much discussion one hundred and twenty-five rupees was agreed upon; I was compelled to get my cash box out of the well and the money was paid, after taking an oath that I would not inform against the peon. The opium which was captured in my house was sold by the peon to the shopkeepers of the place, and the manager of the village got half the profits. The peon sent in a letter to the collector of the district stating the great pains he had taken to pursue and capture a band of opium-smugglers, but that they had escaped. I was released and returned to my house with a sorrowful heart, the Gosain was sitting in his old place, and he glanced singularly at me as I entered, as if surprised to see me back so soon.

Alas my misfortunes were not yet ended, I had scarcely time to receive the congratulations of my friends on the successful way I had got out of one scrape, before I was in a worse. During the course of the next night, the house of one of my neighbours was broken into and robbed of goods to a considerable amount; I had called that evening on my friend, and was certainly the last person in the house that night. Suspicion was likely to fall on me, but my character was too well known in the village. The manager or head man as well as the owner of the house were particularly anxious to conceal this occurrence from the Thannadar or police officer, and they endeavoured to persuade the chowkedar not to give intelligence of it at the Thannah; but the chowkedar had heard, that several of the neighbouring watchmen had been severely punished for not reporting similar crimes and refused to be silent; as a great favour, he promised to report that he notwithstanding the burglary, nothing had been stolen, and said that in that case, perhaps the business would pass quietly over. Things were not however to pass thus. The next day brought news that the Thannadar was coming to the village, to enquire into the circumstance of the case, and great was the uproar in consequence. The manager or Gomasta summoned all his subordinates to attend him; requisitions for rice, ghee, firewood, kids, and fowls were made on every person, and carpets and pillows were collected to render every thing agreeable to this great man. It was towards the middle of the day he arrived; a great dust at a distance announced his approach, and he entered the village with a large retinue. He was mounted on a beautiful horse and armed with a brace of pistols and two swords one on each side, he was attended by his jemadar well armed with six burkundazes, besides which he was surrounded

by a posse of village chowkedars collected from all the places he passed through while his Kayt writer (for he himself new nothing of the Persian) brought up the rear in a Palanquin. The great man passed loftily through the village, nor did he deign to return one of the hundred reverences made to him : haughtily he passed, nor stopped until he arrived at the Gomas-tah's house, where throwing his rein to a Burkundaz he sat himself down in dignity to smoke a pipe, and silently pocketted the rupees or gold mohurs which the head man of the village presented to him. On his writer's arrival, he was despatched into the interior of the village to make enquiries ; the result was, that no stranger being in the place at the time of the Burglary except the Gosain and his followers, they were seized, bound and brought before the Thannadar. The whole of the village people were collected round the house where the Thannadar resided, I amongst the number was not by any means displeased to see his vagabond Gosain captured. I cannot tell what examination was made, or what proceedings were held, but while conversing with some of friends on the subject some Burkundazes rushed out of the house, seized me and bound me, others made directly for my house, and searched it in the same way as had been done by the opium peon. I was then taken into the Thannadar, accused of the burglary, and asked for my defence ; when I was ignorant of what I was accused, I could not answer, but begged to be informed of the cause of suspicion against me. The case was then put in writing ; a person I did not know but whose face I had before seen, came forward to swear, that he had seen me on the night of the burglary lounging about the plaintiff's house ; my neighbour swore that I was in his house certainly but that his suspicions did not lie on me. Other persons, respectable individuals of my own village, swore that on searching my house, an iron spike called Send Marree used for boring holes in the walls of houses, was found hid in the thatch. The case was proved and the evidence conclusive to rebut it was impossible, and yet I was an innocent man. While the case was going on, I caught the eye of the Gosain ; it had a particularly malicious expression, and I then thought that in the first witness against me I recognized one of his followers. But any assertion of this was useless, for my own friends were the worst evidence against me. They were not wanting in endeavours to get me free ; but the Thannadar said that he had been reprov'd for his conduct, and had been threatened with dismissal if he did not apprehend the next thief who committed a robbery : the only favour I could obtain was that of not being sent to the sudder station in chains, and good payment ensured me moderately civil treatment from the inferior officers. The next day I was sent off in charge of two police officers to-

gether with the prosecutor and witnesses, to the magistrate's office.

During three days I was on my way to the magistrate's station I cannot say I fared ill; I, the prosecutor and witnesses, except the first, lived together; my guards were social Mussalman Burkundauzes, who slept, ate, and drank and as long as I paid for all, cared not what I did. It would have been easy to escape had I asked it. On my arrival however, the case was widely different; I was then informed that my charge being a desperate one, admitted not of bail being taken. I was in consequence thrust into prison. I had certainly heard much of prisons but no description could well convey an idea of what it really is. The head jailor first made enquiries of myself and the witnesses, as to what description of man I was; they thinking to do me a service reported that I was highly respectable, and in caste a Rajpoot. This was sufficient information; for on asking where I was to rest and cook my dinner, the deputy jailor pointed out a filthy corner near the jail privy, half of which was occupied by a dome, one of the lowest and most degraded class of mankind, who eat all imaginable dirt and beastliness he was to be my companion, I asked if no other place was to be procured, and was answered that there was. I understood the meaning of the reply, paid, and was released from my disgusting vicinity; I was likewise informed, that if my friends would give a consideration I might have a person to assist me in cooking my victuals. The self-termed Judge of the jail too, a sirdar dacoit who had been condemned to imprisonment for life, demanded his fee, and promised to keep me free from insult and theft as long as I remained there; I knew his power and paid his fee. Three weeks I remained; thus often was I pestered and plagued by the maktars or native attorneys offering to undertake my case, and vowing to accomplish my acquittal. "Witnesses" said they "may be had here very easy; you have only to fee the head officer of the court, he will let things go off easily and not ask too many questions." I refused these offers however, and chose to take my chance, my case came on in turn, and I was brought into the Magistrate's office.

I had expected to see pomp and grandeur in the court, but there was none. The magistrate sat on a small elevation from the ground, with his head bare, and his officials around him. Two cases were heard before mine, in one of which the prisoner was committed for trial to the superior court, and in one the defendant was sentenced to imprisonment. When my case was called, the first witness was absent, and the magistrate on enquiry found he had not been in attendance for some days. The magistrate was reprehending the nazir for neglect in letting the witness go, when my attention was turned to an uproar in a cor-

per of the court, where a person whom I recognized as my Gosain, was wishing to enter ; but he was repulsed, on saying he had no business in court but to see the fun.

My case then proceeded ; the magistrate's face grew grave as the fact of finding the Send Marree in my house was detailed ; but struck with the good character given me by the witnesses, he kindly asked me if I had any enemies to whom I could attribute the manufacturing of such a plot. At this time the nazir, who I subsequently understood to be a relation of my village enemy Jooman Khan, whispered to the gentleman, that I was a notorious character, I was a well known opium smuggler. I, however, detailed the little I knew of the Gosain, and his anger against me ; the magistrate pondered over what I said, and at last gave sentence of acquittal, adding, that had the first witness appeared against me he must have committed me for trial ; and that if I had not received so good a character from the prosecutor himself, he would have ordered me to find security for my good behaviour.

In my heart I blessed this worthy magistrate, and after making my respects I was going out of court, when I was again laid hold of by the police people. I was astonished at this, and asked the reason, but they led me into an adjoining apartment and asked for fees. A bustle outside the office attracted my attention and I saw that the court had risen, and that the magistrate was proceeding to his own house. Speedily after, a lesser noise was heard ; the door burst open, and in came the nazir, head officer of the court, and several others ; the nazir felicitated me on my escape, laid it to his own interest and demanded a compliment ; the sheristadar said, that had he not read the papers of my case favorably, or had he laid emphasis on particular words, the magistrate would have taken a different view of it ; the deposition writer claimed great credit for his good will in changing several hard expressions in the evidence, which would have told against me, and the executioner himself said, that he would have laid the rattan on sparingly had I been sentenced to corporal punishment. These harpies, I knew from report, it was useless to resist ; so paying them I rushed from their presence.

It was on my way back to my own house, I was sauntering slowly on the road, when on lifting up my eyes, they fell on the Gosain seated under a tree. I mentally shuddered and turned away. He cried out to me " Baba, Baba, give something for Mahadeo's sake." I involuntarily seized the knot of my garment to find my money, but I recollected that the last anna had been paid to the court officers. I said to him " Oh Maharaj, had I money I swear by my sacred string, I would give it you, but I have none." I am sure that you have been the cause of my mis-

fortunes but I cannot tell how. Pardon, pardon me, and take off the evil genius you have put upon me." The Gosain grinned grimly and said. "Well are you at last convinced? Would it not have been better to have given something for Mahadeo's sake at once?" I bowed the head in silence. "Well" said he "I will take off the evil genius; but it was myself you enraged and I have been the cause of your evils. I knew the pilgrims were opium smugglers and I gave information to the peons by my followers; I committed the burglary, and I caused witness to be borne against you, of your being on the spot; I hid the Send Marree in your thatch, and gave information to the Thannadar. Did I wish to persecute you more, I would have yesterday brought my witness against you, but you have now learnt enough. Go to your home; your neighbour's property has been restored to him, and do you learn for the future not to threaten the servant of Mahadeo." So saying, he lifted his peacock's feathers and pursued his journey. Of his confession I had not any witness, and to apply for redress to the court in such case was useless; so I took my way back to Busantpoor where I ever take care to relieve all Gosains; and since my misfortune have again lived happily.

R.

BALLAD.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Along the city's crowded streets the cavalcade advances,
And there are plumes, and baneroles and javelins, and lances;
How proudly does each warrior give his pawing steed the rein,
The flower of noble knights are there, the chivalry of Spain!

The walls are hung with tapestry, the way is strewed with flowers,
The balconies and lattices transformed to fairy bowers:
And there flash forth mid silken curls a thousand starrv eyes,
And there the perfumed air waits out a thousand rose fraught sighs.

Loud vivas to each patriot's heart in stirring strains appeal,
And songs of honest triumph rise; and shouts for brave Castille!
And now with clashing cymbals sound, with trumpets and with drums,
And laurel garlands showering down—he comes! the hero comes!

The King himself rides close behind in honor of the chief,
And there is pomp and pageantry exceeding all belief,
The diadems of christian lands to their rich gems are poor,
He brings the spoil of Grenada, the treasures of the Moor!

And who are they, the lovely pair who o'er the lattice lean,
Viewing with fond delighted gaze the splendour of the scene,
Each dark eye stealing glances round beneath the snowy lid?
The fairest maids of Arragon! the daughters of the Cid!

Are they not young and beautiful, and raised to high renown,
And would not those chaste brows adorn the proudest monarchs' crown,
Oh are they doomed those lovely ones to meet with cold disdain?
And can such callous hearts be found in warm romantic Spain?

The pride of birth dwells on the lip, and swells each towering crest,
And hidden scorn and cold contempt are rankling in each breast.
The youths to whom the king has given these radiant creatures hands,
Obey with sullen haughtiness their sovereigns' loathed commands.

Oh you may read in those dark looks replete with deadly hate,
In those unwilling courtesies each bride's unhappy fate,
'Then never, never envy them the splendour of their lot.
More blessed by far they'd be within a peasant's lowly cot.

And oft as marble halls they pace, fond memory will bring,
The blissful hopes of early days in life's enchanting spring;
And some proud burst of minstrelsy shall carry to the ear,
The carol of the goat-herd blythe or merry muleteer.

And strait a scene of rural peace and beauty shall arise,
Cheating with evanescent gleam their dimmed and languid eyes,
The village wreathed with mantling vines, the music of guitars,
The dance by nimble footsteps led beneath the clustering stars.

Oh could they from their golden thrall, their silken chains escape,
How blithely in the vintage field they'd crush the ripened grape,
Content the honest toil to share with honest hearts allied,
And freed from all the cruel taunts, the mockeries of pride.

Oh fleeting is their happiness, their hour of joy is brief,
Those sunlit eyes shall soon be filled, with heart-wrung tears of grief.
Yet must they now with throbbing breasts their father's triumph share,
And drink with rapt delighted ears, the shouts that rend the air.

They dream youth's sweet delicious dream, the world is yet untried,
They feel the modest confidence which best becomes a bride.
Oh since their fate we cannot change, in mercy do not show,
The dreary path before them spread, the burthen of their woe.

Let ill betide the christian knights, no christian laws restrain,
Their deeds shall bring a foul disgrace upon the boast of Spain,
These nobles in their birth elate have shamed the meanest Moor
The Cid had better sold as slaves, his daughters to the Moor!

DAY DREAMS. No. II.

THE BEGUM'S TOMB.

E'en such is time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,—
 And pays us back with age and dust—
 Who, in the cold and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

To one like myself, much given to day-dreaming there is nothing more delightful than to turn aside now and then from the dry dusty road of every-day life, and strike into the bye-paths of humanity. There are beautiful little spots hedged off from the great waste of the world whereon our feelings may dwell and vegetate in delicious obscurity: and, to tell the down-right truth, I was always most sadly given to this truant sort of humour, to the great neglect of my proper business, and the grievance of certain wellwishers, who would thrust their hands down to the very bottom of their pockets, shake their heads knowingly, and prophesy most lamentable things.

I know not how it is but there is a sort of pleasing languor which steals over the mind during the soft fall of a calm, still evening, in unison with the dying scene around us. It is a time when the thousand little bubbling springs of "busy meddling memory" gush out upon the heart and lead it insensibly to contrast the splendour of the past day with the brightness of its own departed manhood. In such a mood and at such an hour was I lying my length at the foot of an old Jack-tree listening to the short quick cry of the jackal hastening down from his mid-day covert towards the Indian's hut for such scanty maintenance as its poverty might afford—hundreds of swifts were screaming and dashing their flight in rapid circles round the neighbouring Sal-trees: the villain kites were slowly gliding towards their roosting places and a solitary Adjutant had taken up his abode for the night on a large cotton-tree near me; while numbers of his fellows were perched on the opposite cañonments and seemed in the distance like a row of goodly figures reared by the decorative chisel of some cunning artisan—the little Barbet with his crimson collar and yellow spectacles was uttering his slowly-monotonous cry of "Kook! Kook!" interrupted at intervals by the harsh cooing of the Hurriyal

or the sharp shrill twittering of the little Palm-squirrel. A few clouds, tinged with various degrees of brightness by the rays of the setting sun, floated calmly over my head; while a light breeze gave a graceful play to the airy foliage of the bamboo, and a slight curl to the river. The fisherman had packed up his nets and was wending his way homeward; and some boats, whose sails hung almost idle about the mast, floated gently down with the tide. It was one of those mild sunny evenings which the vivid pencil of Claude could alone have transferred to the canvass. There was nothing of that redundant beauty with which certain ingenious poets have been pleased to load the earth, but a mild and quiet feeling seemed to pervade the scene and dispose the mind rather to slumber than to energy, and while I was listlessly tracing various imaginary shapes on the clouds, a host of scoundrel mosquitoes roused me from my reverie and forced me to pursue my walk.

I had not sauntered very far when I came to a grove of mangoe trees in the midst of which stood a Dome, surrounded by a wall. It was the tomb of a Moslem woman and her child, who were buried in the floor within, and two slightly raised graves, cemented over, pointed out the place where they lay. There was nothing of gaudy ornament about it, but the whole was plain and unadorned as though the sincerity of regret had allowed nothing of laboured grief to escape it. On the outside was an inscription in English, Persian and Hindoostanee. "Deposited here the body of Janie Khanim of Sindela, wife of J. Fullarton, who died in child bed of her tenth infant, 29th January 1786, in the 33d year of her age, and of the infant who lived only a few days after. Her poor solitary associate mourns separation from so precious a spark of sacred purity and excellence." In the inside of the tomb on a black stone, was engraved. "Great Creator! and Deliverer! thanksgiving and praise for all thy dispensations for evermore!" and on a white slab near it was another inscription somewhat similar to the one outside. Like other shrines, it had its pilgrims; for there were various scribblings about the walls, the labour of those whom curiosity or interest had led to visit the tomb. The mourner paid his tribute of sorrow, in the delicate out breathings of an overcharged heart; the lover recorded the cruelties of his mistress or the distresses of separation in villainous, gentlemanly verse, while the wanton hand of ribaldry had not spared the sacred walls of this peaceful asylum. Yet of these little remained; for time and damp had left the amorous poet but a dim shadowing of immortality and nearly effaced the heartless guilt of the cold mockers of the tomb. Formerly numbers of myrtles grew round about the wall but these were no longer to be seen. Like the beings whom they

were destined to commemorate, they had passed away and their place only was known.

On making enquiries concerning this little tomb, I found that few knew any thing more of it than was recorded in the inscription. Their minds were filled with the cares of life, and to them the history of death was an after thought. In a few years perhaps its history with that of its inhabitants will have faded into utter oblivion or be remembered only as a twilight tale fitted to amuse the wayward imagination of some succeeding visionary like myself.

I am not aware that the disposition of my countrymen in the East is averse to the contemplation of death, yet we appear to shut up our places of burial as though we disliked to have its image, like the hand writing on the wall, thrust upon our gaiety. We pass away and our place is no more known, our names once blotted out from the volume of existence are seldom again recalled and the spot of our interment remains unvisited, except perhaps by some solitary mourner whose last ties of affection in this world have been sundered by death. There is something of cold and distressing gloom in all this !—Yet how different is the cemetery of Pere la chaise. There may be seen garlands of flowers suspended by the wife over the grave of her husband ; by the child over that of its parent—affection smoothing away half the terrors of the tomb and throwing a charm even over death—while the sun seems to repose with a melancholy softness on these simple but pure little offerings of the heart. To me also there appears something infinitely pleasing in the Moslem custom of placing the graves of the departed near the highways and byeways of the world ; they afford an every-day lecture on the vanity of life which he who runs may read, and I confess that I should feel gratified at the thought of being placed in some quiet nook where the passing traveller might read my name (perhaps without utter indifference) instead of being shut out after death from all further intercourse with that society in which I have lived and moved and had my being.

In looking at this simple tomb and contrasting it in my mind with those splendid Mausoleums which the pride or affection of mortals have sometimes raised to the memory of departed worth, I could not forbear a reflection on that vanity which leads men to trust their memory to a frail edifice from which the keen tooth of time and the elements will shortly tumble all its proud ornaments, deface its inscriptions and render it a new heap of desolation. Yet this desire of keeping alive our names for a short period longer, seems natural to all, though how few are there who endeavour to leave anything behind them which may speak something more for them than their monument. The walls here

were going rapidly to decay and the bat and the toad were the only living inhabitants within. A few wild flowers scattered here and there, blushing in all the beauty of infant life, the busy hum of the bees in the mango blossoms above, and the distant sound of the Indrau's axe, afforded a sad contrast to the still-life melancholy of this resting-place of the dead.

As I stamped on the floor the reverberation of sound somewhat startled me. It seemed like a voice from the tomb chiding me for disturbing the peaceful sleepers below. There is indeed, an air of solemn quiet about the place which is highly imposing—the dull uniform silence broken now and then by the ticking of a lizard or the chirp of a cricket gives pause for reflections which all are obliged at times to undergo. Here is no food for vanity. We may bend over the grave of a hero, and our sorrow is somewhat overshadowed and lost in the memory of greatness. We may pause over the ashes of the patriot, the poet, or the philosopher, yet we feel that they hold a diffusive intercourse with the world at large and have not altogether perished. But here! there is no gleam to alleviate the dullness of death. It is the tomb of those humble beings, unknowing and unknown, who pass their lives in quiet seclusion and creep silently into their graves, who leave but few to honor their memory and soon cease to be remembered, or if remembered are perhaps remembered without regret.

Though there is nothing more useless than idle speculation on what might have been the probable fate of mortals different from what it is, yet this is a weakness which I am apt to fall into; so I leaned back against the wall while my imagination called up the infant from its little grave and thrust him out into the world to share the common lot of humanity. I beheld him in all the vigour of early manhood, when the world was yet fresh to his hopes and the buoyancy of his spirits gave a congenial glow to every thing around him. He joined the giddy carousals of the gay and the thoughtless. He never refused the draft of pleasure and little suspected that the acquiescence which he mistook for good-nature was nothing but irresolution. He was profligate rather from thoughtlessness than impiety, and pursued the career of licentiousness till early satiety had somewhat blunted the edge of appetite. For a few short years during the hurried scenes of the world my fancy lost sight of him till he again appeared when the maturity of age had taken from him the vivacity of youth but left him the experience of years. There was a calm and settled gloom upon his brow. His voice had become low and tremulous, and his speech broken here and there as if misfortune had made some deep gaps in his heart which time had not been able to fill up. Yet it was not under the depression of poverty

or the sullenness of disappointed ambition that he laboured. He was in comparative affluence and he looked around for some being to share it with him but found none. Those, who had loved him, had passed into eternity and he felt himself lone as the owl of the desert or the sparrow that sitteth on the house-top, a solitary pilgrim without the aid of a staff to help out the rest of his journey through this vale of tears. Time had inflicted its heaviest heart-aches upon him and he sighed for death—upon which I quietly consigned him to the oblivion whence I had called him; convinced that an early death had saved him from much pain and humbly acquiescing in the dispensations of him “who knoweth what is good for us all.”

In looking on a scene like this, we indulge in a mixture of thoughtfulness and regret, while memory holds the heart a not unwilling captive. A feeling of the softest commiseration steals across the mind in viewing these remains of other days; and in poring over the relics of things that have been, we turn our thoughts involuntarily to some sad gaps in the chain of our own affections and find links wanting which the moths and rust of this world have corrupted, or which have been snapped asunder by the electric shock of death. Yet there is nothing of intense pain in the sentiments which are awakened, the passions, those earthquakes of the heart, become stilled and refined, while there arise feelings so purely etherial that like light sunny clouds they soar far above earth and become as it were a part of heaven.

A few calm moments like these, snatched from the hurrying cares of the world, are worth all the homilies that were ever penned. They are little episodes in the great Drama of life from the perusal of which we become better and wiser nor was it without some portion of regret that I quitted the scene as the evening closed in. It had however made its impression and I returned homeward, my mind teeming with that sort of reflection which is sadly apt to degenerate into verse-making; so that in a short time afterwards I stood fully convicted of the following lines,

Within the grave, where far below,
 The mangoe spreads a broader gloom,
 Mid all the flowers that round it blow,
 In the full East's luxuriant glow,
 There stands a solitary tomb,
 No other sign of death is near,
 But all around is green and gay,
 And every flower that blossoms here,
 Seems sprung to life but yesterday,
 For, here and there, their wildling bloom,
 Sheds fragrant mockery round the tomb,

And the bee woe each flowret, rife,
 With the first breath of infant life,
 While every gale that wantons by,
 Is loaded with their latest sigh,
 Yet thro' this bloom of life it peers,
 A withered thing of other years—
 A faded dream of joy's long fled—
 A scattered memory of the dead—
 A cold memorial raised by faith
 To prove its love unchilled in death.

There's something in these scenes of woe,
 That makes each wilder wish depart ;

That gives the soul a sainted glow
 Yet leaves a languor o'er the heart.

They wind around the heart and hold
 A spirit's Empire o'er the mind,

Just like those sacred gems of old
 The moslem's bigot faith enshrined.

Nor all in vain—for oh ! the sense
 Of ling'ring virtue still will stay

Long after her bright influence
 Has melted from the soul away.

Here while I look upon the scene
 And think how vain my youth has been

I seem to hear the spirit-tone
 Of innocence which long has flown,

And feel as though her light were come
 To guide my wayward spirit home.

If in the eye an unshed tear

Like hoarded treasure long has slept
 Here, at this place of sorrow, here,

Unseen, unmocked 'tis sweetly wept.
 If in the heart, a stifled sigh

The gathered growth of heavy years
 The dark regret for days gone by,

Still lingers there, too deep for tears,
 If the aspiring, gentle mind

Hath suffered from the cold world's wrong,
 If sorrow's serpent form hath twined

Around the aching heart too long,
 Here ! here !—in grief's own kindred flow

May the crushed soul in luxury weep,
 And gazing on the wreck below,

Half envy such a dreamless sleep.

It is not long that I have been,

A wanderer in his clime of woe,

Yet much have felt and much have seen,

That lights and dims the soul below.

TO AN EAST INDIAN LADY.

Bringing an only daughter to England for Education.

BY SANDFORD ARNOT.

Fair daughter of a sunny clime
 From o'er the ocean's savage roar,
 Still blooming in thy summer prime
 Welcome to our northern shore.

O mildly blow its wintry blast,
 And softly fall the frozen shower,
 Around our gentle Indian guest
 Who ne'er before has felt their power.

Friend of my bosom's bosom friend!
 Tho' here thou meet'st not hearts so kind
 As greet thee in thy native land
 So loved for all thou left'st behind.

Yet some who saw those happier hours
 When bright arose thy nuptial morn
 And love had strewn thy path with flowers;
 They will not leave thee here forlorn.

Mother of beauty! Yon rich East
 Doth not contain so bright a gem,
 As that which now adorns thy breast
 Like rose bud on the parent stem.

Though fated for a while to part
 May He who rules o'er time and space
 Restore her to a mother's heart
 Restore her to a sire's embrace.

When time has changed each infant grace
 To lovely woman's perfect charms
 There may be all the mother trace
 Who clasps her in affection's arms.

Thus guarded by the Almighty hand
 Amid the tempest and the storm,
 May she revisit her native land
 In mind as lovely as in form.

Then farewell daughter of the East
 And farewell fortune's early dream,
 My voice is mute, my song has ceased
 On mighty Gunga's sacred stream.

When years have fled and tears are shed
 O'er many a friend, and friendship's urn,
 My heart will wander to the land
 To which I may no more return.

London, 1828.

TO A — S — Esq.

Ten years and more—ten years and more,
 Have glided swiftly by,
 Since first upon our native shore
 We twined the social tie,
 And little thought at fate's command
 To meet upon this distant land.

Ten years and more—ten years and more !—
 A cloud is on my heart !
 For like the knell of pleasures o'er
 When, Life's best dreams depart,
 These words from drear Oblivion's pall
 Dim throngs of shrouded hopes recall.

Ten years and more—ten years and more !
 'These breathings of the past—
 These murmurs on Time's twilight shore,
 Far heard o'er memory's waste,
 Arrest awhile the dreaming ear
 Like sounds that home-sick wanderers hear.

Ten years and more—ten years and more !
 With sad reverted gaze
 I mark the long road travelled o'er
 In anguish and amaze !
 How many a fearful path was crost !
 How many a dear companion lost !

Ten years and more—ten years and more,
 Have all been overcast ;
 And yet 'tis idle to deplore
 The darkness of the past ;
 'Twere better that my soul should hail
 The stars that pierce the future's veil.

Calcutta, March, 1830.

D. L. R.

A LAY JOCUND.

 TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Albeit you will find the under-given Stanzas decidedly irregular as touching the metre; yet will you, *per contra*, fall in with, as you go on, a considerable quantity of pathos in the version, and a *vast deal* of information in the notes;—where Lord Porchester was pleased to put all that *he* had, worth mentioning, in his poem of the “Moor.” If your Printer will only stand my friend in the business, and your readers will sweetly take for granted, not only that all faults are his, but that I, the Author, am not capable of committing *any*, I think the article may be contrived to be thrust down the gentle subscriber’s throat, without any other mischief accruing than a temporary (and, in warm weather, a not disagreeable) inflammation of the fauces and epiglottis.

Your Printer does not amiss, as far as I am concerned; but there is a fiend employed by the Bengal Hurkaru, who caused me to say *set* instead of *sit*, in my last effusion (taken from your No. 1.) and made me rhyme *part* and *last* together, in a manner not at all my wont, and in breach of the canons appertaining to criticism. You will find that those readers who regularly pay their subscriptions (may they live a thousand years!) will be much better satisfied with a correct impression of their quantum of “letter press,” than one in which the gaunt compositor has had it all his own way, like a spoiled child introduced at dinner time; and that but small allowance will be made by even the non-payers (may *they* live till they *do* pay!) for the bare possibility of all your contributors not writing so clear and clerkly a hand as I do. Let, therefore, the needful be done verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim—of all things *punctuatim*, for I have known, in my time, a *dash* of a yard long put in for a hyphen (tiniest of lines!) and many other disasters of the type; too numerous to be detailed, excepting in catalogues. Another thing is that you will find the jovial souls who *don't* pay, will be complaining, presently, of your not giving them quite pp.* enough. (let one of your imps explain that, in a note, to the uninitiated) for the net sum of four roopees; wherefore it might be prudent to stop *their* mouths with the “Births, Deaths, and Marriages,” as even the most incurious have a strange fancy for beholding, *en masse* the names of those fellow creatures who have been “let in” during the month, for any of those ever-coming-to-pass occurrences.

Adieu, for the present.

R. A. M^cN.

Feb. 15th, 1830.

* Pages. Printer's Devil.

A SORT OF A LAY JOCUND, ON MY RETURN TO INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN McNAGHTEN.

Hail! once again, thou realm of sun,
 And the burning western gale!
 Once more (my term of furlough done)†
 NURSE of CALORIC, hail!
 I'm still upon thy sudorous coast,
 With warmest welcome greeted,
 And by two years of British frost
 In no degree unheated.

But far from me be discontent—
 From me, who hate to shiver—
 When, ere I left thee, I had spent
 (Nor lost an inch of liver)
 Some twelve "hot winds," and soaking "rains,"
 Where the "prickly heat" so itches;
 And never felt a fever's pains,
 Nor rheumatism's twitches.

With purse and heart in lightsomeness
 As like as any *two* peas
 I left the land of sixpences,
 And steer'd for that of roo-pees,
 (Lucus a non lucendo) where
 The extra *Sub** derided,
 Is told he summtuously may fare
 On batta sub-divided‡.

And thus I sang, as we unfurl'd
 The sail, and weigh'd the anchor,
 My *vale* to the western world,——
 Mid countenances blanker
 Than mine, (which was not blank at all)
 And midst the Mates' deep curses,
 And middies' squeak, and Boatswain's bawl—
 In these affecting verses.

*As some of my allusions may require elucidation, for the benefit of the mere English peruser, I shall convey him the needful through the medium of notes. An extra, or supernumerary Sub is a Lieutenant or Ensign, who, all at once appearing *de trop* in the eyes of his ruler, has been civilly requested to "stand at ease," and to abstain from perplexing himself about promotion for the present. He is, in fact, a penative specimen of an Indian luxury.

‡ Half Batta,—every one knows what that means.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Farewell, old England ! once again
 I quit thy curious clime ;
 But not to soothe a lover's pain,
 Call I my muse to rhyme.
 From lover's pain, and patriot's qualm,
 My candid breast is free ;
 And, sooth to say, requires no balm,
 At parting thus from thee.

I love thee, too, as well as most
 Of thy haranguing crew ;
 And when I change thy fog-veil'd coast
 For skies of gentle blue,
 Though no salt tears my eyes may blind,
 I'll leave, when I depart.
 A thousand louder tongues behind—
 But not one truer heart.

I'll leave the patriot Whig to rave,
 The patriot Rad to roar ;
 The first will thee from ruin save,
 The last—*can* do no more !
 While men like Bentham, Dan, and Shiel,
 Protect thine ancient glories,
 My exil'd heart at ease may feel,—
 So, devil take the 'Tories !

But people must have *some* regret,
 When thus they're forc'd to roam !—
 Well, I have not been inside yet
 Saint Paul's capacious dome ;
 I've been " in town " a year, and more,
 And yet I never went
 To hear the beasts at cross's roar,
 Nor climb the monument !

I have not heard the bells of bow,
 Though once, I'm told, they rang *
 Nor thought it worth my while to go
 And learn to spar and slang.
 No two legg'd " lion " have I seen
 And only one of four,
 And yet in London town I've been
 A year, and something more !

* These bells ring, like any thing, on the installation of a certain Bishop, (I forget whether he of London, or not) and blessed is the ear of the Cockney which then heareth them.

I have not heard the Rayners sing
 (Four switzers and their sister)
 Nor seen Brocard's bewitching fling,
 (I'm sorry now I miss'd her)
 I never went to Crockford's Hell,
 Where there's the devil to pay ;
 Nor cut what could be call'd a swell,
 On four half crowns a day.

Mine ears have not heard Mister Brougham,
 In Law Court, or Saint Stephens ;
 Nor tax-repelling Joseph Hume
 Declaim against a grievance.
 Canning I've neither heard nor seen
 (And now my chance is over)
 Nor have I in the steamer been
 Betwixt Boulogne and Dover.

The King and I have never met,
 I know not one *bas bleu* ;
 I scarce can tell by sight, as yet,
 The Prince of Waterloo.
 A hundred things I've left undone,
 A hundred things unseen ;
 And yet in England's rain and sun
 A year, and more, I've been !

I've not yet walk'd beneath the Thames,
 And only once above it :
 The diadem has had new gems,
 Since Blood tried to remove it ;
 But I have not, upon my soul,
 Its radiance been to see ;
 For half a crown, to view the whole,
 Was far too much for me.

No !—I have not seen half the sights,
 Nor half the great " cha-racters ;"—
 Saint Giles's clock's transparent lights,
 And several famous actors.
 I have not tasted Wright's Champaign,
 Nor been a prize fight backing ;
 And, lo ! I've tried to shine, in vain,
 My boots with Warren's blacking,

Farewell, Old England ! D. I. O.
 The year brings round the crisis ;
 I've seen the last of frost and snow,
 And ice—but not of ices,

No twilight parts the day and night,
 In you far eastern clime ;
 And Fahrenheit is far-in-height,
 Three fourths of all the time.

In England—dear !—I had forgot !—
 I never have been robb'd !
 My watch, though oft un-watch'd was not,
 By any means un-fobb'd.
 Nay, even at the horticultural show,
 I had not my pockets pick'd ;—
 Unless the guinea I paid to go.
 Means that, in language strict !

I am sailing away—ah ! woe is me !
 Without viewing the cameleopard ;
 Or having gone over the Tweed, to see,
 James Hogg the Ettrick shepherd.
 I refused a ticket to Almack's once,
 And miss'd a Saint George's marriage ;
 And politely declin'd Mr. Burst-all's chance,
 Of being blown up in his carriage*.

Had I gone after half what I *might* have seen,
 (As to cash—could I better disperse it) I,
 Might have view'd. for a bone-us, the man so lean†,
 And the Gower Street University.
 As a "Nur-ery of Letters" I hope this last,
 Will take care—poor H. V. and W !—
 As you've been so abus'd by the Cocknies past,
 That the Cocknies to come sha'n't trouble you.

But why these omissions enumerate now,
 When I've *had* such an opportunity ;
 Ere I enter'd a ship which had turn'd her prow,
 From Deal to the Indian community !
 I go, as freely as bloweth the wind,
 Which drives me from thy coast ;
 Nor cast *one* lingering look behind,
 Or *only one*—at the most.

* Mr. B.'s Steam Carriage did partially explode (in virtue of his ominous surname) during one of its early trials. No doubt the name is calculated to act as a deterrent upon the minds of those who are curious in prognosticks ?

† The living Skeleton, poor devil ! He must have been literally virtuous, and even forcibly so, considering how impossible it would have been for him to have "sinned in the flesh."

A cosmopolite I—'tis in truth all one,
 Where I chance to stick un my spoon ;
 I broil with content in a Bengal sun,
 And rejoice in an English June.
 I affect not the *maladie du pays*, I own,
 Nor in choosing a clime am rigid ;
 But quietly melt in the torrid zone,
 Or bluely congeal in the frigid.

So my native land, good night !—or if,
 You would rather, I'll say good morning !
 I am happy to tell you the breeze is stiff,
 And the pilot has given us warning.
 I go !—with a heart too light to swell,
 I sail !—with a tearless eye !—
 Land of Umbrellas, Fare thee well ;
 Land of caught colds,* good bye !

'Twas thus, old India ! that I bade,
 Thy Mistress Realm adieu ;
 And again in sight of thy banian shade,
 I carol a greeting to you.
 Clime ! where the baboo, fat and fair,
 The skin which contains him oileth ;
 Where no longer, from opium, love, or despair,
 The Suttee in her own soot broileth†.

* Really one would think that the people at home, in nine cases out of ten, blew their respective noses, for no other purpose than to have it to say " I have caught a cold," or " I wonder *where* I caught this cold," or " dear me ! what a cold I have caught !" It is the eternal phrase, and I look upon the Londoners in particular to be a sneezing nation. The simplest remedy I ever heard of for the afflictive disease was given by a waggish friend of mine in the following laconicism. " I have caught a cold," said the hoarse mau, " what had I best do with it ?" " *Let it go, again,*" was the very satisfactory reply.

† I have not yet by any means made up my mind as to whether I shall praise or blame Lord William for the abolition of the vidual slaughter here brought upon the carpet, on the authority of whim, and Oddity Hood ; for if I ever turn liberal (and what for no ? as Peel and Philpotts have done before me !) I shall be extremely disposed to look upon it as a tyrannical infringement of the liberty of the subject. He might have gained his point in a more comprehensive, philosophic, and liberal manner, by putting a prohibition—a sort of tariff—on the raw material ; that is to say, by promulgating an ordinance against Hindoo marriages themselves, and thus effectually putting an end to the supply of widows for the funeral consumption. Nothing like striking at the root of an evil ; but as to the pro-calcinating petitions of those sleek and uxorious Tagores and Dutts who still retain a lingering affection for the old *dustoor*, I should not, and I were the Governor General, either in or out of Council, be disposed to pay much serious attention to them, unless they were either countersigned by the wives, or enlarged by a clause on the principle of the same sauce being good for the gander and the goose, providing for widowers also being served up, as garnish on similar occasions.

Where the Palaced house stands, check by jowl,
 With the hut, from the dunghill plaster'd ;
 (The China vase by the crockery bowl !)
 And the many by the few are master'd.
 Where the females straddle their legs divine,
 As they ride before their cruppers* :—
 Land of the undecanted wine !
 And the beef and mutton suppers† ;

Our heaps of midnight meat to see,
 The turkies, hams, and geese ;
 The saddle, sirloin, round,—oh, me !
 And the luke-warm gravy grease :
 Suppers like these, could they but view,
 In such a perspiring land,
 (As the Duke exclaim'd at Waterloo)
 " What *would* they say in England !"

But yet I love thee passing well,
 Though I laugh at thy ball-room food ;
 And, pleased, on thy breakfast charms I dwell,
 And avouch that thy dinners are good :—
 Were good, at least, till the *batta* prun'd,
 By a hand most sternly impartial,
 Inflicted a deep and a cureless wound
 On the pride of the dinner-martial !

I feel no harm in thy noonday sun,
 And I often enough have tried it,
 When a beefsteak plac'd on an iron gun—
 The glow of the gun had fried it !

* Let it not be told in Gath (nor indeed, in any civilized country) that this hemistia alludes to *white legs*. Nevertheless I am inclined to believe that the best riding manner adopted by the indigenous female of the East, upon equestrian occasions, is by no means the worst plan of the two, scientifically speaking. *Au reste* I have not delineated them as riding "*before* their cruppers," from an idea that they ever rode *behind* them, as the pillioned houris of the west are in the habits of doing (*atra cura post equitem* ! as some mysogymist observed) but simply because there was a great moral necessity for procuring a proper rhyme to "*suppers*," and if any one can do it better—why let him.

† Rather a striking appearance our black and many shaped bottles have gliding round the table, some clad in white, and some in red inexpressibles. Others again in party colored raiment, all dripping wet for frigorific purposes ; and giving rise to little amicable colloquies in this vein :—*Gentlemen*,—" allow me the honor of taking wine with you, Miss ! *Lady*,—" with much pleasure—I'll take *beer*."

As to the more victuallally portions of an Indian denatory repeat on ball nights :—it really is an interesting sight to behold three hundred, or "by y're lady twenty score," arraying themselves around the slaughtered hecatomb, about the noon of day and setting seriously to work at a hot supper which is ponderous enough to make a tenantry dinner (Ox and all) on occasion of some brisk *manor* "cessing to "pant for twenty-one." How Gunter of Bond Street ! how Jarrin ! ! how Monsieur Ude ! ! ! would petrify on seeing it !

I have travell'd thy plains and jungles through,
 When the mercury hath not been low'r,
 (It shows what a good thick skull can do)
 Than a hundred and twenty-four.

And I cannot say that I felt any worse,
 Then why should I damn the clime,
 Which it seems so greatly the fashion to curse,
 Without either reason or rhyme ?
 And I think it would be just as well for some,
 If the non-contents were sicker,
 That promotion, which *now* is rather hum-drum,
 Might *then* be the least bit quicker !

I "swear not at all" at the Mussulman race,
 Nor thrash the defenceless Hindoo,
 As *griffs**—a hot headed, puerile race.—
 When they first their career begin do.
 If I find myself cheated a little or so,
 I pocket the loss with patience,
 For rascals ten times huger, I know,
 Are in much more civilized nations.

I do not for ever repine, because,
 There is much I am here without ;—
 No Milford oysters open their jaws,
 And there's no very good brown stout !
 I have no post chaise,—I have no hotel,—
 I have no R. A.'s chef d'œuvres ;—
 And I've quitted the sweets of L. E. L.
 For Torrens's dry manœuvres !

For vernal breezes, my brow to bless,
 I have blasts from the desert borders ;
 For new Scotch Novels, all wet from the press,
 I have (Papœ !) the General Orders.
 I see *amateurs*, stead of Kemble and Kean,
 And (enough one's senses to pester)
 A huge man-woman, where my eyes *have* seen,
 Thy adorable clay, Miss Chester !

* *Griffs*.—I cannot help the ignorance of a reader to any elucidation of this word. It means a new comer—a freshman ;—and while *no* one is taken to be out of his "griff-sinage," until the expiration of twelve calender months from the day of his arrival in Calcutta, there be *some* who continue in it all their lives. Those be the happy few who never grow any wiser, and who are as easily *griff'd* after twenty-two years service, as on the day of their landing. A griffiness, now is a remarkably interesting creature ; and to see her, on the first few mornings of her stay in India, at the beauteous age of seventeen (having just passed the bread-and-butter cycle) with her damask cheek all blotched and bitten by the envied mosquito ; one of her cruel eyes swollen up like a a German puff ; and her lily neck prickly heated, as if her *Arach* had been sticking pins into it all night ; is really a very desirable enjoyment for the epicure in female loveliness. I always liked a pretty griffiness, and mean to do so for the time to come.

For Pasta's tone, I've a nautch girl's squall,
 And for parliamentary speaking,
 The *toto cælo* of the large town hall,
 When the liberal brains are leaking.
 In place of the west end show rooms gay,
 I've the pursers' omnium gatherum ;
 A Buggy instead of a cabriolet,
 And my chops have no Truefitt to lather'em.

No question that these p'tivations are sad,
 And a great deal more I could mention ;
 But to balance what's *not* with what *is* to be had,
 Was, is, and shall be my intention.
 And strongly I urge the bland reader to take,
 Example from e'en such as I am ;—
 Whatever turns up, still the most let him make,
 And have, for his rule—CARPE DIEM.

TALE OF A CASTLE.

In the fertile and pleasant county of ——— and not many miles from its Cathedral city, is situated the castle of ——— one of those gothic remnants which still exist in all their pristine strength and rudeness of architecture, and which as succeeding generations of men have crumbled away still stand forth in vigorous old age as objects alike of veneration and dread. Near this Castle is a mansion of the Elizabethan school which by its fantastic peaks and turrets offers a curious contrast to the solidity and simplicity of the castle itself. Nor is the contrast lessened when the spectator descends from the house to the terraces in front of it, along which the passion-flower and jasmine and creeping rose have in latter days been carefully trained, while below them are to be seen large gardens and conservatories, with a well trimmed and well levelled bowling green.

In the valley below the river winds on his way to meet the ocean, and in the distance the venerable spires of the Cathedral gratify and sooth the eye ; nor can they fail to awaken ten thousand associations to him who is mindful of his country's annals, and who has not forgotten the rash act by which an English Sovereign avenged himself on the pride of an intriguing churchman. Nor is the deep and melancholy tone, of the Cathedral Bell wholly without its effect on the imagination, as in the witching time of night, when the animated world has sunk to rest it pours its music on the breeze, and re-choing through the deserted apartments of the castle, conjures up forms of Ladyes faire, and

gallant knights who in other times have revelled beneath its walls in all the pride of beauty and dignity of strength.

But many long years have now elapsed since aught save the bat or the owl have inhabited the castle. The mansion adjoining it is now inhabited by the owner of the castle and domains while the venerable structure itself is deserted and neglected. There it stands precisely as it may have stood some 800 years ago, save that the ivy which has overgrown it, now covers the latticed windows from which the fair nymphs of those days listened to the serenades of knights, or that the ramparts and buttresses from which the stout man at arms directed his cross bow are now the hiding places of the dove and the pigeon.

At the end of the Park which surrounds the castle is a spacious Heronry and often hath my fancy as the Herons glided through the air, reverted to the good old times when the stout knight and his buxom bride, the squire and the page, the falconer and his train sallied forth in joyous procession to try the courage and training of their Jer-Falcons, their Sacres and Lanners, or the stately bird, who now, alas ! for modern improvements ! pursues undisturbed his vocation of fishing unless interrupted by some brother votary of the "Gentle science." But enough of this description : should you, reader, be desirous of seeing the spot I have attempted to describe, and if you are but fair and sentimental most happily will I conduct thee to it ; for I you must know am one of those unhappy mortals who possessed of more sensibility than sense are destined to be the sport of a world of visions.

The origin of this my peculiar temperament may in a great measure be ascribed to the scenes amid which my "careless childhood strayed," in the abovementioned castle and mansion, and where I did not fail to imbibe deeply the dreams of superstition which the castle and its traditionary tales are calculated to excite. It was of course haunted : the western tower was said to have been the scene of some dismal tragedy and some of the more credulous of its visitors have imagined they could trace on its oaken floor the never fading spots of human blood. My credulity had fully assured me of the reality of this fancy, and it was on this account that I used to select the haunted tower as my favourite retreat, where I would sit watching the bright orb of day as it descended to the western waves, and then as the pale moon lit up the heavenly vault, my time of bliss and reverie commenced—till my brain became as complete a chaos as that described by Milton.

The most ardent wish which then occupied my mind was to discover in the tower in question some clue to the tale of blood which was still confusedly whispered among the inhabitants of the place. It was asserted that in olden times a young and beautiful bride had been murdered by her husband who in his

turn had fallen by the hand of his half-brother, the lover of his wife—but what had been the fate of the brother, tradition had left wholly untold.

Fortune at length befriended me in my researches. As I was one day running a tilt with an old lance against the walls of the tower I struck upon a stone which appeared to move—another blow, and the fastening gave way and disclosed to my enchanted eyes a flight of steps which I immediately descended and which led me to a small square apartment—empty as I imagined of all save dust and cobwebs.—On further search however I discovered a small oaken box firmly secured with iron clasps and but little affected by the lapse of years. At first I must own an indistinct notion of its containing treasure or jewels flitted across they mind but on raising it from the ground its lightness convinced me there could be little in it but paper and I accordingly conveyed it upstairs where with considerable labour I forced it open and found—imagine my delight—a parchment scroll, inscribed. “The narrative of H. de Warren—Lord of the castle of A. D. 1676.” It was with some difficulty and trouble that I at last deciphered the precious document, as the ink was faded and the hand crabbed. It appeared to have been written by the hand of him whose career it narrated; in some parts the letters were well and regularly formed but in others the agitation of the writer had communicated itself to his Pen; and the blots of ink and of tears (such at least I supposed them to be) were frequent. It commenced as follows—

“Whoever thou art that hast penetrated the retreat in which is deposited the narrative of my guilt and suffering, whether thou hast as yet been uncontaminated by the passions which mastered me or whether thou too hast owned their sway—attend to the warning which my history will convey—attend and shun my example.

I was born in this castle of an honourable name and race in the year of our Lord 1620. Calamity early beset me, for my mother who was my father's second wife expired in giving birth to me, and to this want of a fostering hand to guide and restrain my impetuous temper do I chiefly attribute the subsequent misfortunes of my life.

My Father indeed who was the owner of the Castle and of the domain attached to it, ever treated me with the greatest affection, but his was not the spirit which could obtain a mastery over mine, or fathom the treachery which lay concealed in the bosom of his elder son! His son! what feelings the name even now kindles within me. Yes! he had another son and that son was doomed to be the curse of my existence the demon of my fate. In years he was considerably my superior but as the

world said, and as my accursed vanity believed, inferior in personal appearance and mental qualities. But to pass over the years of Boy-hood and to proceed to the events which influenced so entirely my future life I shall content myself with relating that in the year 1640 the good old knight my Father was gathered to his ancestors and his son and heir of the age of thirty succeeded to the title and estates. I too continued to reside here and though our pursuits and habits were widely different, our time passed smoothly enough. Whilst he was mostly occupied in sports of the field, it was my greatest pleasure to wander by myself though the domain attached to this Castle, conjuring up fantasies and visions of olden times and revelling in what he affected to despise—the pleasures of the Imagination. Contiguous to this Castle was the mansion of another knight, of equally honourable family with ours, but whose estate was embarrassed by a course of reckless extravagance and hospitality. He had passed much of his youth in foreign countries, and had married when in Italy a fair Italian, who possessed all the beauty of that Land of Poetry and Heroism and whose passions were of that ardent nature which the inhabitants of this northern region can neither feel nor appreciate. But the knight and his consort have long since sunk to the Tomb, and little do I heed their memories. I think not of *them* as I wander through the deserted apartments of this Castle, for what are they to me! No! there is another name which dwells upon my soul, another form which flits across my mind! It is the form of Thyrsa, of their only child, of my first and only love! of her who died the victim of our guilty passion, of her—(and can I write the word) who was the wife of my brother! I attempt not to pourtray what were her charms, or what her mental beauties! They are engraved indelibly on my heart—they have entered deeply into my soul!

I shall pass over in a few words the history of my love for her. Was it unpardonable that in the bloom of youth and ardour of passion I should become enamoured of a being chaste and beautiful as the angels of light, and who requited my passion by a love pure as earthly love can be? The time at length arrived when it became necessary for me to proceed to College, in order to undergo the usual course of study preparatory to my entering the profession of the law. I well recollect even now the forebodings which crossed my mind as I bade adieu for the first time, to Thyrsa. There was a mutual dread of some impending evil which depressed our spirits and rendered our parting doubly distressing. But days passed and months rolled on. I was recovering my tranquillity of mind and daily looking for tidings of Thyrsa. They never came—my letters, numerous and

passionate as they were, continued unanswered, till as I was one day doubting and conjecturing what might to the cause of her silence, I received a short and too civil letter from my brother, inviting me to be present at his approaching nuptials with—Thyrza. Farther than this I read not—a dimness appeared to obscure my eyesight. My frame trembled with an agony which I thought would be it's last. I saw not—spoke not—felt not—nor did I shed a *tear*. From that moment a passion sprung up within me to which I had hitherto been a stranger. I felt my whole moral composition changed within me. There was a constant knawing at my heart which suffered me to rest neither by night, nor by day. It was the passion of revenge, and I felt there was no peace for me until it should be gratified.

I returned a polite answer to my brother's *affectionate* letter; hoped he would excuse my absence from his nuptials, and concluded by wishing him every happiness with *his* Thyrza. I must own my hand would with difficulty write that word, but it was written, and I remember smiling in bitterness of soul at the expression. Some months after I again visited this castle. The interviews I had with her convinced me of her innocence and my brother's treachery, he had palmed upon her tales of my faithlessness and want of principle; he had intercepted letters and had in my name returned answers which shocked her virtue and delicacy and which none but he could have invented, and had at length persuaded her parents to force her to marry him. I staid not long in that mansion but my revenge was ample. It is now many years since my heart has ceased to respond to the notes of affection, since my worldly habits have preponderated over my noble feelings, but my nerves even now tremble, my heart even now beats with a quicker motion when I think of my last interview with Thyrza. The head which reclined on my shoulder—the eye, which moist with tears was expressive of all that was noble and affectionate,—the hair which loosened from its clasp waved in long and graceful tresses down her neck—the hand which locked in mine communicated its warmth to my inmost soul—these—and the words of affection issuing from her wounded spirit were the attractions I then was a witness to—and which are now buried in the silent tomb. Some weeks after that parting the remains of Thyrza were consigned to the vault of this castle. From a note I found here written in her hand I learnt she had taken the resolution of destroying herself rather than submit to the embraces of the man she abhorred, and her mangled remains which were found in the castle yard too plainly bore evidence to the manner of her death.

It is now upwards of twenty years since the events occurred which I am relating, and since that I have been engaged in the busy paths of life and many and various are the scenes I

have witnessed but these events are still fresh in my memory as if I was relating a tale of yesterday—as if she still existed—as if I still loved.

But he, the curse of my existence, the fiend whose withering countenance even now harrows up my soul, must he not be expiating in another world the crimes he committed in this? I sometimes in my dreams re-act the Tragedy which ended in his death: I fancy myself once more engaged in mortal combat with him. I see even now the deep wound with which my trusty weapon pierced his breast. I see and enjoy the agonies depicted on his grim and ghastly countenance, and as I wake to the consciousness that this is not all a dream, but that it is the workings of my soul depicting scenes which *have* happened I shudder at the recollection of woes occasioned by my passions, and I weep—not for him but for Thyrza.

I am now under an assumed name Lord of this castle, which I have purchased, for after the death of Thyrza and of *him*, I embarked the whole of my fortune in merchandize and quitted the land of my fathers. I became rich in the riches of the world but these only increased my poverty of enjoyment. I have journeyed through almost all the countries of the west, nor has the eastern world been unvisited by me: I have seen those regions of pomp and superstition where the religion of Mahomed flourishes: I have stood by the walls of Constantinople and have listened to the roaring of the black waves; I have become acquainted with the wandering tribes of Arabia and have bartered my merchandize with the wild inhabitants of the desert, but what were they to me? I have visited the land of Gods and Men, of Poetry and Passion.—Italy, but beautiful as it is and well as it deserves the encomiums bestowed on it, I saw not in it any other excellence than that Thyrza derived her origin from it. She, alone occupied my thoughts, she alone ruled in my imagination—and now at the age of forty when the generality of men are in the vigor of life as I drag my exhausted frame along the corridors of this castle I fancy the name of Thyrza is wafted to me on the wings of every wind, I appear to hold converse with her as of old, and as of old she smiles upon me! * * *

Those who have never loved, and I have heard and read that such have existed, those who have never felt the influence of this passion, its doubts, its hopes, its fears, they perchance may look upon me as a weak and fanciful mortal. Let them do so, let them boast of their firmness and stoicism. I envy them not: but those who have known what it is to link their soul with that of some fair daughter of earth, who have cherished that ardent and absorbing affection which is in itself sufficient and more than sufficient for existence, those, who have in secret nursed an

ardent flame, who have by slow and dubious steps advanced from the uncertainty of doubt and hope, and become assured that the one dear object smiles on them; those who have arrived at this stage of happiness and then, when the cup was about to be presented to them, overflowing with the nectar of enjoyment, have seen it suddenly dashed to the earth by some fatal and malicious power; those who have thus lived and suffered, will pass a lighter judgment on my failings and will perhaps not withhold a tear to my memory!

* * * * *

Thus much I could decypher of the scroll, the rest was perfectly illegible, and as I laid it down I confess I in some measure assented to the appeal conveyed in the last sentence, emanating as it evidently did from a "mind diseased" and ill at peace with itself.

MODERN SHAKSPEARES.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

It is impossible to witness without indignation the mutilated Editions of Shakspeare that are published in foreign countries. Those pieces which have been, what is called, dramatised for the modern English stage, have in the opinion of the best judges been deteriorated in proportion to the departure from the text of Shakspeare. But *our* theatrical adapters are delicate and timid compared with the emendators of the continent. The following notice of the "Lieferung" of *Macbeth*; Edited by Meyer, and published at Gotha by Henning, in 1824, is taken from the *Literatur-Blatt* of 3d May, 1825; and the present translation both of critic and Editor is almost literal.

"Franz Horn has made the unlooked for discovery that the "king's murder in *Macbeth*, which we have been in the habit "of attributing to the seductive splendor of a Crown, is to be "traced to the *violent love which exists between Macbeth* "and his lady: that in reality, the latter incites him to the deed "from the love she bears her lord, and the lord executes it out "love to his lady: Thus—She soliloquizes:

"Methinks I see thee in imperial splendor
 "Already on thy brow a dazzling diadem
 "And a whole country subject to thy nod!
 "How beautiful thou art! And I thy wife
 "Am queen'd by thee and crowned by thy love!
 "Oh were the prize but near! e'en tho' it were
 "With mountains and with chasms girded round,
 "No depth too deep no hill too high for me,
 "My pride and love would fill and level both!

"Again her soliloquy on being informed of the king's arrival:

" Ah Fate ! I understand thy distant wink
 " And the dark riddle is resolv'd in blood !
 " The king draws near ! The raven's self is hoarse
 " That croaks th' intelligence of his approach !
 " He comes to me ! How near the prize doth lie !
 " But dreadful still, the charm that doth divide us !
 " How dreadful ? and *thou lovest* ? Macbeth's wife
 " Trembles to pluck what her high wishes grasp---
 " The golden fruit that fate itself presents !

" ——— Be it so---I seize it---I dare the leap---
 " *Macbeth leaps too—Though more from love to me*
 " Than from ambition of that "golden round"—
 " In him Love is the fountain of his pride
 " In me is pride the fountain of my love—
 " And when our love and pride together play
 " Where is the dam that can obstruct their way—
 " My project rifehs—bold and giant like
 " It stands before my soul in flame ! &c. &c. &c.

" Our readers know that when Macbeth is told that Macduff
 " has been brought into the world by the Cesarean operation, he
 " is momentarily subdued, but desperation supplants his courage
 " and he attacks Macduff, who drives him from the stage and
 " returns with his head to Malcolm. Shakspeare may *perhaps*
 " have preferred this method, in order to make it appear proba-
 " ble, or possible, that the tyrant has not fallen like a hero, but
 " has been executed like a criminal. This finale, however, is too
 " like the act of a prosing municipal justice to be tolerated by an
 " emendator of such tact as Mr. Meyer. As Macbeth has be-
 " come a regicide merely out of affection to his wife, he is allow-
 " ed, as a matter of justice, to perish like a warrior, who in dying,
 " not only takes ample revenge on his opponent, but enjoys the
 " full compliment of military honors : for as soon as his last curse
 " is expended, a triumphal procession appears on the stage, the
 " banners of the army are solemnly spread over the two bodies,
 " and the piece concludes with the *appropriate anthem of God*
 " *save the King !*

Macbeth and Macduff fighting.

Macb. " Hold—I have of thee upon my shoulder
 " Enough of blood,—Begone ! seek for thy sword
 " Amongst my followers, food, fork now, my body
 " Is to all womanborn, impenetrable !
 Macd. " 'Then tyrant thou hast found in me a birth
 " To break thy spell. I was not woman born
 " But ripp'd untimely from my mother's womb !
 Macb. " Cursed be Hell—and Earth and Heaven !
 " Hold Macbeth ! hold !

" (*Macduff stops—with upraised sword and shield, he la-
 " bors for utterance in vain—rage and despair deny him words—
 " at last his feelings find vent in a horrid laugh of defiance—
 " He attacks Macduff.*)

" Now Macduff—now is the time !

" Onward to Hell !

" (*Macduff receives the blow on his shield, and the blade of Macbeth breaks from the hilt*)

Macb. " (*bellowing*) Ha, My sword too !

" (*Throwing the handle at Macduff's head*)

" May it crush thee !

" *Macduff (passing his sword through the defenceless Macbeth.)*

" Begun to Satan !

" *Macbeth (draws in this moment a concealed dagger—falls, but collecting his remaining strength, rushes on Macduff, and pierces him through the neck, with the exclamation :*

" Come with me !

" (*The warriors fall struggling and roll upon the ground in each other's grasp. In the same moment is heard a shout of exultation from the castle and volumes of smoke and flame issue from the surrendered Dunsinane :*)

" (*Macbeth turning his face towards his burning castle, and raising his cleaved right hand—bellows :*)

" Cursed—Cursed—Cursed—

" And dies !"

I think the above specimen is a chef-d'œuvre of depraved taste. Does this poor German deserve English resentment ?—No—in preferring his own text to Shakspear's, " the crime carries the punishment along with it."

T. M.

HIDDEN JOYS.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem,
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound ;
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touched mine ear with power. Thus far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fixed or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

S. L. B.

THE ISLE OF NARCONDAM*

The cloud-capt Isle of Narcondam!

It rears its summit steep

A thousand feet above the waves,

Which round its wild shores sweep.

A thousand feet above the sea,

In solitude sublime;—

So hath it stood, so shall it stand

Until the end of time!

No human foot hath ever trod

That wilderness so lone,

But here the Eagle monarch dwells

Of an undivided throne.

Ages that shake a world, lone Isle!

Charge not thy rocky brow;

Thou wer't a thousand years ago,

The same that thou art now.

Silence amid thy forests hoar,

Silence within thy caves;

Save for the whisperings of the breeze,

The murmur of the waves.

For ever stand thy parapets,

Impregnable and dread,

Nor Earthquakes raze thy battlements

Though thunders scar thy head.

Fast anchor'd on thy dome of rocks

Time hath no dates for thee,

For ever and for ever thus,

Type of eternity!

The same vast ocean at thy feet,

In silence or in storms;

The clouds aye settling round thy head,

Of a thousand hues and forms.

Nor life, nor time, nor space beside—

Thou only say'st "I am"!—

Such in its solitude and pride,

Is the peak of Narcondam!

CAPEL SOUTH.

* The Isle of Narcondam stands in the Bay of Bengal, a lofty and inaccessible rock covered with the densest jungle.

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Subscribers are requested to observe that the *Calcutta Magazine* is divided into four distinct departments, and that the numbering and form of the pages are so arranged as to admit of the matter being bound into four separate volumes at the end of the year. Two volumes will consist of ORIGINAL PAPERS—a third, the SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS and the GLEANINGS—and a fourth will form a complete BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

At the end of the year separate Title Pages and Indexes to each volume will be supplied gratis by the Publishers.

THE BEAR AND THE BASHAW,

IMITATED

From a French Vaudeville.

ENTITLED

L'OURS A LE PACHA.

CHARACTERS.

TURKS.

SHAHABAHAMALIQUE.—*The Bashaw. A credulous old fool—rather good natured for a Bashaw, excessively ignorant—dying of ennui and eternally in search of amusement.*

MOOSTAPHA.—*Another fool—his adviser.*

ROXOLANA.—*A captive lately received into the Bashaw's Seraglio and the reigning favourite.*

ZULEMA.—*Her Confidante.*

EUROPEANS.

MR. BRONZE.—*Ci devant Manager of the West Peckham Company of Comedians—now a merchant.*

MR. MARK ANTONY GUBBINS.—*His companion and partner, formerly apprentice to a Tallow Chandler, but latterly principal serious hero and poet to the West Peckham Company.*

THE BEAR AND THE BASHAW.

SCENE 1st.—*A court yard in Shahabahamalique's Seraglio—with a gilded railing at the extremity—a building to the left over the door of which is written "Apartments of the Women," on the right a stone wall, about the middle of which is a gilded grating projecting a little way from the wall, but joined to it—over the grating is written Menagerie. A flower tree is trained up close by the Menagerie as if against the wall,—near the front on the right side of the stage is the musnud of the Bashaw.*

At the rising of the CURTAIN, ROXOLANA, ZULEMA and other Sultanas enter hastily from different wings.

All.—Well, what news—what news?

Zul.—How has he passed the night?

Rox.—Did the Gruel and Eau de Cologne do him any good?

A Sultana.—Oh, they should have given him the beef-steak soaked in turpentine!

Zul.—Alas, my soul trembles!

All.—Alas! Alas!

Rox.—The last Bulletin announced that he was better.

Zul.—But that abhorred Doctor will spoil all—he insisted that they should give him three little dogs and a bushel of carrots to eat.

A Sultana.—And he too in that weak state !

Zul.—It is not at all satisfactory.

Rox.—Do they guess who would succeed him ?

Zul.—Oh madam ! that can be but of little consequence to *you*, you ought to be less apprehensive than any one on account of his loss, if the angel of death *should* release him. For every one knows the rank you hold in the heart of the Bashaw, and if you would only relent—the death of a thousand—

Rox.—Hush—hush—know you not that it is impossible, think you I can forget that I am a wife. Though my husband *was* jealous and *did* persuade me to accompany a lady to Malta, in which voyage we were picked up by the Corsair who sold me, sold *me* to the Bashaw—I cannot forget him—alas my poor !

Enter MOOSTAPHA.

Heavens what brings Moostapha here—looking as scared too as he did the night I boxed his ears, and put an ounce of pepper in the Bashaw's Sherbet.

Moost.—(*In great affliction*)—Madam—Ladies—'tis done—earth was unworthy of him—'tis all over—he died with the composure of an undertaker—Oh those three accursed little dogs and the bushel of carrots—'tis all over.

Rox.—Ah ! then he is no more.

Moost.—Madam you have said it—the Arctic Bear belongs to History—he did—mind Ladies—I say *did* exist.

Zul.—The poor dear dear Bear.

Moost.—Yes Madam, we shall never see him more.

(*All Weep.*)

Moost.—The warmest friend, the best nut-cracker—what an irreparable loss for me and the menagerie ! The Black Barbary Ape will certainly commit Felo de se, and the Rhinoceros is already in despair—nevertheless—I speak it in confidence Ladies, the dear deceased had not quite all the amiable qualities to which he pretended.

Rox.—What Moostapha !—you who always loved and praised him so much ?

Moost.—Loved him—of course I loved him, it was the Bashaw's orders that every body should love him like a brother, and, when His Highness was by, I hope that I made no invidious distinction between them. But the Arctic Bear had whims, he had whims—*some* very inconvenient—and an infinite number of them—I, who was specially attached to his person, have often suffered by them.

Zul.—You Moostapha—how pray?

Moost.—Why he once gave me such a tender embrace that I lost my appetite for a fortnight—and another time he rubbed all the skin off my face in an amicable salute with his muzzle—indeed I could say much more on this subject only I have the most profound respect for departed greatness. But Oh, Ladies, the most terrible matter is how to break this dreadful event to the Bashaw. My Lord Shahabahamalique is at present in happy ignorance of the fatal affair—and though the best natured Bashaw in the world, the Prophet alone knows how a man commanding the heads, gullets, and noses of all the faithful in these regions might take the death of his favourite.

Zul.—Besides he would have nothing to do.

Moost.—He might take to decapitation and the bowstring, merely to dispel his ennui.

Rox.—Heavens, he might even take to making love!

All.—Horrible!!!

Moost.—Well Ladies, ours is a common cause—I confide this melancholy case to your discretion.

Rox.—We cannot conceal it from him long.

Moost.—True, but if he hears of this cursed, I mean amiable animal's death before he has some novelty to distract his attention it is all over with some dozen or a score of us.

Enter A SERVANT.

Servt.—Mr. Moostapha, two English Merchants are at the gate, they pretend that you have promised them an audience this morning.

Moost.—Merchants—the beard of the Prophet be blest—the very thing—they have all kinds of knick-knacks and curiosities for sale, and we may pick up something, praised be the Jack-ass of Hourah Al Rasched.—Let them in—let them in Ali—in a fortunate hour have they come—ladies to your apartments,—those inestimable merchants! you shall see them by and by, but first let me speak to them—come—in—in.

All enter the Seraglio.

Enter BRONZE and GUBBINS.

Bronze.—Come in Gubbins, come in, can't you—you fool, we are near the women's apartments, are you afraid they will eat you.

Gubbins.—No—why—why should I be afraid, but these here Turks makes nothing of pallsadoing one if they fancy one a little too handsome, and looking about the walls of their seraglio. You recollect what Othello did, that's all. Besides I never sees a woman without thinking of my poor wife, you recollect the lines I wrote when she left me to go on board of ship—"Dear Duck."

Bronze.—Oh ! perfectly, you called her the sage and onions of your existence, and the stuffing of your life. But my dear Gubbins sink the Poet, and the principle serious Hero of the West Peckham Company in the more dignified character of the merchant.

Gub.—Sink !—confound them, they sunk me.

Bronze.—Oh—Psha !

Gub.—Yes, they did though—I had two and twenty shillings a week and a pound of dips when I was foreman to old Suet the Tallow Chandler—but you told me that my pen, and not my candles ought to illuminate mankind.

Bronze.—Well you had, you know, been wonderfully successful in the Footman's Magazine and contributed three sonnets to the Ladies Maid's Weekly Recreation.

Gub.—And so you proposed to me to take a third share in the West Peckham Theatre, where I was to write the new tragedies—post the bills, and do principle serious.

Bronze.—It was a rise above your former situation, quite inestimable.

Gub.—Inestimable !—quite !—My share of the first night's performance was one and four pence, and the third of a pound of tripe that a butcher's boy had pledged for a ticket at the Box Door.

Bronze.—Why talk of such trifles.

Gub.—Oh trifling enough as you say, and I shouldn't have minded only that on the strength of being a great actor and a great author, I married my poor dear lost wife—as I said.

“ As Hymen bright the nuptial fillet bound.

“ The blue morn laugh'd, and spread a sound around.

“ While”—

Bronze.—Yes—that's all very true, I remember the verses, but we have now left the Boards for the exchange.

Gub.—Yes and a pretty exchange we have made of it, quite at par, though, for we had nothing then and we have nothing now—they can't accuse us of doing any thing for the lucre of gain however.

Bronze.—Have nothing now !—Have I not tried a thousand times to convince you that a great speculator in the present day is only *encumbered* by property, who would try to swim a river with a hundred weight of gold about his neck, the guinea sinks, the bubble floats, the only metal *we* want is brass, and of that I think my Dear Gubby we have a sufficient capital—why Sir, simple as I stand here I was the head, or, what is the same thing, the tail of two joint stock companies. One for governing the East Indies by Steam at a saving of a million per mensem—and another for the purpose of bringing ready made tea from China by an under sea tunnel. It was to have been distributed hot and hot

throughout Great Britain by means of fountains, and people would only have had to put milk and sugar to their liking.

Gub.—Well my dear *Bronze*—I rely upon your superior genius—for as I said.

“Genius is mighty, like a clap of thunder,

“It makes a noise and then the people wonder.”

And indeed I don't know any thing else we *have* to rely upon.

Bronze.—The returns from the Calcutta market.

Gub.—Yes, we sent out seventy-two pair of skaites.

Bronze.—Well, and is there not a man gone out on purpose to make ice, could any thing be more fortunate?

Gub.—But then the venture we brought with us.

Bronze.—Sixty dozen of Spruce Beer.

Gub.—It all went off—pop.

Bronze.—Twenty pounds of long moulds.

Gub.—They have all melted

Bronze.—A dozen of Cheshire cheeses.

Gub.—The rats have eaten it all.

Bronze.—Three casks of Pale Ale.

Gub.—It's all gone sour.

Bronze.—Oh well Mr. Gubbins—if you go on in that way, I wish I had left you to come and seek for your wife by yourself.

Gub.—Now don't you be huffish, *Bronze*. You know it was half your fault that I sent her away, because you would always play Romeo when she play'd Juliet—I couldn't bear it when I myself was principal serious youth—and then poor thing she was taken by one of those piratical villains as I described in my sonnet.

“They shoot with Bomb and Pistol, Drum and Gun I

“Do believe, and think it all quite funny.”

Lord knows what has become of her, but don't be congrumpherous—you know how I admire your genius.

Bronze.—Yes, but to have one's mercantile skill doubted by one's partner, to be supposed incapable of carrying on business without a capital—besides Gubby—hadn't we a beautiful black Bengal Bear?

Gub.—Aye, but he's dead.

Bronze.—So much the better. It saved us the trouble of killing him for his skin, but never mind what else we have, I have talents and industry, and you have impudence—with such a stock we cannot fail.

Gub.—I, impudence?—I assure you there never *was* a more bashful man—as I once said of myself.

- " He has a face where modesty has put on,
 " A ruddy glow like gravy of roast mutton,
 " And as he blushes, his two ears and nose is,
 " Compared by many folks, to full blown roses."

Bronze.—But notwithstanding all that, you know you always put yourself forward on all occasions—(*aside*) I must persuade him that he is a volunteer or he'll run restive.

Gub.—I'm sure Bronze I do no such thing, for as I said in my little poem upon a sucking pig,

Bronze.—Exactly so—but didn't you volunteer to speak the prologue the first night of the opening of the West Peckham?

Gub.—Oh Bronze—Bronze—I believe you sent me to do it that the boys in the Pit might pelt away all the rotten apples and oranges before *you* came on—I remember I wrote the prologue myself. It began "For your applause," but I had got no further than "For your appl."—When a golden pippin came slap into my mouth and there I stood gaping like a roasted pig with a lemon between his teeth.

Bronze.—Ha! Ha! Ha! but you really *are* very venturesome.

Gub.—That is to say you put me forward on all occasions—and I begin to have almost enough of it. If there is any danger to run or blow to receive—any body to be kicked—it always falls to my share—whereas the articles of our partnership say that we are to share and share alike—we have had nothing else yet to divide and I really wish you would take your portion. I assure you I never was greedy—so pray don't stand upon any ceremony, the next knocks and kicks that are going claim half without scruple—I shant be in the least offended I assure you.

Bronze.—All will go right my dear Gubby, if we can only do something here in the way of trade.

Gub.—Yes but I tell you we have nothing to trade with.

Bronze.—Now that's no matter in the world, every thing must have a beginning—oh, if we had only the man who can sit upon air—or a mermaid—or an ice-berg, or any other little curiosity to present to the Bashaw.

Gub.—Yes, but as you know we hav'n't got them what's the use.

Bronze.—Hav'n't got them blockhead—I suppose you'd say that to the Bashaw. A precious opinion he would have of us truly, but if you do by the immortal Ben Jonson I'll never see you more. I'll leave you here by yourself.

Gub.—Oh Bronze don't—don't talk so. If I was left here by myself I should die of fright at my own shadow like the celebrated Narcissus.

Bronze.—I will by Comus.

Gub.—Dont, pray dont—I'll do whatever you tell me.

Bronze.—Well then mind—the firm of Bronze, Gubbins, and Co. can supply every thing.

Gub.—Every thing?

Bronze.—Yes—from a ship of the line to a paper of pins, from a whale to a tooth pick, and from a magazine of gunpowder to a penny worth of brown sugar.

Gub.—A whale—oh Bronze—he'll never swallow the whale!

Bronze.—Hush—you fool—they are coming say just as I do—obey me—and be ready to take advantage of any favourable opportunity.

Enter MOOSTAPHA.

[*Speaking without perceiving BRONZE and GUBBINS.*]

Moost.—I have done all I can to suppress the fatal intelligence till we get something new to divert the Bashaw's thoughts, and thanks to the Prophet he suspects nothing—I left him occupied, blowing through a tobacco pipe at some little red fishes in a glass jug, and so he is fix'd for at least an hour—now if I could only think of something else to amuse him, Oh! (*seeing Bronze and Gubbins*) there are the European Merchants.

Gub.—Yes, merchants without merchandize.

Bronze.—Will you hold your tongue you suicide—(*to Moostapha*) Sir we are your humble servants Bronze, Gubbins & Co. have you any commands in our way.

Gub.—What way is that?—Oh Bronze!

Bronze.—We have every rarity, curiosity and utility that His Highness the Bashaw or their Highnesses the Mrs. Bashaws can possibly require.

Moost.—(*Aside*) How fortunate!

Gub.—(*Aside*) Now Bronze pray dont go on so.

Bronze.—Yes Sir—our travelling assortment is pretty large; amongst other things we have a pair of slippers that belonged to Julius Cæsar—Prester John's pipe and tobacco box. A young mammoth—the eldest Brother of the Great American Sea Serpent—and above all the celebrated Black Bear from Bengal in the East Indies.

Gub.—Oh! what tarrididlers (*Aside.*)

Moost.—I am the luckiest of men—my dear friends, you are the very people I wanted. The Bashaw condescends to labour under an affliction, and we wish to divert his melancholy. Any little amusement, any thing curious, any thing to take a prominent part in a sort of Fete would be highly acceptable.

Bronze.—Sir, account yourself lucky that Bronze, Gubbins and Co. have arrived in these parts—for a Fete, my partner is the very man—allow me to present my friend to you—he eats fire.

Gub.—(*Trying to stop him*) I am blow'd if I do!

Bronze.—Swallows spits.

Gub.—Never swallowed a spit in my life.

Bronze.—Masticates glass bottles and paving stones, and above all dances like an Angel on the tight rope.

Gub.—(*Aside*) Oh la—you know I dont.

Bronze.—(*Aside*) you do you rascal you do, its only taking a pole in your hand with a bit of lead at each end, and then you may be quite confident.

Gub.—Yes, that I shall break my neck.

Moost.—That is not exactly what I meant; the Bashaw hates to see people exert themselves, it gives him trouble, he likes that sort of amusement that makes one sleep.

Bronze.—Ah—great dinner parties for instance, or young ladies playing on the Piano Forte.

Moost.—Not exactly, but quiet sagacious animals, who spell words, and pick out cards with their noses, he doats in short on wise beasts—and he had a white arctic Bear who was the jewel of his eye, and the nutmeg of his affections.

Gub.—A Bear?—Oh, we had such a beautiful Bear!

Moost.—What does your partner say?

Bronze.—He says that we *have* such a beautiful Bear.

Gub.—I'm sure now I—

Bronze.—Oh you don't want to part with him, eh!—but come come Gubbins—he is, I acknowledge, the existing wonder of the world, but then for the general good of the concern we must sacrifice our private affections—*Gubbins* is so fond of him Sir—(*Aside*) say so you rascal, say so.

Gub.—Oh, yes very fond of him—(*Aside.*) Who do you mean?

Bronze.—He is as his own child to him.

Gub.—Yes, he's my own child, to him (*aside.*) Who the devil do you mean Bronze?

Bronze.—In short Sir with all reverence to the Bashaw and yourself—there is not such another Bear in the world.

Moost.—Can it be possible? What have you really a Bear like ours?

Bronze.—To a hair precisely the same kind of creature except that having resided in a warm climate, he is not quite so fair as your Bear.

Moost.—Oh blackish!

Bronze.—A Brunette—but what is colour? Talent is every thing, and I give you my honor that ours is the most accomplished Bear in the world. He has been the admiration of all the Courts he has visited. The Emperor of Russia gave him a diamond Snuff Box, and the Pope created him a Cardinal.

Gub.—Oh Crimini!!!

Bronze.—There was a talk of a Baronetcy while in England and he actually received the freedom of the Furrier's Company.

Moost.—This is admirable, I am the most fortunate of sinners. His manners you say—

Bronze.—Are bland as new milk and sweet as syrup of violets in fact they received their last polish in Calcutta, where condescension is as plentiful as claret, pride of place as uncommon as good potatoes, and the British character is only less amiable and admired for its softness and suavity—than my Bears.

Moost.—Exquisite—and his accomplishments?

Bronze.—Are secondary to his sterling merits, nevertheless he dances like an angel, is an excellent mathematician, and plays upon the violincello divinely.

Moost.—Is it possible?

Bronze.—Yes true upon my veracity. He has had lessons too from Velluti and sung a duett or two with Sontag, but a natural modesty interferes with his singing in general society. The only time he attempted in public was when he play'd at the Chowringhee Theatre for the benefit of Bears, when I assure you all the young gentlemen in Calcutta attended.

Moost.—I am a made man—the very thing.—My dear, dear friends, I prophecy, I foresee for you and for your Bear, a most brilliant destiny,—what if the Bashaw should appoint him Prime Minister.

Gub.—What?—Who Prime Minister?

Moost.—Your Bear.

Gub.—My Bear?

Bronze.—Yes our Bear.

Gub.—Our Bear—Why you know that our bear—

Moost.—Is the very animal I want and *will* have—your partner (to *Bronze*) may dance very well on the tight rope, but he is rather tiresome in conversation.

Bronze.—Gubbins leave the matter to me.

Gub.—Well this beats every thing—I'll go and write a Sonnet upon it.

Moost.—Your fortune is made Mr. Merchant. Yours and mine, can your bear catch fish?

Bronze.—Catch fish!—he is first cousin to a man at Madras who could stay under water seventy-two hours at a stretch without drawing breath.

Moost.—The Pashaw will lose his senses, he likes fish of all things—my friend your fortune is made.

Bronze.—(To *Gubbins*) do you hear our fortune is made. Tell me Mr. Moostapha is the Bashaw a kind man?

Moost.—Oh so mild and docile that it would quite astonish

you, but he can't bear to be kept waiting, so make haste to bring your Bear to Shahabahamalique.

Bronze.—That's the Bashaw?

Moost.—Yes he gives a fete to day to his favourite Sultana who is an English woman, and as you and your Bear are English it will give him pleasure to see her countrymen—let me see we will begin with a dance on the tight rope.

Gub.—If I am the only one to dance I'll just trouble you, for as I said in my Sonnet.

“The man is all the same as good as dead

“Who breaks his neck or knocks off his poor head.”

Bronze.—You see how his self-love is wounded; he's jealous (to *Moostapha*) of the Bear.

Moost.—Ah I see—then he shall swallow spits, and eat paving stones, but we'll arrange all that by and by. I must away to the Bashaw, who pray remember always gets in the humour to cut off heads if kept waiting.

Exit.

Gub.—My excellent friend *Bronze* permit me to propose one question to you, pray how do you find yourself?

Bronze.—Why pretty well thank you *Gubbins* how do you do?

Gub.—I merely wished to know in the way of simple information whether you have not by chance lost your senses.

Bronze.—Why, have you found them *Gubby*.

Gub.—No—but to go for to tell the Bashaw about a Bear that can dance and play, and do the rule of three, and all manner of mathematical, why where in the versal world will you find such an animal, except you send for the learned pig.

Bronze.—Why now can't you guess.

Gub.—No, I can't upon my soul.

Bronze.—You can't!

Gub.—I can't!

Bronze.—My friend—*You* are the fortunate youth.

Gub.—Me!

Bronze.—Yes the good of the concern requires it.

Gub.—What make a beast of me.

Bronze.—But such a beast—you ought to feel flattered by the character I drew—a perfect Bear. The *Apollon Belvidere* of the *Ursine* race.

Gub.—Yes, but—

Bronze.—Now don't mar our fortune, I tell you that you must be *Bruin*.

Gub.—I am sure I wish that I was brewing, or baking; or even making mould sixes, before I got myself into such a scrape as this—but as I said in my lines on a bottle of *opedildoc*,

The man who roams abroad for to descry
What he can see—had better mind his eye.

Bronze.—Why now don't you recollect we had a Bear.

Gub.—Yes, but he died of a chromatic disorder, and now we have only his skin.

Bronze.—Well, I will put you in to it.

Gub.—The devil you will !

Bronze.—I will.

Gub.—I *knew* how it would be.—It will end in my first being made to dance upon hot plates, and then being cut up into Westphalia hams. Its always the way.

Bronze.—But my dear friend—let me intreat you not to mar so promising a scheme—you are exactly his height—your manners are alike—you dance and play to perfection on the violin-cello—what would you have more—the character was made for you.

Gub.—Aye you said the same of Macbeth, but I'll be hang'd if I play *this* part.

Bronze.—But consider our fortune—you may be made chancellor of the Exchequer ?

Gub.—I despise fortune, far as I said in my ode to Mr. Sheriff Parkins,

“ What is money but yellow and white metal,

“ With which our washerwoman's bills we settle.”

What for a little paltry dross would you make a brute of a philosopher, and a man of letters ?

Bronze.—My dear Gubbins, the three characters are quite compatible, you will be a second Doctor Johnson, so come now.

Gub.—I'll tell you what it is Bronze. If I do I'll be—(*ROXOLANA sings behind the scene.*) My dear Bronze do you hear that. Do you know the voice?—hush! (*she sings again*) by the Miller and his men, 'tis she, 'tis she !

Bronze.—She ! Who ?

Gub.—Have you forgot her sweet voice ? Didn't she draw great houses at the West Peckham singing “ Cherry ripe,” its my wife—My dear partner give me joy.

Bronze.—My dear Fellow—nothing could possibly delight me more.

Gub.—Yes here is where the pirates have brought her—I only hope—but she said she would die before she would love another, and I guess from her singing that she is by no means dead—but how to get to her.

Bronze.—There is only one way.

Gub.—What is that.

Bronze.—Make yourself a Bear.

Gub.—There now, if I didn't think that would be it.

Bronze.—It is the only way for you to get near her and make yourself known.

Gub.—But bless me—for one so remarkably handsome to disfigure himself so before his chickabiddy is contrary to all reason—why she'll be frightened out of her wits.

Bronze.—No such thing—I'll give her a hint that you are by no means so great a brute as you appear, come, come, we have no time to loose.

Gub.—Well Bronze, you are a man of great genius, and if you really think—

Bronze.—Phsa ! It is only plodders who think---Poets, Lovers, are all impulse and instinct like opera dancers.

Gub.—You say true. My dear Friend do with me as you like for as I observed in my lines to a bundle of Asparagus.

When love points out, as is his duty
The way to succour weeping beauty,
We scorn the furies and the fates
And don't care for five barr'd gates.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the BASHAW, MOOSTAPHA, ROXALANA, ZULEMA, SULTANAS, COURTIERS, GUARDS, SLAVES, &c. Shahabamalique sits down on the musnud,—Roxolaha sits beside him—a slave brings the Bashaw's pipe.

Bash.—Well now we are here to amuse ourselves, let us lose no time. I can't bear to be kept waiting—amuse yourselves my friends, and pray make haste, for I declare to you whoever is not amused I shall order his nose and both his ears to be taken off immediately, so be gay—be gay—(*yawns.*)

Moost.—(*Making a low Salam*)—Concentration of the lustre of the heavenly bodies, brilliant intelligence of the earth (*Bashaw yawns*) deign to accept the homage with which I throw myself at your sublime feet, permit me to kiss the dust off your resplendant shoes, that is to say boots (*kisses the Bashaw's foot.*)

Bash.—Kiss it my Friend and welcome; kiss the other if you find it do you good (*holds up the other foot.*)

Moost.—Thanks to your Highness's graciousness.

Bash.—But be gay, be mirthful, it is the order of the day and exceedingly amusing (*yawns*) did you not promise me that we should have here some curious animal.

Moost.—Yes my Lord, a Bear from the celebrated city of Calcutta where he was born and bred, he is an honor to that great capital. Here comes his conductor, I have the honor to present him to your Highness (*presents Bronze*) hush ! the lips of wisdom are about to shed the honey of understanding.

Bash.—Leader of Bears,—you're welcome my boy.

Rox.—(*Aside*) Heavens, can I believe my eyes, can it be! it is Bronze my poor husband's friend!—who moreover played Romeo to my Juliet very pleasantly.

Moost.—Mr. Bearman, you may speak.

Bronze.—Yes, my incomparable Bear was born and bred in the eminent city of Calcutta, he has all the virtues and manners for which that polite capital is celebrated, he came from thence to London—made the tour of Europe with a private tutor, and now pants for the honor of an introduction to the great, the powerful, the virtuous—Sha-ha-ba—

Moost.—Go on—go on—how can any one forget so fine a name as *Shahabahamalique*.

Bronze.—The generous *Shahabama*—

Bash.—He is a very polite young man that.

Bronze.—The patron of the arts.

Bash.—Very civil indeed.

Bronze.—The cherisher of Bears.

Bash.—Really he is very polite, and I declare amuses me exceedingly.—(*Yawns.*)

Rox.—What is become of my poor dear Mark Anthony Gubbins.—(*Aside.*)

Bronze.—It is not necessary ladies and gentlemen that I should now explain all the qualities of my Bear—many can shew you an animal of the kind who runs up a pole, or a wise dog who plays at Dominos, or a Canary Bird that fires off guns and calculates simple multiplication—my Bear does all this—and is besides an agreeable companion in a Post Chaise.

Bash.—Merchant of Bears—what did you say about the dog, and the bird?

Bronze.—The animals themselves will explain, your mightiness, I have a whole cargo of them.

Bash.—Dear me, that will be monstrously amusing.

Bronze.—When they arrive on shore I shall have the honor to present them; at present permit me to offer to your Highness a bill shewing the exercises and general virtues of my Bear.

Bash.—Ah that is right, it will be excessively amusing I never can understand any thing unless it is very well explained—unless I have a bill of a concert, Mr. Merchant of Bears, I don't care a fig for the music.

Bronze distributing the bills, gives one to ROXALANA and tells her in a low voice to "read it."

Rox.—What do I see (*reading*) "The Bear is your husband"—I must dissemble my anxiety—how could he run such a risk, it is so unlike him.—*Enter GUBBINS as the Bear with a chain round his neck conducted by a slave.*

Bronze.—He waits your Highness's orders deign to command him and he will obey.

Bash.—Surprizing animal—marvellous animal—tell me, tell me I say, (*aside*) I dont know what to say to him I am sure curious and singular animal—in short—surprizing animal—Merchant of Bears my penetration cannot be deceived.

Bronze—(*In alarm*) My Lord!

Bash.—I see that he *is* a very wise animal—and very surprizing and quite amusing—but let me see him do something clever and singular—can he read?

Bronze.—Perfectly—read—oh yes—as well as any school-master in your Highnesses' dominions—but then he always reads to himself.

Bash.—Well that is very wonderful—I'm sure I dont know—but I—

Moost.—Star of the first magnitude—here are some numbers painted on ivory given to your Highness by a Christian trader for the use of their little Highnesses—let your slave place them before this sage beast and ask him a question?

Bash.—Ah—it will be marvelously amusing—and I declare if he dont answer rightly he shall eat all the square bits of ivory; that will be very amusing.

Gub.—(*Aside*) Oh Lord—Oh Lord!

Moost.—Now please your Highness shall I ask him how much three times three makes.

Bash.—Yes—Yes—and make haste, it will be very diverting.

Moost.—(*Throws down the counters*) Sage animal tell the light of the world how much three times three makes.

Bash.—Mr. Bear merchant what is that sagacious beast doing with his foot?

Bronze.—(*Aside*) that fool will make some absurd blunder,—Oh please your highness he's merely making a little calculation with his toe, using the "Light Fantastic" as Shakspear says (*Aside to Gubbins*) now none of your folly or the sum total will be hanging for two.

Gub.—*Picks out and holds up the No. 20.*

Bronze.—(*Aside*) Oh Lord—Oh Lord.

Bash.—There now that *is* very amusing, what is that he holds in his hand.

Moost.—Moon of intelligence it signifies—20 but—

Bash.—Wonderful—very wonderful truly, only think that a Brute animal should possess so much discernment. I could not have done it better myself.

Moost.—But may I submit to your lumniousness—does 3 times 3—make 20?

Bash.—Eh?—Ah!—I declare now ~~that~~ never struck me—

very curious that I should not have thought of that—Hark—ee Merchant of Bears—does 3 times 3 make 20.

Bronze.—Oh your Highness—I dont know what may be the case *here*—but where my Bear was educated 3 times 3 was always consider'd as twenty or in fact any other number ; as three times three cheers for instance.

Bash.—Well I declare Moostapha, that's a very sensible man that Merchant of Bears, and the whole thing is very amusing, and makes me very tired—can't that surprizing animal do something else.

Bronze.—What is there he *cannot* do ?

Bash.—I'm sure I dont know—can he sing ?

Bronze.—Why that is his weak point—he is naturally modest—and just now rather hoarse, but he can dance like a pea on a tobacco pipe—and play on the double bass like Orpheus himself.

Bash.—There Moostapha—only think how amusing. He can play upon a bass Fiddle like a tobacco pipe and dance like Morpheus. Roxalana shall dance with him directly, and if he does it well he shall have a bushel of split pease and the inside of a bullock for his supper—but first let us hear him play.

Bronze.—My Lord you shall be satisfied.

Bash.—I should like to hear something of his own composition.

Bronze.—Certainly the piece he is about to perform is entirely his own.

Bash.—Come come, merchant of Bears ; you have corrected it a little eh ?

Bronze.—No upon my honor, but your Highness shall judge for yourself. Ladies and gentlemen let me entreat silence and attention, my Bear is going to begin.

GUBBINS *plays "Cherry Ripe," On the Double Bass.*

Bronze.—There Rossini never composed such an air as that.

Bash.—Most marvellous and amusing ; well certainly Europe is the only place for such things—a Turkish Bear would never have done so much. Tell me now how did you manage to instruct this pleasant animal in such a surprizing manner ? answer to my satisfaction and I will make you tutor to my children which will be very amusing.

Bronze.—My Lord you must first catch a Bear—that is if you can.

Bash.—Yes I conceive, if you can—well ?

Bronze.—Well, it's best to catch a young Bear, but if you catch an old one it is precisely the same thing, or if he is middle aged it does not make any difference.

Bash.—Admirable ! Well ?

Bronze.—After you have caught your Bear, you must lay down a system and follow it or not as you like—you must bring up your Bear as he ought to be brought up—if he understands what he is told and remembers all he is taught; he will probably learn what you teach him—in short you must take your Bear and give him an education, and if he profits by your lessons he will be educated.

Bash.—S'death! you astonish me as much as your Bear. But how the devil did you make him a musician.

Bronze.—My Lord by teaching him music.

Bash.—Moostapha my Friend, that man expresses himself with a clearness and facility which quite surprize me. I never *was* so amused—now for the dancing.

Bronze.—Certainly my Lord, Go, Billy Taylor—and—

Bash.—What do you call him?

Bronze.—Billy Taylor My Lord.

Bash.—Ah! a very pretty name indeed.

Bronze.—Go Billy Taylor and ask those Ladies to dance.

Bash.—Star of loveliness beautiful Roxolana---what is to say paragon of beauty—in other words—Moostapha.

Moost.—(*To Roxolana*) His Highness would say, Oh light of the interior apartment, that he wishes you to dance with this amusing animal. The Bashaw is about to purchase him, and for you also sun of loveliness, he gave forty-five sequins and eight dinars.

Rox. Fool! (*Aside*). Well Sir, I shall obey His Highness, but in my country we wait till the Bears themselves solicit the honor of dancing with us.

Bronze.—Do you hear Billy Taylor, go, go.

Gubbins goes to Roxolana and Zulema---and invites them by signs to dance.

Bash.—Admirable!—admirable!—he invites Roxalana and Zulema to dance, well this *is* very amusing.

Bronze.—Don't fear him Ladies, he's by many degrees more quiet than a lamb.—*The BEAR and the LADIES dance an Allemande; at the moment of turning ROXOLANA the BEAR embraces her.*

Rox.—Heavens what imprudence!—(*aside*)

Bash.—Capital—Capital—I couldn't do that. It is very amusing. and I declare I am quite tired—but stay, let every one retire, every one but you merchant of Bears, and take that pleasant animal and shew him the curiosities of the palace. If he wants to dive after the little fishes in the pond or climb up any of the trees for nuts don't prevent him. Now go all of you.

Rox.—Heaven protect my poor husband.—(*aside*)

Every one goes out, the BEAR very reluctantly, he escapes

from the slave who is leading him and tries to run to MOOS-TAPHA for refuge, the latter takes to flight precipitately followed by the BEAR.

Bash.—Merchant of Bears ; I—I say, Merchant of Bears, I have something in my head.

Bronze.—(*Aside*).—The devil he has—I hope he does not suspect.

Bash.—A thought has struck me.

Bronze.—Really.

Bash.—When I say that a thought has struck me—I mean—that I have an idea.

Bronze.—Really.

Bash.—I have another Bear in my menagerie towards whom I feel an affectionate regard, and I thought to myself just now, that it would be very amusing to see the two Bears dance the allemande together—says I—that's to myself you know, says I, it will be just twice as amusing to see two Bears dance as to see one—you understand me Mr. Merchant—so now do as I bid you.

Bronze.—Really I dont know what your Highness wishes.

Bash.—Eh !—oh !—aye— you must teach my other Bear, my white Bear of the north sea to dance like yours, that's all. Music he may learn by and by, but I am in a great hurry to see him dance, so make haste and give him a lesson.

Bronze.—(*Aside*.) The Devil !

Bash.—But Merchant of Bears.—Remember I am in a hurry, I cant wait, I *must* be amused. So I will just give orders for them to shut you up with the Arctic Bear and you can give him the first lesson immediately. I dare say he'll learn “ Balancez ” and “ Dos a Dos ” in half an hour at most, for he is very intelligent, and since he eat one of my Mamalukes he has grown as quiet as a boiled onion.

Bronze.—Here's a precious scrape. (*Aside*.)

Bash.—But you must be quick Merchant of Bears, you must be quick, because you see though I am naturally as mild as cream-cheese, yet when people make me angry and impatient—

Bronze.—Well—then—

Bash.—I order their heads to be cut off which is quite natural you know.

Bronze.—Oh Jupiter (*Aside*.) That to be sure is one way, but—

Bash.—Oh yes it shortens all difficulties.

Bronze.—Yes (*Aside*) and it shortens those who make them at the same time—But illustrious Prince if it was permitted me—what the devil shall I say to get out of this scrape ? (*Aside*.)—If it was permitted me, to—to—to present you with my system of—of political economy.

Bash.—My good fellow present any thing you like. The more presents the more pleasant, as we say in this country.

Bronze.—Doubtless all learned Sir, you know what Political Economy is.

Bash.—Ah it is assuredly something very diverting, or you would not offer it to me, but go on.

Bronze.—Now I will explain what it is by an example, do you think my animals are not difficult to conduct? but if I was to cut off their heads where the devil would political economy be?—answer me that.

Bash.—Why really—ah!—you—that is Merchant of Bears I don't know unless it might be in their tails, but go on—that man (*Aside*) is really very wonderful.

Bronze.—Now my system of Political Economy is this—you have never read Doctor Kitchener—have you.

Bash.—No but I dare say, it would be vastly amusing.

Bronze.—Well, he says—that—after dinner particularly, you should not order any one to get the Bastinado—and that you should never give it to all alike.

Bash.—Very true that might create jealousy—he's (*aside*) a wonderful man.

Bronze.—For instance, I, now, don't castigate my wise canary birds as I do my Elephants. The birds I only punish, when they are mutinous, with a tweak.

Bash.—Merchant of bears, what's a tweak?

Bronze.—If your Highness would condescend to lend me your nose I'd shew you in a minute.

Bash.—Merchant of Bears, excuse me, I don't like at all to have my nose touch'd it always makes me sneeze.

Bronze.—Well a tweak is this kind of thing (*imitating with his fingers*).

Bash.—Oh you mean a pinch.

Bronze.—No tweak is the word.

Bash.—Pinch is more common.

Bronze.—Ah that's the grand mistake with all politicians they don't understand the value of words and so—

Bash.—They say pinch.

Bronze.—They ought to say tweak.

Enter MOOSTAPHA.

Bash.—Ah but here comes my Privy Councillor. Merchant of Bears, let us take him for our judge.

Moost.—Your Highness if—

Bash.—(*Goes up to Moostapha and gives him a pull of the nose.*) My friend what do you call that?

(MOOSTAPHA roars out.)

Bronze.—Fairplay—Fairplay your Highness, don't influence his decision (*advances to Moostapha and gives him another pull of the nose*)—now what do you call that?

Moost.—Oh! Oh!—Your Highness!—merchant of Bears—what has my nose done to offend.

Bash.—My Friend, be cheerful, he had my permission to make use of it, but what do you call that (*approaching his finger again to Moostapha's nose.*)

Moost.—(*Retiring and holding his nose*)—My Lord, My Lord, what can I call it but a pull of the nose.

Bronze.—There, tweak, pinch, pull, every class in society has its particular terms—and that's quite according to my system of political economy, which your Highness now understands perfectly.

Bash.—(*With an air of infinite stupidity*) oh marvellously, it's the clearest science in the world, and very amusing.

Moostapha.—Sir.

Bash.—You may speak now.

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) Thank Heaven what a relief!

Moost.—According to your orders they allowed Mr. Bear to walk alone in the garden and they have found him—just guess where?

Bash.—Ha—really—Ha—why, perhaps eh—in one of the walks eating Filberts.

Moost.—You would never guess it; only think, at the feet of Roxolana.

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) Confusion.

Bash.—(*Chuckling*) admirable, admirable, only listen Mr. Merchant—your Bear at the feet of Roxolana, oh it is too amusing. But Moostapha my friend, had he an interesting air?

Moost.—Just the air of some one who makes a declaration. He seems a very affectionate animal.

Bash.—(*Very much amused*) and so he declared himself? well that is miraculous—I never saw a Bear offer his hand and fortune, I never did as much to Roxolana. I'm sure.

Moost.—I have had him conducted into the little menagerie there.

Bronze.—(*Aside*) murder murder—poor Gubbins in a menagerie.

Moost.—(*To Bronze*) I suppose we may rely upon the amiability of his character, for there are only birds, monkeys, gold fishes and other quadrupeds of the innocent kind there.

Bronze.—Oh he is more like a lamb than any thing else (*aside*) I breathe again.—(*Sees Gubbins through the gilt wire of the menagerie who makes signs.*)—There he is.

Bash.—Well no body gives me any credit for my patience, and I really cannot remain patient any longer—I *will* see this Bear dance and converse with my Bear of the Icy Sea.

(*Gubbins make sings of dissent to Bronze who answers him.*)

I would give ten thousand chequeens merchant of Bears to see them dance a Gavotte together. Heavens! it would be too amusing.

Bronze.—Ten thousand chequeens (*hesitating.*) Sir I, I—

(*Gub. In great agitation makes signs to him to refuse.*)

Bash.—You must manage it, or I shall be angry, I shall be angry, I assure you Merchant of Bears I shall—well (*to Moostapha*) are not you gone for the Great Bear of the Icy Sea yet? Ay I can't wait a minute. I'll go and inform the Ladies of the Seraglio of this interesting spectacle (*going and returning to Bronze*) don't you think merchant of Bears, that it will be too amusing to see them dance the Gavotte together?

Bronze.—But Sir—

Bash.—Don't make me angry, I can't bear it, it spoils my appetite, I order you to arrange it, they *must* dance the Gavotte, or else by Mahommed off go the heads of the dancers, and yours too my fine gentlemen, I'll impale all the musicians, burn the menagerie and chuck Roxolana into the sea, and so, for five minutes, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning, gentlemen.

(*Exit.*)

(*Bronze and Moostapha stand looking very blank at each other.*)

Moost.—(*To Bronze.*) He is just the man to do it—what in the name of the prophet shall I do. (*Aside.*)

Bronze.—If I could only get poor Gubbins and myself out of this scrape. (*Aside*)—Your Bear then is very wicked. (*To Moostapha.*)—Ah! I see how it is, you are afraid that he will corrupt the morals of my Bear; very considerate indeed, thank ye.

Moost.—Alas the poor animal will never corrupt any one's morals again, he died this morning.

Bronze.—Dead do you say?

Moost.—Yes as dead as Daniel and I had some idea of asking you to deal for his skin; but that's all over now. The Bashaw has set his heart upon seeing him dance a Gavotte, and when he finds out what has happened, he will soon send me to keep company with the lamented deceased.

Bronze.—Lucky dog.

Moost.—Lucky; what to lose my head because an Arctic Bear could not digest three Poodles and a bushel of carrots?

Bronze.—Ten thousand chequeens; by Jupiter,—my good fellow, say no more, only tell me can you dance a Gavotte?

Moost.—This, Mr. Merchant of Bears, is very ill timed pleasantry, you see me on the eve of being cut off in the bloom of youth, and you ask me if I can dance the Gavotte!

Bronze.—Zounds! we have no time to lose, can you, or can you not dance the Gavotte?

Moost.—(*Seeming after a time to comprehend and giving a long whistle*) Whew!—I see, I perceive my dear Friend, dance to be sure, I can dance any thing in the world rather than be made to dance out of it. Zounds I'd dance a waltz on a hot warming pan without slippers, sooner than disappoint the Bashaw (*drawing his hand across his throat.*)

Bronze.—Well then that's all right.—This Bashaw I see is like a spoilt child, good natured in the main and as soft and tractable as treacle, when the first moment of impatience has passed. But we have no time to lose, come I will explain more fully to you while you are making your toilette, and I will inform the Bashaw that his orders are obeyed and the ball is about to commence.

Moost.—Yes, but—

Bronze.—Oh don't fear my Bear, he's as mild and sweet as Warren's Milk of Roses, Besides you saw how he danced with Roxolana, I'll keep near him, never fear, come, come—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GUBBINS alone (*climbing over the wall of the garden by the menagerie with the Bear's head under his arm, he descends by the tree, and comes forwards shaking his finger*) Oh Lok, Oh Lok, how it does tingle, that cursed animal, he had no more compassion upon my finger than if it had been a nut, (*blowing his finger*) Heavens what a situation is that of a Bear when he cannot make himself respected even by the monkeys. There was I, sitting in my corner, not saying a word to any body. When a rascally black faced Baboon came and began to nibble my tail; I couldn't stand that, for though I never was proud, yet I knew that a monkey ought to keep his distance in company with a Bear: says I to myself the Bear is the nobler animal. So I just put out my hind foot, that's my leg, and gave him a little shove, when, before I could say Jack Robinson, he popped on my shoulders and when I clapped up my fore foot, that's my hand to take him off, he got my poor finger into his mouth, and began to chor it, as if it had been a bit o'pig tail. Oh dear, oh dear, he has taken off all my skin, (*shows a piece of the Bear's skin hanging down torn,*) however I have one consolation, I did not begin the quarrel. Says I, I am the only Christian beast here, so I'll set a good example to the others, who would be a Bear to be kick'd and bit in this manner? oh Mark Anthony Gubbins! Mark Anthony Gubbins! why did you ever leave the tallow candle trade and the place of principal

Sonnetteer in the Lady's Maid's Weekly Recreation to become a stroller? (*begins to cry,*) I can't get my handkecher out of my breeches pocket—well nature is very bountiful to Bears (*wipes his eyes and nose with his paw*) Hollo! what the devils coming now? Oh La! Oh La! what shall I do? Oh Dear! Oh Dear! this is worse than the monkey—what do I see coming this way! The great white Bear of the Icy Sea by all that's horrible, (*tries to climb up the tree again but fails*) what *shall* I do? what *shall* I do? I'll put on my head again, perhaps he'll take me for his equal and at all events behave with civility if he isn't very hungry.

(*Puts on the Head.*)

Enter Moostapha.—Completely disguised as the white Bear and with the head on.

Moost.—Ha! Ha! Ha! The scheme is a droll one, and the Bashaw is such a fool that he'll never find it out, and if it succeeds—

Sees Gubbins.

Eh!—What!—Oh Lord! What do I see, I thought he was safe in the menagerie—its no use trying to run in these infernal pantaloons. The merchant promised me that he would not leave him, what will become of me? If he *should* be hungry.—I wonder if they gave him the inside of the bullock and that bushe! of split peas, the Bashaw ordered for his supper? If now I could only catch hold of his chain.—I'll try. (*approaches Gubbins cautiously*)

Gub.—Ah—Oh—he comes towards me, keep off, (*tries to roar like a Bear.*)

Moost.—Heavens he begins to be enraged—can't I alarm him (*tries to roar like a Bear.*)

Gub.—Oh Gemmini, Gemmini, where shall I fly, (*roars.*)

Moost.—Help me Prophet—help me, he is getting savage, (*roars.*)

They both turn tail, run round the stage and meet at the top, they jostle each other roaring all the time, and while so doing both the Bears heads tumble off.

Both.—The devil!

They have fallen on their knees in which attitude they continue staring at each other in stupid astonishment.

Gub.—Crimini, here's a go—well this beats Romeo and Juliet all to nothing, so it is you after all Mr. Moostapha, (*rising.*)

Moost.—(*Rising.*) Now arn't! you a pretty fellow. You deceptious Hypocrite to pass yourself, for a black Bear—had it been a white Bear it would have been of no consequence—cheat the Bashaw, make love to Roxalana, and frighten me almost to

death—but never mind—good nature is my failing, and since you can get my head taken off by telling the Bashaw of this little frolic of mine. I heartily forgive you.

Gub.—My dear fellow, if ever you *should* come to West Peckham—d—e! I'll give you a Pit Ticket for nothing, (*they embrace.*)

Moost.—But come let us talk about this curious adventure, let's have a little comfortable chat. (*They go to the Bashaw's throne, leaving the Bear's heads where they fell, and sit down, after some ceremony.*) Well now, tell me—My Dear Friend, how you contrived. (*Music behind the scenes.*) Heavens here is the Bashaw, quick, quick to our parts, or boiling to death will be the mildest sentence pronounced.

(*They both run and pick up the heads in great trepidation, —GUBBINS puts on the head of the white Bear, and MOOSTAPHA that of the black Bear, they then plump down upon their hands and knees, side by side in the middle of the stage, and gaze towards the audience.*)

(*Enter The BASHAW, ROXOLANA, ZULEMA, BRONZE, and ATTENDANTS.*)

Bronze.—(*Speaking as they enter.*) Yes my Lord—you shall be satisfied—s'death, and the devil! (*aside.*) What have they been doing?

Bash.—Merchant of Bears—I can understand most things, but what the devil's this?

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) The awkward Ideots—Zounds we shall all be impaled together.

Bash.—How is it—How is it, I say that my white Bear has got a black head, and my black Bear has got a white head?

Bronze.—(*In great confusion.*) It is, my Lord—it is—nothing can, indeed it is the easiest thing in the world to understand. (*Devil take them, Aside.*)

Rox.—Good heavens! I hope Gubbins has not really changed heads with any one (*Aside.*)

Bash.—The easiest thing in the world to understand! have the goodness to explain it then.

Rox.—(*Aside.*) Alas, how shall I discover my poor Mark Anthony Gubbins in this confusion of Bears.

Bronze. (*Endeavouring to speak with confidence.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, you have doubtless read Mounsieur Buffon, and Aristotle's Treatise on Animals.

Bash.—Yes to be sure, we have read all these, but nevertheless how is it that my Bear, who had a white head, has now got a black one?

Bronze.—You will understand me directly for thank heaven I have not got to lecture an Ignoramus, but the great Shahabaha-

malique. The patron of the arts, the most enlighten'd person in the East.

Bash.—Thank'ye my friend, you're exceedingly kind, but let us hear.

Bronze.—This faithful animal, knows that he has changed his master, and you are too well informed not to know the effect of grief on a tender and sensitive mind. We have, alas ! heard of human beings as tender as my Bear, who in the space of one night saw their brown looks turn grey.

Bash.—That is very true, I understand all that—but how the devil can you account for the white ones getting a *black* head?

Bronze.—(*In confusion*) Alas sire, I own to you, that on that point I am rather embarrassed, unless indeed, what I cannot positively affirm, he has taken to wear a wig.

Bash.—We'll soon find that out, I know a friend of his who can tell me—Moostapha (*calling.*)

Moost.—(*Forgetting himself and answering quickly*) Sir !

Bash.—The devil—one of the Bears spoke.

Bronze and Roxolana.—Impossible.

Bash.—But I say they did, though, and I will know who answered me. (*During the preceding dialogue the two Bears kneel on all fours side by side in the centre of the stage staring gravely towards the audience.*)

Bronze.—You see they do not reply.

Bash.—That is just because they are obstinate, nothing else. but by the Prophet I will teach them to speak—cut off their heads.

Rox.—Oh my Lord what are you going to do, do not spill innocent blood, cutting off their heads won't make them speak a bit better.

Zul.—Oh my gracious Lord, so genteel a Bear !

Bash.—Ah ah—Ah ah—What coquettes these women are—because they found one of the Bears at her feet—well, well Roxolana, I can refuse you nothing. I permit you to save one—but no pity for the other.

Rox.—(*Aside.*) What can I do? How shall I know him? Mr. Bronze which, oh which is my husband?

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) Upon my soul they have mixed themselves up in such an extraordinary manner, that I don't know which is which.

Rox.—Alas I dare not make a choice.

Bash.—Then my great courier shall settle the matter. Bring me both their heads.

Moost. and Gubbins.—*Jump and lay their Bear's heads at the Bashaw's feet—saying*

My Lord we'll save him the trouble. We have the honour to place our pericraniums at your Highnesses' gracious disposal.

Bash.—(*Astonish'd.*)—What my counsellor a Bear! and who in the name of the Prophet—is that other beast?

Rox.—Oh my Lord. That's my husband.

Bash.—(*Apparently furious.*) So every one has deceived me. Those Bears were not Bears—and the lady they gave me for a wife is somebody else's wife—vengeance! vengeance! (*Draws his sword*)

Air and Chorus.—"PRAY GOODY."

Rox.—Good Bashaw, please to cast away that sahre from your hand.

Zul.—Dismiss those looks of fury from your eyes.

Moost. and Gubb.—Oh dear, I'm very dizzy, I can neither go nor stand.

All.—Then kneel and ask forgiveness if you're wise.

All.—Pardon—Pardon.

Zul.—Do not be too hard on.

Rox.—My poor Hubby.

Bronze.—That is Gubby.

Gub.—Yes we tells no lies.

Gub.—These prythee spare.

Moost.—Your Bear.

Gub.—Your Bear.

Bronze.—Your Tutor.

Moost.—And your Friend.

Moost. and Gub.—You'll never meet with others half so wise.

All.—*Chaunting.*

Pardon—Pardon!

Bash.—Leave me alone with your pardons, you set of geese, it was my *intention* to pardon them—but you have taken away all the merit of it. Ha! Ha! Ha! I only wish'd to amuse myself, and it has been quite too amusing.

All.—What goodness—long live the Bashaw!

Bronze.—My Lord, when will you pay me my salary as governor of your children, and teacher in chief of Political Economy to your Highness.

Gub.—And me the value of my services as principal Bear.

Bash.—Ha! Ha! Ha! this is quite too amusing—very good indeed. They first make me swallow all their tricks, and then Mr. Bear with his head in his hand asks for payment—well well, I have had plenty of amusement. I haven't yawned this half hour, so divide the ten thousand chequeens amongst you, and look when you go back to Europe, don't be telling any of your ridiculous stories about the

"BEAR AND THE BASHAW"

Curtain drops.

H. M. P.

A SCENE IN THE DOOAB,

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS,

In tangled depths the jungles spread
 Around the solitary scene,
 The lurking panther's sullen tread
 Marks the wild paths of the ravine.

Here too the fierce hyena prowls,
 Haunting the dark jeels broad lagoon,
 And here at eve the wolf cub howls,
 And famished jackalls bay the moon.

Its scorching breath the hot wind pours
 Along the arid waste, and loud,
 The storm fiend of the desert roars,
 When bursts the sable thunder-cloud.

A crumbling mosque—a ruined fort
 Hastening alike to swift decay,
 Where owls and vampire bats resort,
 And vultures hide them from the day

Alone remain to tell the tale,
 Of moslem power and moslem pride,
 When shouts of conquest filled the gale,
 And swords in native blood were died.

They sleep—the slayer and the slain
 A nameless grave the victor shares—
 With the weak slave who wore the chain
 None save a craven spirit wears.

Yet had the deeds which they have done
 Lived in the poet's deathless song,
 These nameless Spahis must have won
 All that to Valour's hopes belong.

They brought their faith from foreign lands
 They reared the Moslem badge on high,
 And swept away with reeking brands
 The reliques of idolatry.

Where'er they preached their prophet's creed,
 The guilty rites of Brams fled,
 No longer shrinking victims bled,
 Or sleeps the living with the dead.

The frantic shrieks of widowed brides
 From burning piles resound no more,
 Or Ganges desecrated tides,
 Bears human offerings from the shore.

Their wreaths have faded—lizards bask
 Upon the marble pavement—where
 T'was erst the dark eyed beauties task
 To crown with flowers her raven hair.

Unheeded now the scorpion crawls
 And snakes unscathed in silence glide,
 Where once the bright Zenana's halls
 To woman's feet were sanctified.

No trace remains of those blest hours
 Where lamps in golden radiance bright,
 Streamed o'er there now fast falling towers
 The sunshine of their perfumed light.

The maiden's song—the anklet's bells
 So sweetly ringing o'er the floor,
 And eyes as soft as the gazelle's,
 Are heard, and seen, and felt no more.

Now all is silent—the wild cry
 Of savage beasts alone is heard—
 Or wrathful tempest hurrying by,
 Or moanings of some desert bird.

GRIEF.

A SONNET.

Impassioned grief is dumb—no earthly sound
 Can form its faithful echo. Sorrow's dart
 In fevered breasts awakes a secret smart
 That friendship may not share. Oh! curse profound
 To bear each struggling passion darkly bound
 Within that fearful cell—the shrouded heart!
 The quivering lip—the quick convulsive start,
 But feebly tell the strife. The croud around
 When sinks the strong man 'neath the sullen stream
 But mark the bubbles rise. Naught can reveal
 Our fiercer pangs. When mourners pant and teem
 With silent thought, and voiceless anguish feel,
 The world's calm brow, the charms of nature, seem
 To mock the smothered soul's unheard appeal!

D. L. R.

BETTER DAYS FOR INDIA.

*Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem,
Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit,
Virgil.*

Ask ye the time ? Oh, fool and slow of heart !
Its omens in the populous air are rife :—
Thunders shall bellow not, nor lightnings start,
Nor prodigies break forth of stellar strife,
When the dry bones are summon'd into life ;
Nor gift of Prophecy is needed now,
Through doubt and tears to read a coming age,
While an incredulous world derides the sage !—
But silently the signs are gathering round ;
Fate nor retards, nor expedites their speed
Inevitable ;—they who run may read !—
Portentous whispers, audible though low—
Tyrants confess and tremble at the sound
They cannot chuse but hear. Still will they cloak
Their guilt, and “ Bliss” to “ ignorance” impute ?*
’Twere better then to have been born a brute—
Or better still—a weed—to soak and soak
Beside the sluggish tank until it rot,
And there an end !—indeed a “ blissful” lot
For beings in their maker’s image made,
And little lower than the angels ! This—
This is the life which Bigotry calls Bliss !
How different from the life to freedom given !
With none to make the peasant’s heart afraid,
Secure to him his fig-tree’s peaceful shade,
Securer still his humble hopes of Heaven.

A voice as in the wilderness—Prepare !
Solemn and still, though in its coming long.
Harvests shall bloom where tigers made their lair,
And Sabbath-bells from mangoe-topes ring out ;
Hamlets and trim-built cottages shall smile
The happy homes of industry ; the shout
Of innocent pastime shall be heard, and toil*
(Nature repaying twice her debt to Art) .
Prompt by its own return the grateful heart
Full of a Peace, oppression cannot wrong !—
Ask ye the time ? ’Tis now upon the wing,
And ye shall live to see it, and to sing !

CAPEL SOUTH.

* “ Where ignorance is Bliss
’Tis folly to be wise” —

The most unphilosophical and altogether unmeaning dictum, that ever was used
as an apology for bigotry and oppression. C. S.

ON THE POETRY OF L. E. L.

THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS, 1824.

THE TROUBADOUR, 1825.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET, AND OTHER POEMS, 1827.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET, AND OTHER POEMS, 1829.

The appearance of a new volume from the pen of Miss Landon (or L. E. L.) induces us to offer a few remarks upon the nature of her poetry, which, as it seems to us has never yet been examined with strict impartiality. By a host of enthusiastic admirers, she is held up as the glory and wonder of the nineteenth century, while a small circle of sterner critics regard her with a feeling almost bordering on contempt. The grossly exaggerated estimate of her genius that has been formed by a very large class of readers, may be attributed to Mr. Jerdan, the Editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, under whose pilotage the young Poetess first ventured her little bark upon the tide of public opinion. The extensive circulation of the journal just alluded to, secured even her earliest efforts a considerable share of public notice, and if her friend had been somewhat more discreet in his praises, L. E. L. would probably have been a better and more successful Poet than she is now considered by men of judgment. The truth is, that her first crude effusions were hailed by the well-intentioned but imprudent Editor, with such outrageous and unqualified applause that she must have imagined herself at the goal of glory before she had well cleared the starting post. She was thrust blindfolded into a sudden and dangerous notoriety, with all her imperfections on her head, and was foolishly made to believe in the morning of her life that her genius was at its meridian. The task of correction to one already so laden with honours seemed a useless toil. There was no room for, or at all events, no need of improvement, for no additional care or labour could add any thing to her fame. One poem was as much admired as another, and the English language was soon exhausted in her praise. Every new production called forth a repetition of the same eulogistic epithets. Her only incitement therefore was to write not as *well*, but as *much* as possible, for the more frequently she wrote, the more frequently the silver voice of flattery was ringing in her ears. However much to be lamented, it is certainly not to be wondered at, if under these unfavorable circumstances her latest works have all the errors of her first and that many of those de-

fects, which are characteristic of inexperience and immaturity, and which the suggestions of sound criticism and her own study and self-examination might have soon removed, still continue to deform her writings. Mr. Jerdan has checked her intellectual growth, and almost killed her with too much kindness. Under better guardianship we are convinced that the genius of L. E. L. would by this time have wrung from the coldest critics a valuable tribute of admiration. Her patron's unmeasured and injudicious praises have not only greatly retarded the natural progress of her powers, but have disgusted many who might otherwise have felt an interest in her success.

But even Mr. Jerdan would hardly have succeeded in thus spoiling his poetical ward if a consideration for her sex had not kept many silent who would otherwise have exposed her errors, and tendered their advice. In this case however, as it appears to us, a false delicacy beguiled the critics into a culpable neglect of their public duty, while it would in fact have been more kind as well as more just towards the author herself, if they had saved her early genius from the perils of indiscriminate commendation. It should be remembered also that it is not only the cause of the individual author, who is called to the bar of public opinion, that is affected by the critic's judgment, but that the general interests of Literature are more or less dependent on every decision in the Courts of Criticism. Many a severe sentence that has driven an unfortunate author to the verge of insanity, would have been more cruel than necessary, if an example were not sometimes called for to deter fools from profaning the temples of literature and infecting the public taste. The errors of real genius are still more fatal in their effects than the eccentricities of scribblers, because they are apt to be regarded with silent indulgence by men of judgment, and are often confounded with excellencies by the mass of readers, and held up as precedents by the servile herd of imitators.

Though most of the more respectable critical journals have either passed over the works of Miss Landon in total silence or noticed them with very general and faint approbation, one of the most powerful Reviews* of the day has spoken of her faults with even more than sufficient sternness. Considering the extraordinary popularity however of these poems we certainly deem it the imperative duty of every sincere critic to point out in how far they are deserving or not of the public favor. It is high time indeed to make this enquiry when it is known, that very large sums are realized by their extensive sale while the volumes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and other unquestionably great poets, almost invariably entail a loss upon

* The Westminster.

their publishers. Some persons have maintained that popularity is the test of poetical genius and if this proposition were true we should have no hesitation in placing L. E. L. above any of the writers to whom we have just alluded. A more fallacious criterion, however, could hardly be conceived; for though we readily admit that extensive popularity is a pretty certain indication that a writer is not utterly devoid of every species of merit, it by no means follows that he is necessarily superior to his less-favored rivals. Popularity is no more a proof of genius than unpopularity is a proof of the want of it. But as the first implies merit of some kind or other, of however low a grade, yet palpable to common readers, so its opposite is generally occasioned by certain defects that are equally obvious to the general eye, while the excellencies, if such there be, require more penetration to discover and taste to appreciate, than are possessed by the multitude. In these cases the fortunes of the writers are usually reversed. In the process of time the critics bring the once neglected poets into public favour, and make the people ashamed of their former idols.

In the remarks that we are about to make on the poetry of Miss Landon, we trust that we shall not be thought unfriendly to her fair reputation, because we venture to explain her defects, as we shall always be equally or rather more willing to admit her merits. But the unqualified admiration of her poems that prevails in this country, as well as in England, renders it a duty we owe to our readers to explain, as far as it is in our power, in what their real character consists.

The poetry of Miss Landon is for the most part constructed of materials more congenial to young persons of either sex, than men or women of mature thought and sober habits. It is better suited to the boudoir or the ball-room than the study. Her imagery is too much borrowed from the ornamental arts, and her notions of human character are generally formed from those external and adventitious distinctions which are observable only in high life and artificial society. Nothing out of the pale of the most chosen circles is worthy of her regard, and even within this limit she is remarkably fastidious. Her attentions are scrupulously confined to youth and beauty. There is neither childhood, nor manhood, nor old age in her little dazzling world. We meet with no personage, male or female, who is in any way distinguished for lofty intellect or moral worth. She sees in fact "no virtue extant" save the fidelity of lovers, and deems no talent so truly glorious as that which displays itself in a melodious address to an arched eyebrow or a ruby lip.

We have a constant round of festivals, and hear of nothing but bright eyes and gorgeous dresses, of tales of courtship and of

broken hearts! We have no graphic descriptions of external nature, nor revelations of the human breast. Every thing is sparkling, meretricious, and conventional. Miss Landon has a strange notion of an earthly Paradise. A person of moderate sense would soon be sick unto death of the eternal glitter and gaiety of her Utopian world. The soul aches with the glare of her redundant imagery, and we soon become weary of meeting with an endless succession of radiant beings with the same characters, features, and costumes. Her *Dramatis Personæ* have nothing to distinguish them from each other but their names, and the scenes are all equally dazzling, unnatural, and deficient in relief. She has got a perfect store-house of ornaments, colours and lay-figures, but she blends a mass of gay hues confusedly on the canvas and fancies it a picture, and is unable to infuse the spirit of real life into her glittering automaton. These defects and incapacities are to be attributed partly to her imperfect poetical education, and partly to the peculiar nature of her genius. With a prolific fancy, she has little pure imagination, and less judgment. Her greatest misfortune, however, is a deficiency in the most essential attribute of the true poet—*invention*. From her wealth of imagery she is tempted to “a wasteful and ridiculous excess,” and makes every thing more fine than elegant, less neat than gaudy. From a want of invention and imagination and judgment, her incidents are ill-conceived and ill-arranged. The narratives, if narratives they may be called, are broken, abrupt and improbable. Miss Landon is utterly incapable of writing a long connected tale. *The Improvisatrice—The Troubadour—The Golden Violet* and *The Venetian Bracelet*, are continuous and complete poems only to the eye. They are in fact a collection of short fragments connected more by the Printer than the Poet. As her imagery is an ill-disposed nosegay of brilliant exotics, so her tales are a confused cluster of episodes.

We shall now proceed to illustrate a few of our remarks by specimens from this Lady's works. We have observed that her transitions are too abrupt, and her incidents extravagant and ill-conceived,—a few extracts and a very little explanation will show the truth of this assertion. Among the miscellaneous poems in her first volume, is a story entitled ROSALIE. *Rosalie* leaves her mother's roof to throw herself into the arms of her lover *Manfredi*. The first we hear however of these two lovers is that they are in a bark upon the sea. The following passage is very prettily written.

There was a bark a little way apart
From all the rest, and there two lovers leant:—

One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,
 And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent;
 She might not meet the gaze the other sent
 Upon her beauty;—but the half-breathed sighs,
 The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,
 Told that she listened (to) Love's sweet flatteries,
 Then they were silent:—words are little aid
 To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made
 By the heart's beat alone.

The poet, a few lines after, takes occasion to mention, that *Rosalie* recalled for a moment the image of her absent mother, and started up in agony, but her lover's fond smile and gentle words restored her to more cheerful dreams, and

She bent in passionate idolatry,
 Before her heart's sole idol—*MANFREDI*!

Miss Landon has no sooner displayed her young heroine in this picturesque position, than off she vanishes over time and space, in the twinkling of an eye, and after "bustling up with unsuccessful speed," the reader is requested to observe a little chapel in the shade, where the poet informs us is the portrait of a Saint, "whose cheek bore trace of frequent tears," and who should he find kneeling before the picture, but the very lady who so lately.

Bent in passionate idolatry,
 Before her heart's sole idol—*MANFREDI*!

We are then told that *Manfredi's* "heart forgot its vowed idolatry," (a too favorite word) and that in consequence of this change in her lover's affections, she sought the sacred precincts of the chapel and knelt to the picture as she had before knelt to *Manfredi*. All of a sudden we are again informed, that

There is a pilgrim by that old grey tree
 With head upon her hand bent mournfully,
 And looking round upon each lovely thing
 And breathing the sweet air, as they could bring
 To her no beauty and no solacing.
 'Tis *ROSALIE*!!

The Pilgrim or *Rosalie* strays into the church-yard and sees a grave "*just closed*." She thinks of her poor mother, goes home, and finds her—dead!! She had *just expired*!! These are not incidents but co-incidents, and very strange ones.

The next poem is entitled *ROLAND'S TOWER*. The narrative begins in the following manner. *Isabelle* had heard of the heroic deeds of young *Roland* and she had just been speaking

of them with enthusiasm when there came a Pilgrim to Lord Herbert's Hall. He was admitted with courtesy, and the maiden favored him with a song at the close of which she suddenly exclaims—

—I would give worlds, to see this chief,
This gallant ROLAND ! I could deem him all,
A man must honour and a woman love !”
Lady, I pray thee not recal those words,
For I AM ROLAND !!! From his face he threw,
The hood and pilgrims cloak,—and a young knight,
Knelt before ISABELLE !

After this romantic adventure she of course loves and is beloved—and, continues our fair Poet,

“Time past by,
As time will ever pass, when love has lent,
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and spring,
Had wedded with the summer, when a steed,
Stood at LORD HERBERT'S gate,—and ISABELLE,
Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given,
Her blue scarf for his colours. He was gone
To raise his vassels, for LORD HERBERT'S towers
Were menaced with a siege. But he had sworn
By Isabelle's white hand that he would claim
Its beauty only as a conquerer's prize.
Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine
Grew red with blood : LORD HERBERT'S banner flies,
And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.
But where is he who said that he would ride,
At his right hand to Battle ? ROLAND ! where—
Oh ! where is ROLAND !”

After many days and nights of weary watching, *Isabelle* at last beholds from her lonely tower, an armed train bearing her father's banner to the castle.

Down she flew

To greet the victors :—they had reached the hall
Before herself. What saw the maiden there ?
A bier !—her father laid upon that bier !
ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face
Bowed on his hands and hid ; but ISABELLE
Knew the dark curling hair and stately form
And threw her on his breast. He shrank away
As she were death, or sickness or despair,
ISABELLE ! It was I who slew thy father !!!”

Here is another most marvellous incident, and which would no doubt tell admirably on the boards of some provincial Drury: The Poet explains that "*unwitting of his colours*" Roland had slain the father of his "*worshipped Isabelle*!" They agree to part for ever—She goes, where most unhappy ladies are sent by the Poets, to a convent, and Roland builds a tower within sight of it. It was previously agreed between them that *Isabelle* should daily at a certain hour wave a silk scarf from the lattice of her cell that *Roland* might be assured that she still lived. The scarf was regularly seen at the appointed hour for many days, but one evening *Roland* watched and watched in vain and at length his hope grew desperate and he prayed that *Isabelle* might have forgotten him. At midnight however the Convent's heavy bell convinced him of her death.

Next day,

They laid her in her grave—and the moon rose,

Upon a mourner weeping there : that tomb,

Was ROLAND's death-bed !!!

All this is mighty surprising and romantic but by no means to our taste. We think L. E. L.'s Printer should have had an extra font of notes of exclamation to mark the host of startling passages that crowd upon the reader's notice.

The next Story is entitled THE GUERRILLA CHIEF. We are first introduced to a young man, (*Leandro*,) leaving a cottage, with the appearance of one who thinks that "every echo of his step will raise a spectre."

When he reached the fount

He sat down by its side, and turned to gaze

Upon the cottage : from his brow the sweat

Poured down like summer rain ; there came no sound

From his white lips, but you might hear his heart

Beating in the dead silence. But at length

A voice came to his sorrow ;—" Never—never

" Shall I look on that face again ! Farewell !

" I cannot bear that word's reproach, nor look

" On pale lips breathing blessings which the tears

" Belie in speaking ! I have blighted all—

" All—all their hopes, and my own happiness !"

He has no sooner made these lamentations, than strange to tell—

" LEANDRO !" said a sweet and gentle voice ;

And a soft hand pressed on his throbbing brow,

And tears like twilight dew fell on his cheek,

He looked upon the maiden ;—'twas the one

With whom his first pure love had dwelt—the one

Who was the sun and starlight of his youth !

This was *Bianca*! The lovers, however, part again. He goes to Mexico, returns to Spain, and finds it wasted by war. His road home lies through ruined villages, but some old men who sit by their roofless dwellings, assure him that the war-storm has left untouched his own native valley. He travels on with a pleasing hope but is at last horror-struck at finding his home—"a heap of mingled blood and blackened ashes." While he is gazing on the dreadful scene he is startled by a woman's voice. "He looked, and knew *Bianca*!!!" As soon as she sees him she gives a shriek, becomes crazed, and at last dies in his arms! The lovers are eventually buried together in the same grave!

The three poems, we have thus noticed appear consecutively in the volume from which they are taken, and may be regarded as fair specimens of Miss Landon's Tales. We need not dwell on their abruptness and want of invention, and their melodramatic effects, for these peculiarities are too obvious to require further comment.

It may be observed that notwithstanding the gaiety and splendour of the scenes through which Miss Landon conducts her actors, almost every narrative has a tragical termination. And though she is so partial to ball-rooms, and brilliant dresses, she seems to be well aware that truth and happiness are found in other places, and arise from other sources. In fact she is often rather too cynical, and deals somewhat too abundantly in melancholy and mistrust. Her constant allusions to the guile and coldness of the human heart, and the sadness that lurks beneath a radiant brow, degenerate at last into mere cant. She makes no distinctions. All her women are superlatively beautiful, and outrageously affectionate, and indulge in mawkish sentimentalities. Her heroes, on the other hand, are with few exceptions, as false and faithless as they are irresistible. Both sexes however, are generally unhappy, and Love seems to have descended upon this breathing world, for no other purpose than to make people hypocrites, or to break their hearts. According to Miss Landon life has certainly very few attractions. As we have already observed, Youth and Beauty and Love, seem to this Lady all that is worth a thought. If there are exceptions to our remark that there is neither childhood, nor manhood, nor old age in Miss Landon's representations of humanity, they have the same reference to her more prominent personages, that pictures or visions have to real life. They are only occasionally and distantly alluded to. Not the slightest attempt is made to sketch the character of a person who is either before or beyond his teens. Even those who have the good fortune to be of the noticeable age are neither powerfully nor accurately drawn. Woman, in Miss

Landon's pages, is merely a beautiful living flower, and illustrates Pope's insulting line—

"Most women have no characters at all."

There is accordingly a disagreeable mannerism in L. E. L. which tries the patience of the unfortunate critic who is condemned to wade through her productions. To many people who rather dip into, than read her volumes, the bitter complaints of criticism may often seem captious and ill-founded. The critic is like a man who has slipped behind the scenes, and is too familiar with the tricks of the establishment. The charm of novelty is gone, and nothing is more wearisome than repetitions of anticipated scenes. There is no writer of the present day who is so thoroughly monotonous as L. E. L. One volume is the counterpart of another. We have one eternal theme, and one eternal set of illustrations. Her actors, her incidents, her images, her diction and her versification have always the same character and tone.

We must venture a few observations on the mechanism of Miss Landon's verse. It is occasionally very melodious and agreeable, but generally speaking it appears deficient in strength and firmness, and is often singularly diffuse and irregular. Her blank-verse is too much like divided prose, and seems to be constructed on no fixed principle. If one line has the proper heroic stateliness and is formed of pure iambs, perhaps in the very next she slips into a quick and dancing measure that would do well enough for a lively lyric, but which is quite out of keeping with the general tone of a blank-verse poem. Her rhymed verse is somewhat better, but it is deformed by very similar defects. It is so careless and undisciplined that the reader is continually puzzled to catch the euphony, and indeed it is often at his discretion whether it shall be verse at all. He must have a practised ear, and be able to humour the rhythm; or many lines will appear like broken prose. Pope's poems have often been placed in the hands of young persons to teach them a correct pronunciation, but Miss Landon's volumes would have a very opposite effect. The following lines, (and a thousand similar ones might be selected) would defy the most ingenious reader to recite them according to the ordinary rules of metrical composition.

His very faults were those that win,
Too dissiling and ady an entrance in,
When wearied by the rain chill'd by the cold,
Impatient of society's set mould.
She had the rich perfection of that gift,
Her Italy's own ready song, which seems,
The poetry taught from a thousand flowers.

Language so silvery, that every word,
Was like the lute's awakening chord ;
Skies half sunshiny, and half's aright,
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight.

I looked upon the deep blue sky,
And it was all hope and harmony.

I saw a youth beside me kneel ;
I heard my name in music steal ;
I felt my hand trembling in his :—
Another moment, and his kiss &c.

Then came remembrances of other times,
When one opened her rich bowers for the whole day,
When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes,
Were answered by the lute and vesper lay.

Of fear and pain, there were these the last night,
With a remembering like that which a dream,
Leaves, &c.

Cuddled half in the pride of its loveliness,
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.

This hope is vain, my grave must be
Far distant from my own country.

Some one had brought dew of the spring
With woman's own kind solacing.

She pressed her hand to her brow, or pined
On better thoughts were passing there,—the room
Had no light but that from the fire.

Which like the meteor has from darkness birth,
She watched her circle,—ready smile or sneer,—
Smiles for the absent ones, smiles for the near.

Her blank-verse has often feeble and slovenly terminations, as in the following instances.

Her voice.

Lost its so tremulous accents as she buds
Her child tread in that Father's steps, and told
How brave, how honored he had been.—But when
She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centered in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age, &c. &c.

There was one whose brow.

Dark with hot climates, and gashed o'er with scars
Told of the toiling march, the battle-rush
Where sabres flashed, the red shots flew, and not
One ball or blow but did destruction's work.

But then his heart was high and his pulse beat
Proudly and fearlessly :—now he was worn
With many a long day's suffering—and death's
A fearful thing, &c.

—Perhaps,

For he has left some high memorials, Fame,
Will pour its sunlight on the picture, when
The artist's hand, &c.

From an ignorance of the principles of blank-verse, the noblest measure in our language, and from that unhappy confidence in her own powers which has been engendered by the injudicious praises of her friends, she has often whole pages that are literally nothing but mere prose, divided into lines of ten syllables. She mistakes a command of words for the inspiration of the Muse, and therefore never aims at condensation, or wearies herself with that “degrading toil” which has made almost every line of Pope or Campbell, a model for the poetical student. She has been taught to believe that her most careless and unstudied effusions approach as nearly as possible to perfection. It is this unfortunate self-confidence that has been the ruin not of L. E. L. only, but of Wordsworth, Southey, and other eminent living poets. They send forth volume after volume, and the ignorant crowd are amazed at their copiousness and facility, and wonder at the labour and comparative poverty of Pope, and Gray and Goldsmith and Campbell. It is a truth that seems little understood at the present day, that there may be more thought and poetry compressed into two lines of one writer than can be found in two thousand of another. A man's genius is now estimated by the comparative bulk of his volume. In former times a great book was held to be a great evil, and we confess for our own parts that we are still of this old fashioned opinion. To modern readers, however, it might certainly appear somewhat incongruous to to speak of Goldsmith or Gray as great Poets, when their Lilliputian duodecimos are seen in juxtaposition with the gigantic quartos of Wordsworth and the Poet Laureat. We have no wish to underrate the genius of these two living Poets, (the former of whom is our especial favorite) but we are quite sure that if they had written less they would have written better. Writers who possess a “fatal facility” should recollect the remark of the ingenious Frenchman who apologized for a very long letter, by observing that he had not time to write a short one.

We shall now extract two or three specimens of Miss Landon's blank-verse poems, and by merely *printing* them as prose, we have no doubt but they will also *read* as such. They are really in no respect elevated above ordinary prose composition. Be-

fore we proceed however to the extracts, we have an additional remark or two to offer, the justice of which they will in some measure serve to illustrate. With her usual dislike to every species of drudgery Miss Landon has disdained to lower her genius by an attention to the common rules of grammar, of which almost every poem contains some flagrant violation. Another peculiarity worth observing is, that her pieces generally begin with an abrupt allusion to some object or circumstance of which the reader is wholly ignorant. She commences a narrative as if she were explaining a picture to one who had as full a view of it as herself. The reader, however, is perfectly in the dark, and listens to an explanation of scenes that are not before him. She runs on with her unconnected hints, as if the public were in all her secrets. Her transitions are so rapid as to be utterly perplexing and unintelligible. She often begins a story in the middle; the close, however is generally complete, for death, her almost invariable resource, is a pretty strong conclusion to all human adventures. The three first of the following extracts are literally the commencements of the poems from which they are taken. The fourth is also the opening of a poem but it is not liable to the same charge of abruptness or want of clearness. It is as simple as a nursery tale. The last piece is like an extract from a Traveller's Journal.

FROM "LOVE'S LAST LESSON."

Teach me if you can—forgetfulness. I surely shall forget if you can bid me; I who have worshipped thee, my god on earth, I who have bowed me at your lightest word. Your last command, "forget me," will it not sink deeply down within my inmost soul? Forget thee!—ay, *forgetfulness will be a mercy to me.* By the many nights when I have wept, for that I dared not sleep,—a dream had made me live my woes again, acting my wretchedness, without the hope my foolish heart still clings to, *though that hope is like the opiate that may lull awhile then wake to double torture*; by the days passed in lone watching and in anxious fears, when a breath sent the crimson to my cheek like the red gushing of a sudden wound; by all the careless looks and careless words which have to me been like the scorpions stinging; by happiness blighted, and by thee, for ever; by the eternal work of wretchedness; by all my withered feelings, *ruined health, crushed hopes, and rified heart*, I will forget thee! alas! my words are vanity. Forget thee: &c. &c.

FROM "THE SAILOR."

An aged widow with one only child, and even he was far away at sea; narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt, and low and small the room; but still it had a look of comfort; on the white washed walls were ranged her many ocean treasures—shells, some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush caught from the sun-set on the waters; plumes from the bright pinions of the Indian bird; long dark seaweed and black and crimson berries were treasured with the treasuring of the heart. Her sailor brought them, when from his first voyage he came so sunburnt and so tall she scarce knew her fair stripling in that manly youth. Like a memorial of far better days, the large old Bible, with its silver clasps lay on the table; and a fragrant air came from the window; there stood a rose-tree lovely but of luxuriant growth, and rich with a thousand buds and beautifully blown flowers. It was a slip from that which ever drew praise from each passer down the shadowy lane where her home stood, the home where yet she thought to end her days in peace: that was the hope that made life pleasant, and it had been fed by the so ardent spirits of her boy, who

said that God would bless the efforts made for his old mother. Like a holiday each Sunday came, for then her patient way she took to the white church of her own village, a long five miles.

FROM "THE COVENANTERS."

Never! I will not know another home. Few summers have passed on, with their blue skies, green leaves, and singing birds and sun-kissed fruit, since here I first took up my last abode and here my bones shall rest. You say it is a home for beasts, and not for human kind, this bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale below is beautiful. I know the time when it looked very beautiful to me. Do you see that bare spot, where an old oak stands black and leafless, as if scorched by fire, while round it the ground seems as if a curse were laid upon the soil. Once by that tree, then covered with its leaves and acorn crop, a little cottage stood; 'twas very small, but had an air of health and peace.

FROM "THE CHANGE."

There were two boys who were bred up together, shared the same bed, and fed at the same board; each tried the others sports, &c. they parted, &c. they met again, but different from themselves; the one proud as a soldier of his rank, and of his many battles and the other proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill and toil that gathered it; each with a brow and heart alike darkened by years and care. They met with cold words and yet colder looks, each was changed in himself, and yet each thought the other only changed, himself the same; and coldness bred dislike. &c. &c. &c.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE LYRE."

I soon left Italy: it is well worth a year of wandering, were it but to feel how much our England does out-weigh the world. A clear cold April morning was it, when I first rode up the avenue of ancient oaks.—We passed through Rome on our return and there sought out Fulahia.

We have gone through the disagreeable part of our duty, and shall now say a word or two in our author's favour. We should be sorry indeed if any of our readers were to imagine for a moment that in what we have advanced against her claims to indiscriminate admiration we have been actuated by any ungenerous motive. We have merely endeavoured to place her poetical peculiarities, in a proper light, and to expose the absurdity of lauding her in such unmeasured terms, as are used on all occasions by her imprudent Patron. If another Shakespeare were to arise, at the present day, Mr. Jerdan would find it difficult to honour his genius with a single laudatory expression that he had not already applied to L. E. L. This is the very prostitution of criticism. We mean not to be severe on Mr. Jerdan, for "his failings lean to virtue's side," and if he were less kind and generous, his critical judgment perhaps would not so often be called into question as it now is. Every critic is more or less liable to the influences of personal friendship, and if we had ever had the pleasure of L. E. L.'s acquaintance we are not sure that we should have been *quite* so impartial in our present article. But Mr. Jerdan's sins in this way are really too gross and glaring, and in justice to the genius of L. E. L. we must attribute to his unbounded eulogies a large share of her defects. If her errors had been duly

explained to her, and her studies properly directed, we verily believe there would have been at this day, but little ground for censure. Her style would have been less meretricious, less feeble and more firm and concentrated. But even spoiled as she has been, it is almost impossible to open her volumes without finding something to admire. When we have taken them up casually, we have met with passages of such delicate beauty that we have ceased to wonder at the enthusiasm of her admirers. But these flowers have been surrounded by so many weeds, that it has wearied us to search for others. With all her faults, however, she is a poet of real genius. Few young writers of the present day are more strictly original, or owe less to their contemporaries. When there are so many poetical Mocking Birds, originality is of itself an indication of no ordinary mind. If she has imitated any of our later or living Poets, they are Thomas Moore, Lord Byron and Barry Cornwall. She most frequently resembles the latter; but she is not a servile copiest of any one. Her poetry has always a distinctive character and may be recognized without the aid of her celebrated initials. She has a feminine grace of manner, an exquisite delicacy and tenderness of feeling and a profusion of sparkling imagery.

Miss Landon's latest volume containing, "THE VENETIAN BRACELET, THE LOST PLEAD, &c." has only just been received in this country, and therefore demands an especial notice. This article, however, has already extended to a sufficient length, and we must confine ourselves to very rapid outlines of the principal stories and a few brief extracts. *Amenaïde*, the heroine of the first poem, though nobly born, was brought up as a humble peasant girl. Her father, had been compelled to fly the country in a time of political convulsion. *Leoni*, a young soldier of high rank and character is won by her charms, and his affection is returned. Before they can be wedded however he is called away to the field. After his departure news is received of the death of the father of *Amenaïde*, and the restoration of his daughter to the family honours. Young *Leoni* in his absence becomes attached to a beautiful English-woman, and marries her. *Count Arrezzi*, a relation of *Amenaïde* gives a splendid entertainment at which *Leoni* is expected to be present. With a beating heart, and ignorant of the change in his affections and circumstances, *Amenaïde* attends the festival.

With eager glance.

She watch'd the door, and counted every dance;
Then time grew long, hope caught a shade of fear—
"LEONI—but they said he would be here!"
When sudden came ARREZZI to her side,—
"Look there, the Count LEONI and his bride!"

She with the violet wreath in her bright hair,
 Sooth but to say, that English bride is fair !
 But I must go and have my welcome paid."
 Alone AMENAIDE stood in the shade,—
 Alone ! ay, utterly. A couch was nigh,
 And there she sank—oh, had it been to die !

The following description of her feelings and conduct on her return, has considerable pathos and beauty.

LEONI and his bride have left the hall.
 Why does that cheek glow pale, that dark dark eye fall ?
 Why does that lip its wit, its smiling cease ?—
 It only pass'd for beauty's gay caprice.
 She left the feast—but, oh, not yet alone : •
 Many a cavalier has eager flown
 Upon her gondola's home course to wait,
 And sigh farewell at her own palace-gate.
 Her maidens gathered round. What more, yet more,
 To read the breast now throbbing to the core ?
 She hurried not their task,--- each silken braid
 Of raven hair was in set order laid :
 But once she showed her weakness,--- when her hand
 Strove vainly to unloose a glittering band,
 It trembled like a leaf :---but that pass'd by ;
 Struggle she might, but no one heard her sigh ;
 And when her last good night was courteous said,
 Never more queenlike seem'd that lofty head.
 The last step died upon the marble stair,—
 She sprang towards the door,—the bolt is there :—
 She tried the spring, gave one keen look around,
 Mutter'd "alone !" and dash'd her on the ground.
 Corpse like she lay,—her dark hair wildly thrown
 Far on the floor before her ; white as stone,
 As rigid stretch'd each hand,—her face was press'd
 Close to the earth ; and but the heaving vest
 Told of some pang the shuddering frame confess'd,
 She seem'd as stricken down by instant death.—
 Sydden she raised her head, and gasp'd for breath ;
 And nature master'd misery. She sought,
 Panting, the air from yonder lattice brought.
 Ah, there is blood on that white lip and brow !---
 She struggles still---in vain---she must weep now
 She wept, childlike, till sleep began to press
 Upon her eyes, for very weariness.

She determines to conceal the struggles of disappointed love and wounded pride—

This must not be!—stain'd cheek and fever'd brow
Too much the secret of my soul avow
Aye deep as is the grave my heart shall keep
What burning tears AMENAIDE could weep
Oh, never let LEONI know the worst:
'Tis well if he believe I changed the first.
Too much e'en to myself has been reveal'd,
— And thus be every trace of tears conceal'd."
She sought the alcove where the fountain play'd,
And washed from lip and cheek their crimson shade;
And bathed her long hair, till its glossy curls
Wore not a trace but of the dewy pearls
The water left, as if in pity shed.

There is a touch of nature in the following lines.

The weary day pass'd on—night came again:—
AMENAIDE has joined the glittering train;
Self-torturer—self-deceiver—cold and high,
She said it was to mock the curious eye.
Such strength is weakness. *Was it not to be*
Where still, Leoni, she might gaze on thee?

She begins to think that *Leoni* had never truly loved her, and that his attentions were a heartless mockery. This thought is gall and wormwood to her lofty spirit. As she is one day wandering about her garden, a pedlar enters.

---She hears a tread: who is it dares intrude
On this her known and guarded solitude?
She sees an aged Jew; a box he bore
Fill'd with gay merchandize and Jewell'd store.
Ere she could speak, he spread before her eyes
Those glittering toys that loveliest ladies prize:---
"Fair dame, in sooth so fair thou seem'st to be,
That almost it is vain to offer thee
The many helps for meaner beauty made:
But yet these gems would light that dark hair's shade;
Well would these pearls around that white throat show
Each purple vein that wanders through its snow."
Angrily turned the Countess,---"Fool, away!"---
"So young, as fair, has vanity no sway?---
But I have things most curious, and 'mid these
Somewhat may chance your wayward fancy please?"

---He took bracelet,---'twas of fine wrought gold,
 And twisted as a serpent, whose lithe fold
 Curl'd round the arm :---he spoke in whispering tone---
 " Here lady, look at this, I have but one :
 Here, press this secret spring ; it lifts a lid,---
 Beneath there is the subtlest poison hid.
 I come from Venice ; of the wonders there
 There is no wonder like this bracelet rare."
 She started---evil thoughts, at first repress'd,
 Now struggled like a storm within her breast.
 Alas ! alas ! how plague-spot like will sin
 Spread over the wrung heart it enters in ?
 Her brow grew dark---Amid thy baubles shine
 This ruby cross, --- but be the bracelet mine.*
 Around her arm the fatal band is fast ;
 Away its seller, like a vision, pass'd.

She poisons her rival, who dies on her husband's breast. *Leoni* himself is suspected of having destroyed his bride, and is taken to the Council on suspicion. But the real criminal is seized with remorse, confesses her guilt, and dies in an agony of grief, in *Leoni's* arms.

" THE LOST PLEIAD" is founded on the old classical story of the *Pleiades*. The six sister *Pleiades* had been all wooed and won. Prince Cyris at last becomes enamoured of the seventh. She returns his love and quits the heavens. The Prince however is but a fickle lover, and soon treats her with indifference. The lost *Pleiad* dies of sorrow and mortification.

" THE HISTORY OF THE LYRE" is a description of a young Poetess, in which Miss Landon seems to have introduced a large share of her own personal feelings. The following extract is rather long, but it is too characteristic to be omitted.

All time attests the miracles of man :
 The very elements, whose nature seems
 To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
 His way has been upon the pathless sea ;
 The earth's dark bosom search'd ; bodiless air
 Works as his servant ; and from his own mind
 What rich stores he has won, the sage, the bard,
 The painter, these have made their nature proud :
 And yet low life goes on, its great outline
 How noble and ennobling !---but within
 What base alloy ; how Disappointment tracks
 The steps of Hope ; how Envy dogs success ;
 How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,

And worn mid scoffs ! Trace the young poet's fate :
 Fresh from his solitude, the child of praise,
 His heart upon his lips he seeks the world,
 To find him fame and fortune as if life
 Were like a fairy tale.* His song has led
 The way before him : flatteries fill his ear,
 His presence courted, and his words are caught ;
 And he seems happy in so many friends.
 What marvel if he somewhat overrate
 His talents and his state ? These scenes soon change.
 The vain, who sought to mix their name with his ;
 The curious, who but live for some new sight ;
 The idle,---all these have been gratified,
 And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
 Envy spoken, felt more bitterly,
 For that it was not dream'd of ; worldliness
 Has crept upon his spirit unaware ;
 Vanity craves for its accustom'd food ;
 He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
 His feelings poetry ; and discontent
 Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no more
 Its early music :---social life is filled
 With doubts and vain aspirings ; solitude,
 When the imagination is dethroned,
 Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
 But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die ?
 " Methinks we must have known some former state
 More glorious than our present, and the heart
 Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
 By past magnificence ; and hence we pine
 With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
 With bitter tears for their own vanity.
 Remembrance marks the poet ; 'tis the past
 Lingerin' within him, with a keener sense
 Than is upon the thoughts of common men
 Of what has been, that fills the actual world
 With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
 That were and are not ; and the fairer they,
 The more their contrast with existing things,
 The more his power, the greater is his grief.
 ---Are we then fallen from some noble star,
 Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
 And we feel capable of happiness
 Only to know it is not of our sphere ?

"I have sung passionate songs of beating hearts;
 Perhaps it had been better they had drawn
 Their inspiration from an inward source.
 Had I known even an unhappy love,
 It would have flung an interest round life
 Mine never knew. This is an empty wish;
 Our feelings are not fires to light at will
 Our nature's fine and subtle mysteries;
 We may control them, but may not create,
 And love less than its follows. I have fed
 Perhaps too much upon the lotos fruits
 Imagination yields,---fruits which unfit
 The palate for the more substantial food
 Of our own land---reality. I made
 My heart too like a temple for a home;
 My thoughts were birds of paradise; that breathed
 The airs of heaven, but died on touching earth.

The next poem of any length in the volume is a Dramatic Sketch entitled "THE ANCESTRESS." We do not fancy its subject but it contains several passages of considerable excellence and more force and condensation than usually characterize the writer.

From the miscellaneous poems we take the following little pieces almost at random.

FANTASIES.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—this cold world of ours;
 I will go dwell afar, with fairies and flowers.
 Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance,
 Where each step is a study, a falsehood each glance
 Where the vain are displaying, the vapid are yawning;
 Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawning,
 Are wasted, as Fashion, that tyrant at will
 Makes war on sweet Nature and exiles her still.

I'm weary, I'm weary,---I'm off with the wind:
 Can I find a worse fate than the one left behind?
 ---Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in air,
 O show me your kingdom! O let me dwell there!
 I see them, I see them!--how sweet it must be
 To sleep in your city!--is there room in't for me?
 I have flung my clay fetters; and now I but wear
 A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.

Go harness my chariot; the leaf of an oak;
 A butterfly stud, and a tendril my yoke.
 Go swing me a hammock, the poles mignonette;
 I'll rock with its scent in the gossamer net.
 Go fetch me a courser: yon reed is but slight,
 Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.

I must have a throne,—ay, yon mushroom may stay,
 It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gathered next day :
 And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign ;
 For, alas ! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are but vain.

A SUMMER DAY.

SWEET valley, whose streams flow as sparkling and bright
 As the stars that descend in the depths of the night ;
 Whose violets fling their rich breath on the air,
 Sweet spendthrifts of treasure the Spring has flung there.

My lot is not with thee, 'tis far from thine own ;
 Nor thus, amid Summer and solitude thrown :
 But still it is something to gaze upon thee,
 And bless earth, that such peace on her bosom can be.

My heart and my steps both grow light as I bound
 O'er the green grass that covers thy beautiful ground ;
 And joy o'er my thoughts, like the sun o'er the leaves,
 A blessing in giving and taking receives.

I have heap'd up thy flowers, the wild and the sweet,
 As if fresh from the touch of the night-elfin's feet ;
 A bough from thy oak, and a sprig from thy broom,—
 I take them as keepsakes to tell of thy bloom.

Their green leaves may droop, and their colours may flee,
 As if dying with sorrow at parting from thee ;
 And my memory fade with them, till thou wilt but seem
 Like the fitting shape morning recalls of a dream.

Let them fade from their freshness, so leave they behind
 One trace, like faint music, impress'd on the mind ;
 One leaf or one flower to memory will bring
 The light of thy beauty, the hope of thy spring.

We have excused ourselves the task of noticing the peculiar beauties and defects of this volume as it would be a needless repetition of our remarks on her works generally. There are the same beauties and the same imperfections in her last work as in her first, and this volume is neither better, nor worse than any of its predecessors. This is not a very flattering circumstance, but Miss Landon is still young, and may fall into the hands of better instructors than she has yet met with. If the higher order of London Critics would do their duty, and rescue her from her present inauspicious position, there would be no doubt of her future improvement. We have only to add, to what we have already said, that we should be among the first to rejoice at any change that might tend to the advancement of her genius, and the stability of her fame.

THE PARTING.

Linger not long ! Home is not home without thee,
 Its sweetest tokens only make me mourn ;
 Oh ! let its memory as a chain about thee
 Gently compel and hasten thy return !

Linger not long !

Linger not long ! Though crowds should woo thy staying,
 Bethink thee can the mirth of friends though dear,
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
 Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here—

Linger not long !

Linger not long ! How I shall watch thy coming,
 When evening's shadows stretch o'er moor and fell,
 When the wild bee hath ceased his weary humming,
 And silence hangs on all things like a spell !

Linger not long !

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
 As night draws dark and darker on the hill !
 How shall I weep when I can watch no longer !
 Oh ! art thou absent—art thou absent still ?

Linger not long !

Oh ! I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me,
 Gazeth through tears that make its splendour dull ;
 Yet though I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
 My cup of happiness is all too full,

Linger not long !

But haste then home unto thy mountain dwelling—
 Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest—
 Haste as a skiff when tempests wild are swelling
 Flies to its haven of securest rest !

Linger not long !

CAPEL SOUTH.

STANZAS.—BY CAPT. W. ELLIOTT,

Author of "The Nun," &c.

Oh lady, leave thy love-strung lute,
 And hush thy dulcet strain;
 For, charming one, thou must be mute,
 Or I shall love in vain.

The Orthian* air had moved me less,
 Upon the silent sea,
 Than thy sweet notes of tenderness;—
 They flow so silvery.

But Oh! 'tis sad, while strains so fond
 Thy warbling lip depart,
 And every chord and pulse respond
 Of my enchanted heart,

Amidst the ecstasy to feel
 That all my love would tell,
 Nor look nor accent must reveal—
 No—not at my farewell.

I would not have thee join thy fate
 With one so drear as mine;—
 Oh! it has long been desolate,
 But *shall not* darken thine.

The warrior-exile's weary way,
 For glory's vain reward,
 Is mine until my dying day;—
 My wealth, a soldier's sword.

Then lady, leave thy love-strung lute,
 And hush thy dulcet strain;
 For, charming one, thou must be mute
 Or I shall love in vain.

*The Orthian air Arion sang on board the Corinthian vessel before he sprang into the sea; and it was the enchantment of this air, which induced the Dolphin to receive him on his back and to carry him to Tænarus. See Herodotus.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JACOB AJAR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was born in the county of——in the west of England. My father, a respectable farmer, died before I had attained my eleventh year, leaving to my mother, and myself a small sum of money, to look after. He had not been dead many months when my remaining parent was also carried to the grave, having fallen a victim to grief, or typhus fever, or both. I was bequeathed to the care of my paternal uncle who resided at a neighbouring market town and who was a man of some substance and some consequence. He was by profession a tailor, very attentive to his business, and very fond of money, but possessing withal a considerable portion of the milk of human kindness. He was proud of his calling and with a laudable zeal used his best efforts to give in his own person a practical contradiction to the generally received notion that a tailor is only the ninth part of a man and he certainly succeeded, for what with a huge appetite, easy circumstances and a sedentary life he managed to increase his weight to about 18 stones. This worthy unit of humanity sent me to a respectable school, where I fancy I gained as much knowledge in a given period as boys of my age usually do. After having been birched for three years, my uncle thought it high time I should begin to learn some business, and entertaining so lofty an opinion of his own trade, it is not surprising that I should find myself at 14 years of age, seated cross-legged on his work-board. For a couple of years I blundered through button holes, &c. &c. often incurring his displeasure for my carelessness. At length I found I could no longer put up with this contracted mode of existence, and I felt that my genius was not of a nature to be confined within the narrow limits of a thimble nor limited to the point of a needle. I accordingly scraped together all the little money I could honestly lay my hands on, and leaving a few lines behind me craving my relative's forgiveness, I started on foot one fine morning for the county town. Here I fell in with a coach and proceeded by it to the metropolis, where I arrived in due course. Previous to quitting my guardian's protection I had laid down no plans for my future movements and found myself in London without well knowing why or wherefore. I passed the first night at the inn where the coach stopped, and sallied out the following day to look about me, in the evening I returned to the quarters I had occupied the night before, but on entering my apartment discovered to my consternation that I had quitted it without taking the precaution of either locking my trunk or closing

the door. During my absence some person or persons had entered and robbed me of every article I possessed. Here reader let me steal a march on my narrative to inform you that all my after mishaps through life arose out of the singular failing of never being able to shut a door after me or to turn a key in a lock when I ought to have done so.

Luckily when I left the "Swan with two necks" in the morning I had taken with me a couple of guineas so that I was enabled to pay for my lodging. I passed a restless and unhappy night, and the succeeding day found me again wandering about in search of what fortune might produce. I had not proceeded far when I fell in with a school-fellow to whom I related my situation, and who seemed to have been thrown in my way by providence, for he told me he was just on the look out for such a person as myself to succeed him in a place he held as servant to a gouty infirm old gentleman, to whose residence we immediately proceeded; matters were speedily adjusted and in a few hours I was duly installed in my new office. Here I had a very easy, and a very happy life of it so long as the summer months continued, but when the raw autumn days approached, my worthy master began to find the enemy troublesome, and became proportionately peevish; I was often taken to task for not closing the door after me, but to no purpose. With every wish to give satisfaction. I was at length so incorrigible that my wages were paid up and I was discharged. The old gentleman however, who was really a kind hearted man gave me an excellent character, with one exception "*he cannot shut a door after him.*" I had not been many days out of employ when I was offered service by two maiden sisters, which I accepted, and as they were both free from bodily ailments I thought there would be no chance of their having occasion to complain of the defect which had so recently ejected me from a comfortable and easy livelihood. The elder of the two had a couple of pet canaries which engrossed her time and affections. I was in the frequent habit of admiring these favorites and consequently won the old lady's heart to such degree that she one day went so far as to order me to clean the cage during her absence, an *honor* which she had hitherto reserved to herself. I obeyed her injunctions and then set about my other duties. My Mistress returned, went up stairs, and in a few minutes my ears were saluted with shrieks and imprecations. I hurried to the spot and there found her perfectly frantic with grief and rage. The floor was strewed with yellow feathers, and the cage was empty. I had left the door open, the birds had flown out and the younger sister's Tom Cat had taken a meal which cost me my place. I was next hired by an eminent barrister to look after his apartments in the middle temple. I went on as well as could be wished.

for 18 months, gained the confidence, and I may say esteem of my master, and in fact began to fancy I had entirely overcome my failing, when one unfortunate Sunday I was invited to pass the day with a friend in the suburbs. I obtained permission to be absent, had a very agreeable excursion, and returned home highly delighted with my entertainer and myself. The first thing that caught my eye on ascending the steps of the chambers, was the key in the door-lock ; I had omitted to take it with me, I entered and could hardly sustain myself seeing that every thing of value within had been removed by thieves. I knew not what to do—after a little reflection I determined to communicate the whole to my master and trust to his kindness for forgiveness. I accordingly proceeded to his residence and related what had been the consequences of my carelessness. He was at first greatly chagrined, when however he had given full vent to his anger he became more calm and addressed me as follows ; “ Jacob I believe you to be perfectly honest, and until now I considered you equally circumspect, you have subjected me to a great possibly an irreparable loss, we must part but I shall give you a letter to Mr.———Sheriff of the county of———who may probably be able to provide for you.” I tendered my cordial and sincere thanks and in a few days afterwards I stood in the presence of the *civic* dignitary. I presented my credentials, received a gracious smile in return, and was told that I might consider myself appointed one of the *turnkeys* of the county jail, a charge of all others for which I was least calculated, I nevertheless entered upon this important office with many good resolutions, but alas how fleeting are all human determinations. I had not been a week in my new situation when neglecting to lock one half of the cells, I was the innocent means of letting loose several prisoners. As may be anticipated I was seized, confined, and tried as a felon for having aided and assisted certain culprits in His Majesty’s jail of———to elude justice. It is unnecessary to tire the reader by detailing the means by which I avoided conviction, but avoid it I did, and was discharged after receiving a severe reprimand from the Bench. In quitting the court a letter was presented to me by my successor, which had he said, arrived during my incarceration. I opened, read it and saw that it was from an attorney in my native town, communicating to me the death of my good uncle, of whom I had not heard since my unceremonious departure. The ponderous knight of the needle had been carried off suddenly and dying intestate, I succeeded to his fortune amounting to some ten thousand pounds. I lost no time in proceeding to take possession of my unlooked for acquisition, and the greater part of my uncle’s estate being invested in houses, I managed to retain it till I got married, since which my wife, who

early discovered my propensity has entrusted me with nothing that ought to be under lock and key. I am the father of six children, all of whom I have (as soon as they could lisp) instructed in door shutting and locking, and now that I am descending into the vale of years it is some satisfaction to me to reflect that I have spared no trouble to save my offspring from the many misfortunes which my unhappy failing had entailed upon myself.

JACOB AJAR.

SONNET.

SCENE NEAR HYDRABAD.

The butterflies are all abroad,—the flowers
Are courted by them; and the pilf'ring wind,
From every shrub, embathed in dewy showers,
Extorts its tribute of sweet things:—enshrined
Within its leafy cradle, sings its song
The lively Mina,—whilst, from tree to tree,
The tricksome monkey chases merrily,
The squirrel, bounding the wet leaves among!
The sun throws slantingly on you Minār
Its infant beams, arraying in bright gold
The Tamarind grove.—whose every leaf a star
Seems gilded fruitage in fair chains to hold;—
And like a lake of molten fire the tank
Shows bright and gorgeously beneath this bank!

SONNET.

NIGHT.

Creation sleeps—and o'er the curtained earth
A holy silence lingers,—like a cloud
Of incense o'er some temple, whence aloud
The chant of praise is heard to issue forth.—
Nature alone, most watchful Queen! awake,
Keeps generous virgil o'er her wide domain,
For ev'n the restless wind, that o'er the plain
Play'd 'midst the grass, reposes; and the brake
Hath lost its leafy voice!—'Tis sweet to slake
The thirst of a worn spirit, in such hour,
From the fair flood of Poesy!—around
The heart world-wounded looks, and owns the power
Of quiet deep!—a leaf falls on the ground,
Scaring the silence with a stilly sound!

R. C. C.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

(From a Correspondent.)

“ TO STEAM OR NOT TO STEAM, THAT IS THE QUESTION ”

The subject of a Steam communication with Great Britain being again vividly revived, we propose to take a rapid view of what has been done towards the attainment of a consummation so devoutly to be wished, and to offer an opinion on the probability of the realization of a prospect so delightful as that of being in effect brought nearer to our native homes by many thousand miles, and being able to reach it in person or by letter in the brief period of six weeks instead of that number of months now very often occupied in the voyage. It is not however to the European alone, that the accomplishment of such a plan is desirable ; in a political and commercial point of view it is of deep moment to the welfare of the people of India at large. What then has been done to promote it ? What are the prospects of its success ? In the ever changing, coming and going community of India, there may be not a few who know little of the first, and many may deem the opinions of one who has studied the subject, on the last, at least worthy of perusal. We shall endeavour to satisfy both these classes of readers.

In 1823, Captain Johnstone first excited a lively sensation in this community, on the subject, although it had been previously discussed in the Journals of the Presidency*. He had in England sought information from every quarter as to the practicability of the scheme and was satisfied that with proper support, it might be accomplished, the only difficulty being in fact, the want of funds. A Meeting was held at which Capt. Johnstone read a sort of summary of the result of his ardent and anxious investigation of the subject, and in which it seemed that he had suffered no point of importance to escape him. The route preferred by him was the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. He had made very accurate estimates of the distances of the different stages proposed by him, of the journey up the Nile from Alexandria to Cairo, of the route across the desert from Cairo to Suez, of the cost of the vessels requisite, the expense of sailing or steaming them, and a calculation of the probable amount of passage money, &c. and of every particular in short, essential to demonstrate that the scheme was not merely practicable, but might be made *profitable*, his object being to engage the government and mercantile men, the com-

* The Red Sea route was first advocated here, by Mr. Greenlaw, which that gentleman edited the *John Bull*.

munity at large indeed, in the speculation, something after the fashion of a lottery scheme; and there can be no doubt, that if all those who usually dabble in these state gambling concerns had abstained from doing so for one year and devoted the price of one or more tickets to Captain Johnstone's plan, it would have been carried into effect, and we should long ere now have been reaping the advantage in that rapid interchange of communications with the mother country so ardently desired by all. It was however, otherwise ordered. After a great deal of discussion at the Meeting, Mr. Holt Mackenzie proposed, that instead of the community giving two lakhs to the speculation, a sum of one lakh should be subscribed to be held out as a *bonus* to any one who should first accomplish two complete voyages to and from India in the given time. The argument in favour of this proposition was, that we should thus invite the competition of all England, and that, if that did not effect what was contemplated, it might fairly be deemed impracticable. This argument was thought to be conclusive at the time: but experience has shown it to be fallacious. The practicability of the scheme no one doubts: yet the competition of all England has not yet brought out a steamer. Either the *bonus* was too trifling or what is very probable, nobody ever heard of it at home, but those to whom Captain Johnstone himself communicated it.

In consequence of his failure to engage the community in his speculation, Captain Johnstone bought a ship, went home, sold her at a considerable sacrifice, and as all our Indian world know brought out the *Enterprize* in time to render some service to the state in the Burmah war; but except that her coming out round the Cape, demonstrated that a steamer could come by that route, her arrival in India in no degree advanced the grand object of a steam communication with India, for her voyage was in point of time, a complete failure, her passage being about 110 or 12 days, a much longer time than sailing vessels often take to perform it. The causes of this failure are not generally understood, and it may be worth while to explain them, that no one may be discouraged by it. The *Enterprize*, then, was a vessel by no means adapted to the voyage, her utmost speed being about seven miles per hour, while against strong winds and a heavy head sea, she would not make three miles; next she was loaded too deep in the absurd attempt to reach India with only one depot. Captain Johnstone was united with others who would not be guided by his judgment, and assured him the vessel would have a velocity of nine knots with all her fuel for thirty days on board!

The next vessel that came out was Mr. Taylor's *Emulous*, but she made the passage under sail, being a long low shallow vessel

of great power, but of no capacity for a long voyage. Mr. Taylor sent out also, a ship with coal, and had engaged another vessel to go up the Mediterranean, but his schemes failed, chiefly it is said for want of means, but owing partly no doubt, to their not being well digested and practicable. The *Emulous* never could have made the voyage up the Red Sea.

After these unsuccessful attempts, at various times paragraphs appeared occasionally in the London Journals on the subject, but nothing was actually done until in 1828. Mr. Waghorn of the Pilot service an enterprising and intelligent young man and a smart seaman, turned his attention to the subject and offered himself to the public to go home and bring out a steamer built after a plan of his own, round the Cape in 75 days. She was to be a small vessel without any accommodation, except for himself and crew who were to mess with him, and she was to carry no passengers nor cargo, but merely letters and packets or small parcels. His scheme was submitted to the subscribers to the steam fund, and the balance then in hand (40,000 Rs. having been some time before voted to Captain Johnstone for bringing out the *Enterprize*) was voted to him in the terms proposed by himself, to be remitted to his agents in London, to be paid to his order as soon as he should have actually sailed on his vessel. With this pledge and that of the Government to secure him the postage of letters Mr. Waghorn departed for England to carry his plan into effect. Within the last month intelligence has been received of his arrival at Bombay overland. He has been induced to return to India without building his vessel in consequence of not hearing a single word from India on the subject of the steam fund! and thus two more years have been utterly lost. There has been sad neglect, somewhere it would seem. Mr. Waghorn however, had not been idle: he has communicated with the Court of Directors who have promised him their patronage, with his Majesty's Post Master General and other public authorities, and received every possible encouragement short of actual and pecuniary support and that is promised him to a certain extent.

The Court of Directors having received information from the Bombay Government, that a steamer would be at Suez in December, sent out dispatches by Mr. Waghorn overland to meet her there. Mr. W. crossed the channel and landed at Bolougne, where he bought a carriage and posted all the way to Trieste, where he had to wait several days for a passage to Alexandria, which he at length obtained in a Spanish ship. From Alexandria he proceeded as rapidly as he could to Suez, and there found, not only no steamer but no vessel of any kind but boats, in one of which he made his way near 700 miles.

to Juddah where he got on board the *Thetis* Cruizer and reached Bombay.

Meanwhile Mr. Taylor who has devoted five years to the subject and lost according to his own account, near £50,000 in his efforts to perfect his plans, has also come out to India overland having made a direct line from Calais where he landed, from Dover to Marseilles, at which place he met as he expected, a beautiful steamer the *Superb* which wafted him in 18 days to Alexandria, touching at Malta : a convincing and delightful proof of the rapidity with which the voyage may be made by such means. At Suez Mr. Taylor like Mr. Waghorn whom he met there, we believe, was disappointed of course, as to a steamer, and obliged to share the inconveniences of an open boat with that gentleman, so that they both reached Bombay together.

Mr. Taylor informs the public, that he has succeeded in making arrangements for the immediate establishment of a line of steam packets on both sides the Isthmus of Suez, by means of which the voyage may be made to Bombay in 40, to Calcutta in 55 days or less ; that he has also provided a newly invented carriage for conveyance across the Desert, and that he wants nothing more than a pledge from the government of that advantage of postage which was guaranteed to Mr. Waghorn, and that for two years only, when he on his part will bind himself and those with whom he is associated, to carry the plan into effect, to convey officers and others at the Company's rates, provide them with a good table and guarantee them against quarantine, if they will conform to his regulations, which of course all his passengers must bind themselves to do.

Such is a rapid view of what has been done towards the establishment of the proposed communication : and it is our decided opinion, that with such arrangements as Mr. Taylor tells us he has made, the complete success of the scheme is certain, and we do hope and trust therefore, that no conflicting claims will be suffered to overcloud and destroy the bright prospect now before us. If the Government be not irreparably pledged to Mr. Waghorn, and Mr. Taylor adduces satisfactory evidence that his plans are really so far advanced as he states, we think it should insist on Mr. Waghorn's uniting with that gentleman, or if he refused, should transfer to the latter, the advantage in question, rather than subject us to two more years of that " hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," of which we have already endured so much in regard to this question. We say two years, for whatever, Mr. Waghorn may say, we are convinced, that ere he can return to England, build his vessel and be out here again, having *previously provided the necessary depots, of coals*, at least full two years will elapse. If he should at-

tempt to come out without having at least four or five depots there is great chance of his failure.

Another advantage this line of packets secures is very important. If an accident happen to Mr. Waghorn's single vessel, we are instantly thrown back on our present tedious mode of communication; but if vessels sail every fortnight on each side the Isthmus, the delay from a similar cause must be insignificant. It is therefore on every account desirable that this gentleman and Mr. Taylor should unite their means for the establishment of the proposed line of packets. It is to be observed also, that Mr. Waghorn's plan does not embrace the conveyance of passengers. It is obvious therefore that one which supplies that omission and a quicker and more certain and regular communication will be and ought to be preferred.

It will be enough to offer a few words in support of our conviction of the feasibility of the plan of navigating to India by steam. In 1822, ample testimony of a highly interesting character was given before a Committee of the House of Commons, of the capacity of steam vessels to stand any weather whatever, the great difficulty of adapting them to long voyages being the impossibility of combining the great burthen essential for a large supply of fuel, with a model to give the required velocity. The obstacle can only be overcome, by having frequent depots, which are easily provided, although it may require time and considerable expense to supply them, an objection which is lessened much by the Red Sea and Mediterranean route where the remotest depot would not exceed 4,000 miles from the port where coals are procurable. In this route, the longest stage is 1,350 miles, that from Cochin to Socotra; and vessels may easily be procured of 9 or 10 miles speed, which will carry at least 8 or 9 days coals, and the winds in the Arabian Gulph or the sea between the Malabar Coast and Arabia are never directly adverse unless when light, so that with such a vessel, an average of at least six knots might be safely reckoned on, and therefore she could certainly make the longest stage without difficulty. The *Forbes* has steamed against a heavy head wind and sea upwards of seven knots, and she carries nine day's coals. We are justified in our conclusion therefore, that the plan is perfectly feasible, and we now indulge the strongest hopes of seeing it speedily carried into effect. S.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

I.

She loved that ancient strain,
 Because its echoes brought
 Her native hill, and vale and plain,
 From hidden realms of thought ;
 And in its dulcet tone,
 She saw the woodland ill.
 Whence the mist wreath pale soared o'er the vale,
 To crown the distant hill.

II.

And every cadence was,
 As a spell to raise the dead,—
 The surface of a magic glass,
 Where spectral beings tread ;—
 And faces thence looked out,
 That now were shrouded deep,
 Where the cerements of death enwrapt them about,
 In their long and loathless sleep.

III.

And eyes looked on her, thence,
 Bright with those sunny glances
 Where a first love's innocence
 On the waves of passion dances ;
 And words came on her ear,
 Voluptuous as the song
 Of bees, that are sinking to slumber where
 They have fed on sweet flowers too long.

IV.

But when it died away,
 That sweet and ancient strain,
 The spirit of decay,
 Once more crept o'er her brain ?—
 Then who would doubt the power,
 To the Psalmist's lyre that clung,
 When it brightened the monarch's frenzy-hour,
 As the Minstrel David sung.

R. C. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Goethe's Tragedy of Faust is so well known by Lord Gower's Translation, that some account of the materials from whence it is derived may be acceptable to your readers. With this view I send you a translation of the two first Chapters from a curious old book on this subject, and should you approve of it, will transmit an occasional continuation.

Absurd as we are accustomed to think the History of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, it is yet certain that it is founded on reality and most of his conjurations are nothing more than efforts of science advanced beyond the comprehension of ignorant and jealous contemporaries. To a philosophical mind the separation of truth from falsehood is an interesting employment. Faust was one of those ill-starred individuals who outran the genius of his age, and his contemporaries incapable of appreciating his talents and his love of knowledge considered his studies as nothing better than an intercourse with Evil Spirits and the Black Art. Let us trust, that such days may never return.

I am, Sir,
Your very Obedt. Servant,

Part the First.

OF THE HISTORY OF THE FAR FAMED PROFESSOR OF THE BLACK ART,

DR. JOHN FAUSTUS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

How John Faustus while he studied at Ingolstadt, seduced by bad Company became conversant with unlawful Literature and Diabolical conjurations.

John Faustus was born in the Earldom of Anhalt and lived with his parents in the village of Sondwedel. They were a poor and pious pair of farmers. But he had a wealthy cousin at Wittenberg who being without heirs of his own body, brought up John Faustus (whom he had taken on account of his phrenological head and superior intellect) as his own son, and kept him

carefully at school. John gained so much upon the old man's favour that he sent him from thence to the high school at Ingolstadt. He there made such progress in his studies, that he was considered fit to obtain the place of master, the duties of which he discharged with credit, along with eleven colleagues. His cousin in Wittenberg was much gratified by such good beginnings and promising behaviour, nor is it to be supposed that his parents were less so, for they had spared no expence in the hope at some future time of gaining both honor and satisfaction by his entering into Holy orders, to which all these studies seemed to tend.

But that period was antecedent to Luther's blessed reformation, the old Popedom was in universal authority and people every where practised enchantments, exorcisms and conjurations. All this pleased Faustus much, and laying aside his studies to associate with bad company, and such as were conversant with unlawful characters and secret writing, he was soon led astray and seduced. In addition to this he frequented the company of the wandering Gipsies and learnt from them Chiromancy and Phrenology or the art of Telling Fortunes by looking at people's hands and sculls, and he also used at high festivals when the Sun rises very early in the morning to practice the incantation called the charm of the dawn and other unlawful things.

When he was now completely engaged in these matters, and lending himself to the devil on very easy terms, he laid his former Theological studies entirely aside, applied himself diligently to the art of Therapeutics and under this pretence busied himself in discovering the system of the world, learnt to cast nativities and to prognosticate the good and evil that was to happen to individuals, so by degrees he became a most skilful prognosticator and was even able to compile Almanacks.

With all this he might still have kept in the right path had he not misused his learning and carried it too far. He did not stop where he ought but proceeded to conjurations with spirits, which was what he chiefly aimed at, and succeeded therein so well that several of them became his dependants and followers.

In the mean time he was under the necessity of exculpating himself to his parents and relations in Wittenberg, and of explaining to them why he had abandoned his Theological Studies and wandered into others. He therefore pretended that his genius was much better suited to medicine and astronomy than to theology. He also brought from the University in Ingolstadt a good certificate of his studies, which must have given him great credit in his cousin's eyes, more especially as after three years, he succeeded in obtaining the degree of Doctor in medicine which however Mr. Freudens will neither believe nor allow.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

*How Dr. Faustus was led away to the Devil by
Burra Khanas and Musical Parties.*

When Dr. Faustus by the abovementioned seductions was so devoted to this unlawful mode of life, he completely forgot the commandments of Heaven. At the same time by the death of his cousin in Wittenberg he came into possession of a considerable inheritance which enabled him to get companions of his own kind, with whom he so behaved that from this time as a certain Theologian asserts who was with him, he was scarcely ever sober and became almost unfit for any thing, and although, when the inheritance of his cousin began to dwindle away by his daily feasting and carousing, he restrained himself a little, yet he by no means reformed so far, as to give over his inclination for another kind of company, namely that of the devils and evil spirits by whose help he hoped to enjoy his fill of sublunary pleasures. How he succeeded but too well in this project will appear in the sequel.

[*To be continued.*]

Note. Extracted from *Das Aergertliche Leben und Schreckliche Ende des Viel Beruehtigen Ertz Schwartz Kunstlers D. Johannis Faustus, or the Atrocious Life and Fearful End of the far famous Arch Conjuror Dr. John Faustus, by George Rudolph Widmann ; Nurnberg, 1711.*

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Oh memory, 'tis thine to cast
A mellow halo o'er the past ;
And mantle with a softer die
The scenes and seasons long gone by —
And though we know how false each hue,
We love to deem the phantom true.

The future in a misty shroud
Steals on us as a thief at night ;
We cannot penetrate the cloud
That hides its features from the sight,
We eye it with suspicious fear,
As if it meant to work us ill ;
And though no real cause appear,
We feel the sad misgiving still.
The future is an unknown guest ;
The past an old friend sunk to rest ;
The future is a distant strand ;
The past your own receding land.

ODE.

TO THE GODDESS OF CALCUTTA.

Divinity of multitudinous eyes,
 Of ears, of whispers, of each idle tongue
 Which busy rumour touches as she flies ;
 Say, potent Goddess, how would'st thou be sung
 In this *thy* realm, where all with might and main
 Highest, and lowest, worship in thy Fane.

Say shall our incense float,
 Divinest SCANDAL, through the starry air
 With Rappa's frequent note,
 From halls of light and flowers where the fair
 To thee their winning eloquence devote ?
 Or will it please thee better from the Course ;
 Where charming parties in a carriage,
 From other ears remote,
 Discuss the last, or next, new marriage,
 Or something worse ?

But perhaps 'twill sweeter be from the Church door,
 Where, having wash'd off a week's mental ailings,
 Or little sinnings,
 We think ourselves entitled to scan o'er
 And criticise our neighbours faults and failings ;
 A kind of running up of a new score—
 Or taking a fresh innings.

Truly it must be pleasing to thine ear,
 SCANDAL, most potent Goddess of such matters,
 To hear the lips which have just lisped a prayer
 Whisper a character to very tatters ;
 But then with *such* a sympathizing air,
 And eyes turned up, quite full of pious waters ;
 " Well who'd have thought—besides, *depend* upon it
 She hasn't paid LaPlace for that fine bonnet.

Or, mighty Goddess ! should we raise the song
 From one of those same Palanquinish Coaches
 Which shine from door to door the whole day long,
 Incessant heralding thy loved approaches ?
 The grating wheels, the warning bells,
 Gladly the fair one hears ;
 That clapper rings six reputation knells,
 She hides the note half penn'd
 To some one else, abusing her dear friend,
 And welcomes her, and, Goddess thee, upstairs.

Omnipotent—Omnipresent in Calcutta,
SCANDAL great mother of our City's mind ;
 Strong ruler of the highest and the lowest,
 Blighter more potent than the jungle wind
 Who things unthought, and deeds undone, still **knowest—**
 How shall we hymn thy praises, or how put a
 Fire in our Harps, worthy of us, and thee,
 Fort William's tutelar divinity ?

Mighty divinity of Scandal,
None more strong or heart-shaking than thou
Unveil'd the stormy horrors of their brow
To fiery Norseman or Rone—conquering Vandal :
Not Thor the terrible
When in Freya's guise his hammer he won,
And shower'd his Thunder dints upon,
Thrym the King, and his Thursy—who
All fled or fell as the thick strokes flew
Each weighing a hundred and twenty ton
For they certainly were unbearable.
But maugre this, whenever they have quarrell'd,
Valibalas Gods withstood in vain the blow
Of the terrible Bersakir's axe—and so
Fled Zerneck from Harold.

Upon the hill of Ghosts,
The hill of a thousand Clouds ;
Where the Scatterers of Hosts
Dwell in their misty shrouds ;
In awful strife Fingal the King of men.
Hurled back the spirit of Lodi to his glen
He fled like the last scud of the parting storm
To the realms of the dead,
The stars dim gleaming thro' his broken form,
Feebly shrieking he fled.

Not so, O ! Scandal is it with thy war,
More terrible than Zerneck or Thor,
Or Lodi's Ghost ;
The Crowns of earth gleam pale before thy star :
The Leader, who can boast
A thousand glorious fields,
Shrinks before thee—
As timidly as a country maiden yields
Precedency to some established toast,
Oh—Patroness of Tea !

Who could resist thy power ?

Not the Autocrat of the North

Nor Napoleon the great

That mighty puppet of Fate,

Not Owen Glendowr :

Or George the Third, or Fourth ;

No, for beneath thy chariot men are all

Crush'd—thou most universal Juggernath,

From the millionaire, to the wretch not worth a groat ;

From the groom, to the Governor General.

Goddess severe—the terrible—how shall I,

The humblest of thy slaves,

Hymn thy divinity ?

Come spirits of the whirlwind come,

Ghosts of old maids come chattering from your graves,

Spirits of pestilence and fire

Gather dark shadows—underneath my dome,

Muster around my Lyre ;

Let us together raise

A hymn, a mighty hymn, in praise

Of that great power who animates our quire :

While the wild raging elements around

Clash their dark weapons to the magic sound.

Thunder—appropriate music of this clime,

Typhoons and fiery gales,

Awake your stormy choruses sublime

O'er the sinking wreck,

With the dead upon her deck,

O'er the river rended mound,

O'er the populous village drowned,

Over a thousand desolated vales.

Fiends who inhabited of yore

India's ten thousand Idol Fanes,

With altars where the grime of human gore

Still uneffaced remains ;

Ye whose lips drank the last breath,

Whose ears heard the last stifled shriek,

Who watch'd the blight of death

Steal o'er the rose of the young victim's cheek ;

And smil'd, with a ghastly gladness,

As howls and dying groans

And the yells of fanatic madness ;

Made the air throb around your grisly thrones ;

Awake ! and fling the awful strain

To the thunder and the hurricane again !

Spirits of the fires,
 Where in flame wreathes red
 The living lies writhing by the dead ;
 Where the festering corpse burns side by side
 With the heaving body of his burning bride,
 Till screaming she expires ;
 Bear, bear on high the horrible groans,
 And the sound of the crackling flames and bones,
 And the fanatic trumpets sullen tones,
 And the drums unceasing beat,
 And the trampling of ten thousand feet ;
 And the shout of the gentle Hindoos, when they
 See the fire fiend seize his helpless prey.

Bear the dreadful noises high
 Fling them forth in the stormy sky,
 Fling them wide, and fling them far
 Midst the whirlwinds roar and the thunders jar.

Mingle all sounds of terror—madly sweep
 By charmed fountains,
 Thro' chasms black a thousand fathoms deep,
 O'er haunted mountains ;
 Bear winds the clanking of the rusty chains
 That rattle round the felon's gaunt remains ;
 Bear the drear wailings from those gloomy caves
 Where Demons writhe ;
 Or those infernal chuckles from new graves
 Where Ghouls are feasting blithe.

Mingle spirits of fire, and blood,
 Mingle spirits of whirlwind, and flood ;
 Elemental uproar come,
 Burst around the shaking dome,
 While triumphantly we raise
 Hymns to mighty SCANDAL's praise.

Goddess!—hush!—a voice—'tis hers !
 Gently murmuring thro' the hall
 Like the night breeze, when it stirs
 The topmost boughs of sleeping Firs,
 Or the hum of a far off water-fall.

Gentle fool, the goddess whispers,
 Cease your ravings, drop your Lyre ;
 Noises of the flood and fire,
 Yells of ghosts and devils dire
 Those are no sounds to suit *my* altar :
 Rather, there let gentle lispers

Telling half, and hinting half,
 With now a shrug—and now a laugh,
 Thus with smooth tongues their soft devotions faulter.
 Imperial scatterer of viewless darts,
 True to their aim, and sharp as ever were
 The Roman Tyrant's—blighter of young hearts
 Divider of affections—hear our prayer :
 Spare *us* great Goddess—but to make amends
 Do what you like with our five hundred friends.

Mighty art thou—the Duke of Wellington
 Tho' he rules over all the three estates,
 Had he the whole life-guards Cuirasses on
 Could no more stop thy Javelin than fate's ;
 Bull—Morning Journal—Age—and all that crew
 But draw the bow—the arrows come from you.

But here—but here—Oh Goddess in this land,
 Where the green ocean bears the mud and foam
 Wash'd from old England's overburthen'd strand,
Here is thy loved—thine own *peculiar* home
 Not Paphos gave to Venus more allegiance
 Than from Calcutta thou receivest obedience.

Grim chalky women—yellow ochery men,
 Hairless and liverless—the whole day long
 Devote to thee head—hand—heart—tongue and pen
 Alone or in the sudorific throng :
 To the Church organ—or the pipe and tabor
 Think or speak evil of their friend and neighbour

All—all are thine—the priest—the maid—the bride
 The martialist, whose words are steel and fire,
 The sleek civilian, full of place and pride,
 The lawyer, who serves *you* without his hire ;
 The matron, who, while sugaring her tea,
 Teaches six daughters how to worship thee.

Is it not grateful when the Church is done
 And the communion over, to behold
 Thy votaries—divinest SCANDAL run
 To some dear friend—a new tale to unfold
 How Capt. Z. had ogled Mrs. Q.
 The shocking creature, half the service through.

“ What was the text, dear? Oh! “ Love one another.”

“ Did you observe that little odious fright

“ Miss Jub—Jub—and that hateful thing her mother

“ ’Tis my opinion the girl’s starved outright;

“ As for her father—between you and I,

“ You *know* Miss T!!! *he’s* other fish to fry.

“ You have heard dear—what they say of Mr. —

“ I *always* thought those people liv’d too well :

“ You’ll see the Tomkinsons will have a smash,

“ His wife, the creature, sets up for a Belle ;

“ A Belle indeed!—your hair will stand an end

“ At what I’ll tell you, though she *is* my friend.

Such gentle sounds as those the live long day ,

Float circling through Calcutta’s sunny air ;

At night, they rise from feasts and ball-rooms gay

Where fashions perfumed votaries repair ;

And e’en when slumber waves her wand o’er all

Thou rulest in dreams the sleeping capital.

These are our claims, O Goddess to thy care,

Look then benignly on thy devotees ;

Inspire Calcutta’s brave, Calcutta’s fair,

For if in other fanes we bend our knees,

Our lips in prayer at other altars move ;

To thine alone we bring—HEART—FAITH—and LOVE.

W. W.—s.

SONNET.

CONSUMPTION.

Roses are on her brow and in her hair

—Her raven hair—bright pearls and jewels gleam,

Like stars that shine through clouds ;—and clinging there,

To that fair pillar, She in sooth doth seem

A thing of Paradise of which saints dream

In summer nights when peace is all abroad.—

—A flush is on her cheek—perchance of pride

To see herself so vassalled by the brave—

Perchance, of bashfulness,—that she should have

His gaze who for her sake shuns all beside !—

Perchance, of bounding glee !—ah ! no—the bode

It is of inward pain !—Consumption throws

—Like setting suns—a shadow of the rose

On that it leads to night —She is Death’s Bride !

C.

ON MILL'S THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS.

In his *Essay on Government* Mr. Mill represented all men in power, from the highest to the lowest, to be actuated by an *insatiable* selfishness, and the phenomena of all Government to result from the degree in which the selfishness of those who had less power was permitted to counteract that of those who had more. On the other hand as he denied the possibility of a resolution of forces in political dynamics, or of a permanent balance of power, it followed that every lesser power being swallowed up by the greater, *every* Government must necessarily be in the highest degree oppressive, and *every* nation subject to that degree of plunder which leaves private individuals "the bare means of subsistence, and that degree of cruelty which is necessary to keep in existence the most intense terror." It was to no purpose that this theory was contradicted by history and experience; that men had only to open their eyes to read everywhere demonstrations of its falsehood. The seeming prevalence of order and justice, and accumulations of property far beyond the bare means of subsistence, were merely the illusive "*outside of facts,*" and "*surface of history,*" beneath which lay those irrefragable principles of human nature which led by infallible sequence to such direful consequences!! He is more unreasonable than Lord Peter, who would not admit that the loaf of bread had the external appearance of bread, and found it easier to affirm that it was a leg of mutton, than to say that it was bread on the outside and mutton internally.

In his "*Analysis of the phenomena of the human mind,*" Mr. Mill, with equal defiance of experience, concludes all men and women under the invariable dominion of selfishness. All the sacrifices that the most generous self-devotion could exact are but modifications of that ignoble feeling. To be virtuous is to love one's-self wisely. To praise the virtue of others, is to stimulate that which may be useful to one's-self. To be praised is to receive signs and tokens of future selfish advantages. "Courage, in fact, is but a species of the acts of prudence: a class selected for distinction by a particular name; that class in which evils of great magnitude, or rather of a particular description, are to be hazarded for the sake of a preponderant good." "Of all that we enjoy more is derived from those acts of other men, on which we bestow the name of virtue, than from any other cause. Our own virtue is the principal cause why other men reciprocate the acts of virtue towards us. With the idea of our own acts of virtue, there are naturally associated the ideas of all the immense

advantages we derive from the virtuous acts of our fellow-creatures. When this association is formed in due strength, which it is the main business of a good education to effect, the motive of virtue becomes paramount in the human breast. We strongly act upon other men when we manifest on our parts a disposition to perform acts in their favour, in consequence of the acts performed by them in favour of others. This disposition we manifest when we praise those acts; or, as we otherwise phrase it, when we declare our approbation or admiration of them."

That there is a pre-established harmony between virtue and utility, is certain; but so far is our feeling of the former from being derived from, and proportioned to our enjoyment of the latter, that there may be acts of heroic virtue which we admire without a thought of their utility, and acts productive of the greatest utility undignified with the name of virtue. Nay the very perception of a feeling of self-interest, which according to the utilitarian system is the constituent of virtue, will divest of the character of virtue, acts which would be otherwise entitled to it; so essentially distinct in their origin and in their nature, are our conceptions of virtue and utility. If Nelson and Howard "hazarded evils of a particular description," that men might reciprocate benefits towards them, and not for the unselfish love of glory and of mankind, in what would they differ from the most reckless gamester who ever terminated his criminal career by a shameful death? If the virtue of Sir Thomas Moore and Andrew Marvel were to be measured by their activity in bartering benefits for benefits, their fame would be eclipsed by that of the inventors of gas lights and mule twist. In vain does the utilitarian, by the infusion of his test, attempt to precipitate a sediment of selfishness in those examples of pellucid virtue which are consecrated by the reverence of the world; or in those numberless examples which repose in the obscurity of private life, hidden in rural retirement, or in the recesses of populous cities; and in proportion to the absence of that impurity our moral approbation and praise are accorded.

From desire of pleasure and aversion to pain, the only principles which Mr. Mill considers to be instinctive in human nature, the power of conscience never could arise. Nor does that word once occur in all his book, nor any acknowledgment of its functions. He explains every thing by association of ideas. He accounts for the love of praiseworthiness, or dread of blameworthiness being a stronger feeling than the love of actual praise, or dread of actual blame, by saying, "it is one of those cases, in which, by the power of association, the secondary feeling becomes more powerful than the primary." Now what is here called the "secondary," is, in truth, the primary feeling, being "the

bosom's lord," conscience, whose whispers are more cheering, or more appalling than the loudest acclamations of external praise or censure. The latter are valued as harmonizing with the former, enhancing satisfaction in the one case, and aggravating pain in the other. According to Mr. Mill praise and blame, without any regard of their being merited or unmerited, derive all their power from being associated with ideas of pleasurable and painful consequences to ourselves. "In some instances of loss of reputation, loss of character, disgrace, infamy," he says, "the association rises to that remarkable case, which we have had frequent occasions of observing; when the means become a more important object than the end, the cause than the effect. It not unfrequently happens that the idea of the unfavourable sentiments of mankind, becomes more intolerable than all the consequences which could result from them, and men make their escape from life, in order to escape from the tormenting idea of certain consequences, which, at most, would only diminish the advantages of living."

This singular explanation is itself in much greater need of explanation than that state of the mind for which it attempts to account. The distress of such moments proceeds more from the past, than from the future. It requires but a moderate degree of fortitude to sustain the probability of future evils, where there is no feeling of self-reproach within; no rooted sorrow that cannot be plucked from the memory. If the apprehended consequences were indeed felt to be such as would only diminish the advantages of living, it is impossible that the mere suggestion of them should produce the despair which precedes suicide. In the early part of the last reign Mr. Yorke accepted the office of Attorney General, and immediately afterwards made his escape from life, not to escape the tormenting idea of a peerage and the wool-sack, but of the shameful defection from his party. That tragical event is not to be ascribed to any mistaken estimate of the relative importance of means and end, cause and effect, but to a vivid sense of the obligations which he had violated, and the sacrifice of principle to which he had been seduced by the glittering temptations of ambition.

As Mr. Mill resolves all feelings of love and friendship into associations of our own pleasures with the object of the affection, so he resolves sorrow for the death of a friend, child, husband, wife, into regret for the loss of a source of pleasurable associations; and adduces the case of a person dying of a broken heart as another instance "in which a greater value is set upon the means than upon the end;" since the pleasurable consequences would, at most, only increase the advantages of living. The death of a patron may be regretted as a privation of many ad-

vantages, but tears of the bitterest grief are shed not for the loss of money, or of the means of procuring enjoyment, but of an object for whose sake money, and life itself, would be lavished.

The following is Mr. Mill's mode of ascribing the phenomena of sympathy to a process which begins and terminates in selfishness; it being observed that while he determines to avoid the use of the word *sympathy*, he cannot give us a tolerably accurate description of so familiar an emotion. "The idea of a man enjoying a train of pleasures, or happiness, is felt by every body to be a pleasurable idea. The idea of a man under a train of sufferings or pains, is equally felt to be a painful idea. This can arise from nothing but the association of our own pleasures with the first idea, and of our own pains with the second. We never feel any pains and pleasures but our own. The fact indeed, is, that our very idea of the pains or pleasures of another man, is only the idea of our own pains, or our own pleasures, associated with the idea of another man. This is not one of the least important, and curious of all cases of association, and instantly shows how powerfully associated trains of ideas of our pains and pleasures must be with a feeling so compounded. The pleasurable association composed of the ideas of a man and his pleasures, and the painful association composed of the ideas of a man and his pains, are both affections, which have so much of the same tendency that they are included under one name, kindness; though the latter affection has a name appropriate to itself, compassion."

When we are under the influence of pity, which implies sorrow for the distress of *another*, and a desire to relieve it, we are, says Mr. Mill, suffering from *our own* pain associated with the idea of another man! The feeling of pity is undoubtedly our own emotion, but the distress which causes it, and which we desire to relieve, is that of another. In the mind of the original sufferer the distress may be associated with the idea of another man who brought it upon him; is he therefore in the same state as those who participate in his grief? A father who has lost a child may have the revived feelings of his own affliction blended with compassion at the sight of similar distress; but those who never were fathers are susceptible of the same sad and tender feeling.

*Naturæ imperio geminus, cum funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terra clauditur infans.*

Nor is it true that sympathy is synonymous with and constitutes kindness. Pre-existing kindness will render the sympathetic feelings more intense: but we feel compassion for the pains inflicted on the greatest criminal, and catch impressions of gaiety

from all the symbols of gladness. A man's kindness for a little girl induces him to give her a doll, and the flush of joy in her face is reflected upon his. In analyzing these phenomena of the human mind, Mr. Mill says that the man, with respect to the gift, associated the act with the idea that the little girl might reciprocate acts of virtue towards him; and with respect to the sympathy, that he associated his own pleasure with the idea of his young friend, and by that association evinced his kindness!

Not satisfied with denying any original tendencies in the mind to regard certain actions as right or wrong, moral or immoral; and making utility the constituent of virtue, and standard of merit; Mr. Mill goes so far, in the following passage, as, like Hobbes, to make human laws the source of our ideas of what is just and unjust. "Men, in Society, have found it essential for mutual benefit, that the powers of individuals over the general causes of good, should be fixed by certain rules; that is laws. Acts done in conformity with those rules are called just acts" &c. It is needless to say that we have antecedent notions whereby we judge of the justice of laws themselves; and that the most unjust act may be done in conformity with a law which violated equity and humanity. If mere *conformity to laws* constitutes the justice of acts, then they must be deemed just if conformable to laws of whatever description.

It may be thought however that there is in the above passage an implied limitation restricting the epithet "just" to acts which are in conformity with laws which have really been enacted for the benefit of the community. With the exception of that one doubtful or careless expression Mr. Mill is not a Hobbist, but a Humeist, making virtue consist in the pleasure derived from it, and placing prudence in the same rank with fortitude, justice, and beneficence. "The man who has the disposition towards all the four, prudence, fortitude, justice, and beneficence, in full strength; that is, who has acquired, from habit, the facility of associating with those acts the pleasures which result from them, in other words, a habit of obeying the motives, is perfectly virtuous." If the consequences of an act are a balance of good, the act is moral; if they are a balance of evil, it is immoral. Knowledge, therefore, appears indispensable, not merely to the exercise of prudence and fortitude, but of justice and beneficence, for "how is the amount of the good, or the evil, to be ascertained, but by that power of tracing the consequences of acts, *for which the greatest knowledge, and the most accurate judgment are required.*" Every error in judgment is therefore an immoral act. All the mistakes that Lord Bexley made are so many stains on his moral character. If the highest cultivation of the intellectual powers be requisite to the virtuous

conduct of private life, how can we expect to find it in the annals of the poor, to whom Mr. Mill would entrust, not merely the management of their domestic affairs, but the Government of the nation? But, in truth, the lowliest peasant, though he has not, as a statesman should have, a clear knowledge of what will conduce to the greatest good of the greatest number, is not without a better guide to his path, and a sounder knowledge of his moral nature, than any that has been provided by Mr. Mill, who has reviewed the phenomena of the human mind without discovering the existence of conscience, disinterested affection, and the immortality of the soul.

 STANZAS.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS. |

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How pleasant it would be,
 To build a little mossy hut
 Beneath the forest tree.
 To climb each green and grassy knoll
 To pierce each leafy haunt
 • And listen with delighted ears
 To every wild bird's chaunt.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How bright the sunbeams gleam
 Chequered by many a waving bough
 Upon the dancing stream.
 And there the dainty harebells grow
 There roams the vagrant bee,
 And every gale that stirs the trees
 Makes thrilling melody.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How balmy is the air,
 How sweet the morning breeze that fans
 The roebuck in his lair.
 Oh would that from these hated walls
 I too might roam as free,
 And tread the turf with steps as light
 And heart as full of glee.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How bright the dew-drops shine
 How gracefully the ivy wreaths
 Around the old oaks twine,
 Take all the feasts and festivals
 This darksome city yields—
 Give me the shade of forest bowers,
 The sun-light of the fields.

A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

In the year 18——, I was residing in Edinburgh with a married sister, the Regiment of Dragoons, in which I held the rank of Cornet, (and which I had never joined,) being at this period in India and expected home daily for reduction. I was in every sense of the word an idle man, though my residence in the modern Athens, was for the avowed purpose of attending certain classes at the university. Business, pleasure, or it matters not what induced me in the course of the winter, to take a trip to York, where after remaining for about a week, and seeing the Minster, &c. &c. time began to hang heavy on my hands, while my purse gave evident symptoms of a decrease of weight in my pocket, and it consequently became advisable that I should turn my steps northward again. I accordingly booked myself for an inside seat in "The Highflyer" Coach, and proposed to start from York on the morning of the 17th December.

The Coach drove up to the door of the Inn at which I resided, and I had just completed the arrangement of my baggage in the boat when an elderly gentleman stepped out of the house, and walking up to me, addressed me as follows—"My name is Mr. C. I have come thus far from London in progress to Edinburgh with a widow-lady, my Cousin, who I am in consequence of a sudden recal to the former city, obliged to leave here totally unprotected, to prosecute the remainder of her journey. You will think me very rude in thus addressing a perfect stranger, but (with a smile,) you are an officer of the army, Sir, and all of your profession are ready to shield the fair sex, you will be conferring a great favour on me if you will see that the lady in question wants for nothing during her journey (she has ample means in her possession) and you will add to the obligation by seeing her safely to the residence of her sister in Castle Street, Edinburgh, the coach is ready and I have not time to say more; so if you will allow me I shall bring the lady and introduce her to you." The abruptness of his request so confused me that I know not what I replied, but fancy something affirmative as he immediately left me with a profusion of thanks. He was gone about five minutes during which time my mind was occupied in reflecting on the strangeness of the adventure I was entering upon and I could not help thinking what a joke my college companions would have against me if it came to their ears that I had escorted an old widow-lady of 50 or 60 (I took it for granted she must be a person of that sober age) from York to Edinburgh. I felt half inclined to endeavour to cry off the engagement which

had been thrust upon me but my vanity prevented this and when I called to mind the ready manner in which my *military appearance* had betrayed to Mr. C. my profession (he had seen my name at the Coach-office, Cornet M. Light Dragoons) I could not bring myself to disappoint a gentleman who had displayed a degree of discernment so flattering to a youthful soldier of not quite 17 years of age. I had hardly come to the above resolution when my new acquaintance made his appearance with my *compagne de voyage* on his arm but judge my surprise reader when I beheld not an antiquated female but one young and beautiful, apparently about my own age. She was somewhat below the ordinary size, possessed a figure which was symmetry itself and a foot and ankle which baffles description, her complexion peculiarly fair, her hair a deep brown, a Grecian nose, teeth of pearly white and such lips, "her eyes dark charms 't were vain to tell," suffice it that they were surmounted by a brow of snowy hue which the style of head dress worn by widows seemed to shew forth to great advantage.

My new acquaintance leading her up to where I stood presented her to me as Mrs. P. at the sametime mentioning my name to her, adding good humouredly that he had ascertained it from the book-keeper at the Coach-office. Having embraced her affectionately he handed her into the coach and shaking me cordially by the hand with many acknowledgments of my polite compliance with his request, he took his leave and we drove off towards Edinburgh.

For the greater part of the first stage my companion was silent and evidently much perplexed by the singular situation in which she was placed, and I was equally at a loss how to commence a conversation. The day was piercingly cold and an occasional shiver and movement of the feet convinced me that my fair charge felt inconvenience from the sharp frosty atmosphere, I seized upon this circumstance to break silence by begging she would permit me to offer my military cloak to protect her from the effects of the weather, after some little demur she accepted it and having thus broken the ice one observation led to another, till at length I happened to remark how dreary the country looked at this season, she replied that to her it appeared quite lovely, but that no one knew how to value their dear native land until they learned by absence its superiority over other climes. So, thought I, though so young you have been a traveller, and I was about to put a leading question to that effect when I was interrupted by a loud "Hallo Coachney" from the road side, the vehicle was immediately pulled up and a huge mass in the shape of a Yorkshire farmer entered, I could have slain the porpoise on the spot for having thus occasioned the interruption of a conversation which

seemed on the eve of eliciting some knowledge of my fair one's history.

The Yorkshireman composed himself to sleep before he had been five minutes in our company, and kept up an unceasing roaring till midnight, when he left us to our no small mutual gratification.

Morning came and we found ourselves again alive, the usual compliments passed and my companion seemed considerably more at her ease and inclined to be more communicative than on the preceding day. It is unnecessary to tire the reader with a detail of our conversation which induced her to relate the following brief account of her own history, I give it in her own words.

"I was the youngest of two orphan children, daughters of a Clergyman, in the South of England, my parents died when I was quite an infant and myself and sister (about twelve years my senior) were left to the guardianship of our cousin (Mr. C. whom you saw at York) a London merchant, who brought us up at his own expense and treated us in every respect as his children. My sister to whom I am now going was married about ten years back to a Colonel S. on half pay in some Colonial Corps, and resides in Edinburgh with the view of giving their children a cheaper and better education than their limited means could afford to a large and encreasing family in England.

Two years ago, being then little more than fifteen years old I was living with my cousin Mr. C. during the Christmas vacation when a correspondent of his Mr. P. arrived from the West Indies where he possessed a considerable property, and took up his abode in my Cousin's house. He was very kind and polite to me, and though I certainly liked him as my cousin's friend, I never dreamt of looking upon him in the light of a lover, for independent of the extreme disparity in our ages, matrimony had not then entered my head—however he proposed and I without well understanding the nature of the engagement I was entering upon, at the suggestion of my guardian accepted his hand—we were married and immediately afterwards embarked for Jamaica—no husband could be more indulgent, but still I looked up to him more as a father, than a conjugal partner. We had been but eight months in the Island when he was carried off by a fever, and I a month afterwards gave birth to a son now in Edinburgh and about a twelve months old. My baby being delicate and my own health bad, it was sent to England under charge of a lady of my acquaintance, and I followed as soon as my late husband's affairs would admit of my doing so—I arrived in my native land about a fortnight since, having been in the brief space of one year a wife, a mother, and a widow. My husband left £ 30,000 settled

on my darling boy, the interest of which I enjoy for life, and I am now proceeding to meet and embrace my dear child, with whom I was obliged to part so shortly after his birth."

She was silent and evidently a good deal affected by the detail of her own history. I made some remarks of a condoling nature, but I had become so interested in the fair widow that doubtless my observations were not much to the purpose. This day and the next passed, and the following evening we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and about 7 o'clock arrived at the "Black Bull" Inn. I procured a Hackney Coach and conducted my fair friend to her sister's residence where after a gentle pressure of her hand which I felt satisfied she returned with interest, I took my leave having first obtained permission to wait upon her the following day. I passed rather a restless night and the moment I had finished breakfast set off for Castle Street. I found Mrs. P. and her infant alone, she received me most cordially and presented her little son to me who I kissed, fondled and admired. Her sister now entered, she was ugly as the widow was beautiful and after her came the Colonel, a blunt sun-dried man about 50, he was extremely civil, and he and his lady thanked me warmly for the manner in which I had discharged the trust reposed in me. Day after day passed, and day after day I visited the fair widow in Castle Street, and though "I never told my love," it was evident she understood the state of my heart, and if eyes can speak, hers was much in the same condition as my own. Things went on in this manner for nearly two months when my brother-in-law began to remark my frequent absences from home, and through some means or other ascertained the cause. He was a prudent steady going character who did not altogether consider a youth of 17 quite old enough to enter upon the cares of matrimony, but being moreover a kind good hearted man he was determined to remove me at once from the scene of my affections without hinting at his knowledge of my situation. In the year of grace 18—, young men at College at least such roving blades as myself were not in the habit of leading the most regular lives, and having arrived in Edinburgh just after my recovery from a severe illness setting up late at night and raking of every sort had affected my health so much that a change of air was highly expedient, my good brother therefore like an expert general turned this circumstance to account and got a medical friend to advise my immediate removal to my native country in the Highlands. I was accordingly obliged to leave my heart behind me and proceed to recruit my frame. I will not attempt to describe our parting, it was highly romantic of course but strange to say, I did not even seize that favourable moment to declare my passion and left Edinburgh repining at my hard

fate without coming to any explanation. Time wore on, my health improved and the impression left by the charming widow gradually wore off. My regiment returned from India, I was placed on half pay and becoming after a few months weary of the monotony of an idle life in a remote corner of the Highlands, I applied to a relative in London to procure me a Cadetship in the Company's Service, by return of post he sent me my appointment with an injunction to proceed to the metropolis as speedily as possible, my passage being taken for Bengal on board a ship that would sail within one month from the date of his letter. I started, reached London and had been there two days busily employed in preparing for my voyage which was to commence in a couple of days more, when passing down Sloane Street, I observed a lady and gentleman approaching, the former of whom I thought I had seen before, on nearing them, judge my surprise when the female proved to be my fair widow, she was looking more lovely than ever and expressed herself delighted to see me; then turning to the gentleman she added with an arch look "my dear, this is the young Dragoon of whose kindness you have so often heard me talk, Mr. M. my husband Mr. H." She then gave me her address and made me promise to dine with them the following day; I told her I was on the eve of embarkation, but that if possible I would avail myself of her invitation.

I never saw her again, partly because I was too much occupied to spare a moment, and partly because (I believe this was the true reason) I could not bring myself to see my inamorata the wife of another, the sound of her voice had touched a chord which I thought had been broken, and perhaps it was better she should merely continue to be regarded as "one of those form which fleet by us when we are young."

L.

THE MANDRAKE.

—————She lost her innocence,
 Her virgin innocence, ere yet the flush
 Of ripened womanhood had o'er her cheek
 Painted the different limit-shades that tell
 The boundaries nice 'twixt modesty and—*shame*.

—She rendered up her maiden purity
 To one who to the Arch-Fiend had his spirit
 For power unlawful sold. Years fled—and he,
 (In moments like to those when Sampson, won
 By the soft cadence of a woman's tongue,
 Gave up the secret of his strength,) to her
 The baneful mystery yielded; and so made
 His victim the avenger of her wrongs,
 As after days revealed.

Years still passed on—
 Years, like their fore-runners, with joy and grief
 In links alternate; pain and pleasure,—hope,
 Despair and rapture,—passion, hatred, crime—
 Like a long rosary, where precious beads
 Are knit together by some metal base!
 —And she had grown a very thing of vice
 In all save love for him;—and that will turn
 Ere long to hatred, fierce, ungovernable
 As is the mad hound for its former lord,
 So he deceived her,—cast her off,—and fled,
 With a more youthful paramour:—alas!
 What bitter change within the passionate heart
 Works the dark treachery of those we love!
 Then in her bosom boiled the storm, and she,
 With necromantic art enriched, resolves
 On deep revenge no human hand may foil;
 Dogging his steps, she followed; and ere long
 Two victims glutted with their guilty gore.
 The sanguinary Olga.—Years fled, still fled
 As erst, and crime still fast on crime her soul
 Entered, until a cavern it became
 For loathsome fiends to revel in!—
 There was a Babe, a bright and beautiful,
 The last remaining one of seven,—and it
 Between her and a rich inheritance
 Stood the one, sole intruder!—*It must die!*
 Many attempts she made, vainly; for all
 Were hurtless here,—seemed it a power from heaven
 Had shielded it for years,—and still
 Baffling her arts it flourished in the sun.—
 A spirit—one of those that sit by graves
 Where rots the body of the suicide—came

Obedient to her summons; and she learns
 (A marvel strange) that, in the Haunted Wood
 Were three unwedded mothers have dashed out
 In the wild shame-pang their young offspring's brains,
 A plant there grows, of nature wild and rare,
 The root of which in fell and wizard power,
 All other fearful charms, whether of gem,
 Or amulet, or obi—weed, or shell,
 Philtre, or *Agil*, dug from poison mines
 Where pent up exhalations, have produced
 (Satanic drugs) exceeds?—"Dig but this root,
 "Forth from the heated soil that laps it round,
 "What time the midnight bell from sainted spire
 "Comes tolling on the breeze, and death shall come!"
 "Death!" muttered Olga!—"whose?—Pasha! whose but his,
 "The baneful brat that smiles up in my face
 "As tho' I were his mother, and usurps
 "My rightful heritage!"

Dark Olga wends upon her way.—
 How beautiful, amongst the purple clouds,
 Purple, yet spotted like imperial Pard
 With orange, and with dappling white, swims out
 The Cynthian Bark!—while garmented in mistse
 Like obelisks in shape, the lower sky
 Appears to shadow forth some fairy isle,
 Not of this world! How beautiful around
 Scooped like some grand saloon of Peristan,
 Out of the cope of heaven, the silent earth
 Shines 'neath her light!—Yet on her way she went,
 That fearful woman, whose majestic mind
 Crime had thus lowly dwarfed from excellence.

—————It is the place!

Beneath an ancient oak, whose fibry feet
 Are sandalled by green moss, a lambent flame
 Hovers like some dread halo o'er the plant,—
 The weed so often named—so seldom seen,—
 The weed, whose roots, as ancient records tell,
 Is spelled by the cabala of the fiend!
 The song of bale is sung,—the blood of man,
 (Libation foul) incarnadines the earth—
 The midnight chime is heard to toll—and now
 She clutches with unholy hands the plant!
 She pulls! it breaks! Oh wretched victim! Dupe
 Of the Supreme Betrayer,—the Arch Demon! Hark
 That shriek!—The Mandrake's "unimaginable voice"
 Bursts from the earth!—*Who hears it dies!*—
 —Her body festers in the midnight moon!

ORIGIN OF OUR COMMERCIAL TERMS.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Magazine.

SIR,

We are daily in the habit of using, or hearing used, terms of commerce, without enquiring what is their meaning, or whether they have any meaning at all. It may surprise some readers even in this commercial community, and not a few of the fair and fashionable perusers of your Journal, to find that the language of the Counting-house is derived immediately *from the Italian*, the favourite source of terms employed in the arts which grace and embellish life, but perhaps never before suspected to have originated as distinctly the phrases adopted in our daily commercial transactions. It is surely better to discover even a trace of meaning in a familiar word than to use it without regarding its sense: and the brief explanation of them with which I mean here to trouble you may be curious, at least, if not instructive.

From the year 1200 Genoa and Venice long held the undivided merchandize of the world; and amidst the fever, tumult and factions of the other Italian States, raised themselves to power and wealth by commerce. Genoa inherited the trade of the Arabs, whom they overcame; and Venice, free from all vassalage, rich and warlike, swept the seas with her Navies, and made Europe tremble with the thunder of her arms. Lucca, Pisa, and Florence followed Genoa and Venice in the arts of industry and peace; and it is not surprising that the terms of trade, adopted and so extensively diffused by them, should have passed into general use, and been naturalized in all European languages, but particularly in our own. Their very *systems* have become our's also: and every one knows that our most exact plan of Book-keeping is styled the *Italian method*.

1. Ledger—*Leggero*, light or little. This *leggero* was a small paper book which the merchant carried in his pocket while transacting his business out of doors, as the Italians generally did:—Shylock and the Rialto will occur to every reader of Shakspeare as an example of this. Into this book the merchant entered under distinct heads all his sales, purchases, and other mercantile transactions, in as brief a form as possible.

2. The Journal—*Giornale*, or day-book, was used for entering *in full* every day, after the hours of business, the transactions briefly inserted in the Ledger.

3. The waste book—*vasto*, or large, into which all transactions were entered at full length; and consequently its size was

greater. It is evidently unmeaning to call it a *waste* book, as in no sense a book containing details of business can by any force of metaphor be styled *waste*.

4. Ditto, this is merely *detto* (aforesaid) mis-spelt.

5. Discount, *Sconto*, from the account.

6. Cash, from *Cassetta*, a case : because Italian money being bulky and in specie, was locked up during the merchant's absence in a strong box.

7. Post, to post books, from *posto*, a place : the expression means to write each transaction under its proper head, or in its proper place.

8. To balance, *bilanciare*, to equalize or weigh.

9. Indorse, *indosso*, on the back, indorsements being generally on the backs of bills.

10. Lot, (of goods) *lotto*, a lottery, an assortment of goods which from their variety may turn out advantageously or otherwise.

11. Invoice, from *invocare*, to call over ; it is usual in unpacking goods for one person to read the invoice or call over the goods aloud. while another is occupied in seeing that the list and contents of the package agree.

12. Account, *Conto*, which has the same meaning.

13. Cambist, *Cambista*, an exchanger.

14. To change money, *Cangiare moneta*.

15. Money, from *Moneta*, the mint.

16. Cargo, a corruption of *Carico*, lading.

17. Tare and Trett : *tara e tratto* : *tara* means what is lowered in value (from *tarare* to lower) and *tratto* what is drawn or run off, as in the case of liquid goods.

18. Adventure, venture, *avventura* and *ventura* ; for good luck, in expectation of which alone any venture is ever risked.

19. *Agio*, course of exchange. The word means literally *ease*, *leisure* ; and signifies by metaphor that the *agiotatore* or *broker*, enables those for whom he is employed to take their ease while he does their business.

20. Broker, from *broccata*, a meeting : a person who is engaged to find daily buyers for one party and sellers for another ; he is therefore constantly employed in going about the places of business in hopes of *meeting* with the individuals of whom he is in search. The word *courtier* used for *broker* in French has the same sense : for it means *a runner*.

21. Advice, *avviso*, an opinion. " I will advise you of the contents," means, " I will give you my opinion, or directions, respecting the contents."

22. Bounty, *bontà*, goodness : a bounty on any thing being as it were a mere emanation of goodness from the superior Power who taxes goods, and a phrase very well suited to the soft and

slavish language of Italy. "Days of *grace*." three days allowed after a bill is strictly payable, is another expression of the same character.

23. Average, *averagio*, to have ease : that is by a metaphor, the equalization of many prices to one standard, to avoid trouble (i. e. to have ease) from a multiplicity of calculations.

24. Capital, *capitale*, principal or funds.

25. Stock, *stocco* ; the origin ; because the goods originally laid in are the *beginning* of a mercantile fortune.

26. Charter, from *carta*, paper, on which the agreement is drawn : charter party, *carta dà-parte*, an agreement for each side ; i. e. for each of the parties contracting.

27. Usurer, *Usurario*, unjust, so called from taking an unjust interest for money lent.

28. Value, *valuta*, a price.

29. Convoy, *convia*, along the way with ; because ships that convey merchantmen accompany them to the end of their destination.

30. Currency from *currente*, running ; because money passes rapidly from hand to hand.

31. *Del Credere* is a term of which the language proves the origin.

32. Dishonour a bill ; *disonorare una bigliettota*.

33. Embargo, a corruption of *imbarco*.

34. Factor, *fattore*, a doer.

35. Firm, *fermo*, established ; when a house had been long in business, it was said to be *fermo*, or firm : from which the word came to mean all mercantile houses, which were desirous to be considered solid.

36. Bankrupt, *banco rotto*, broken bench. It has been mentioned that in the warm climate of Italy much business was done in the open air, the merchants being protected from the heat by awnings or roofs : when the merchant failed, his bench or seat was broken, and he was displaced ; hence comes our word *bankrupt*.

37. Gazette, from *Gazzetta*, a small piece of Venetian money, for which a sort of newspaper was sold. In time it came to signify the newspaper itself, from whence many of our Journals, and among the rest that containing the list of bankrupts, is called the *Gazette*.

38. Salvage, from *salvare* to save.

39. Impost, from *imposta*, a putting on.

40. Instalment, from *in stallo*, in the residence ; being portions of money carried from time to time to the residence of the person to whom it was due, and there deposited.

41. Underwriter, a literal translation of *sotto scrittore*, the person who writes his name under a policy of insurance.

42. Policy, *polizza*, a bill or billet.

43. Premium, *premio*, a recompense.

44. Marque (letters of) *lettere di Marca*, letters of the country : i. e. letters authorizing the bearer to act at Sea against the enemies of his country.

45. Lighter, from *lito* and *littore*, the shore : vessels employed to carry goods along shore.

46. *Manifesto*, clear : an open disclosure of a vessel's cargo, list of crew, &c.

47. Primage, from *premio*, a reward ; a perquisite of a certain percentage allowed to captains of ships on the cargo.

48. Procuration, from *procurazione*, attorneyship.

49. Quarantine, *quarantina*, forty : the number of days vessels suspected to be unhealthy are compelled to lie off shore.

It is needless to add to the above list the more obvious words which will readily occur to every one,—such as *arbitration*, *affidavit*, *assignee*, *profit*, *medium*, *notary*, *license*, &c. &c. evidently derived either immediately from the Italian, or coming to them as to us through the common channel of the language of Ancient Italy.

I am, Sir,

Your very Obdt. Servt.

MERCATOR.

STANZAS.

1.

" Pomegranate flower ! Pomegranate flower !
Tell my love that thou hast prest
His widowed bride's poor aching breast ;
And say thou'rt wet with sorrow's shower,
Sweet Pomegranate flower !

2.

" He died for me—he died for me—
And tell him I am dying fast ;
My griefs, my pains are nearly past,
And I shall sleep beneath this tree.
With him that died for me !

3.

" Ave Maria ! Mother dear !
Save us all from sin and stain,
For sin brings shame, and shame brings pain ;—
But I cannot weep, nor shed one tear—
Santa Madre ! shield us here !"

R. C. C.

THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Subscribers are requested to observe that the *Calcutta Magazine* is divided into four distinct departments, and that the numbering and form of the pages are so arranged as to admit of the matter being bound into four separate volumes at the end of the year. Two volumes will consist of ORIGINAL PAPERS—a third of the CONTENTS OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS and the GLEANINGS—and a fourth will form a complete BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

At the end of the year separate Title Pages and Indexes to each volume will be supplied *gratis* by the Publishers.



ON SWIFT'S LIBELS, AND HIS IDEA OF A FREE PRESS.

Swift may be considered as the most eminent libeller in the English language. The powers of Junius, indeed, were not inferior, but they were exerted during the short period of three years; whereas Swift's shafts were thrown at short intervals for more than thirty years, and in three successive reigns. If he had suffered according to the estimate of such offences which prevailed in those days, it would not be easy to calculate the amount of fine, imprisonment, and pillory, which would have been heaped upon him. That he escaped such punishments was not owing to respect for his sacred profession, but sometimes to the protection of powerful friends, at others to the dread inspired by his popularity with the citizens and populace of Dublin. But as he must often have been visited with apprehensions for himself, and with compassion for his printers and publishers, it might have been expected that one who claimed unbounded licence for his own pen would have seen the reasonableness and equity of allowing the same latitude to others, and have on all occasions resisted interferences with the press, and constructions of the law of libel, to which his own writings were so obnoxious. A short review of his conduct will however satisfy us that he delighted in having all the *reciprocity* on one side; and that when his party were in power he advised measures of more rigorous restriction than a **Tory House** of Commons would sanction.

In 1713, in reply to Steel's Crisis, Swift published "The public spirit of the Whigs set forth in their generous encouragement of the author of the Crisis; with some observations on the seasonableness, candour and erudition of that treatise." The only part of this pamphlet which gave offence was an attack on the Scotch nobility and nation, ridiculing their *poverty* before the union, and not imputing to them any vices or bad qualities whatever. The sting of this reproach of poverty was, however, most acutely felt. Lord Wharton complained of the libel to the House of Lords as a breach of privilege, and Morpew the Book-seller, and Barber the Printer were ordered into the custody of the Black Rod. The former declared he did not know who was the author, and the latter refused to answer questions that might criminate himself. Lord Wharton proposed that Barber and his servants should be closely interrogated, and freed from personal consequences; but the Minister, (Lord Oxford) to screen Swift, directed a prosecution against Barber personally. The Scotch Peers went in a body to the Queen with the Duke of Argyle at their head, and required that a proclamation

should be issued offering a reward for the discovery of the author. The same demand was made by Lord Wharton in the House of Lords; and a proclamation promising a reward of £300 was issued. In the mean time no one was in doubt as to the real author. Lord Oxford secretly indemnified Morpew and Barber; discharged the prosecution against the latter; and quashed the offer of a private informer to discover the author.

In resentment of the oppressive and humiliating laws regulating the commercial intercourse of Ireland with Britain, British Colonies, and Foreign countries, Swift published, in 1720, "A proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures, &c. utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England." The spirit and object of this pamphlet deserved the warmest approbation of every Irishman and of every just and intelligent Englishman; but in those days patriotism was a rare virtue among the Irish aristocracy, and the grand-juries of the county and city of Dublin had the baseness to present the tract as a seditious, factious, and virulent libel. On the trial of the Printer, Waters, the petty-jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. They were threatened by Chief Justice Whitshed, and sent back to reconsider their verdict *nine* times, till worn out by eleven hours confinement and want of refreshment they brought in a special verdict. Further proceedings were postponed from time to time, and on the arrival of the Duke of Grafton, discontinued. This conduct drew on Whitshed the severest chastisement from Swift's pen. To select only one sentence out of a multitude of attacks in prose and verse, take the following: "laying it therefore down for a postulatium, which I suppose will be universally granted, that no little creature of so mean a birth and genius had ever the honour to be a greater enemy to his country and to all kinds of virtue than he, &c."

In 1724, Swift published the Drapier's letters on the subject of Wood's Half-pence. For the fourth letter the printer, Harding, was thrown into prison, and the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carteret, who lived on terms of friendly intimacy with Swift, and knew him to be the author, issued a proclamation offering a reward of £300 for the discovery of the author.

"Two Kingdoms just as faction led
Had set a price upon his head,
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six-hundred pound."

Before the grand-jury met, Swift published a paper entitled "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," exhorting them to remember the story of the league made by the wolves with the sheep, on condition of their parting with their shepherds and mastiffs, after which they devoured the flock at pleasure. At

the same time was circulated an apt quotation from scripture. "And the people said unto Saul, shall JONATHAN die who has wrought this great salvation in Israel," &c. 1 Sam. c. xiv. v. 54. In spite of Whitshed's exertions the grand-jury ignored the bill. The next grand-jury presented Wood's scheme as a fraud and imposition on the public; and finally his patent *was* surrendered, and he was indemnified by a grant of £3000 for twelve years.

In this case the only grievance was that the patent had not been issued by the advice, and under the authority of the *Irish* Privy Council and Parliament; that was, no doubt, grievance enough; but there was *no loss, or tax* occasioned by the difference between the intrinsic value of the copper coin; and that at which it was issued from the Mint; and nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which Swift multiplies the imaginary plunder that would result from the circulation of coin whereof a pound weight worth 13 pence had been coined into 30 pence. In England, at that time, a pound weight worth 18 pence, was coined into 23 pence. The following are specimens of the Drapier's political economy. "He has laid a tax upon the people of Ireland of 17 shillings, at least in the pound: a tax, I say not only upon lands, but interest of money, goods, manufactures, the hire of handicraft and men, labourers, and servants." "If it succeed in all the consequences naturally to be expected from it, it must sink the rents and wealth of the kingdom one-half, although I am confident it would have done so five-sixths." "For it is a maxim which no man at present disputes that even a connivance to admit £1000 in these half-pence, will produce in time the same ruinous effects, as if we openly consented to admit a million." "Is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether such a kingdom or William Wood should be a gainer, but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation for the sake of William Wood? God of his infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment!"

In 1733, in a satire ridiculing the dissenters for pretending to the title of "brother protestants and fellow christians," the Dean introduced these lines,

"Thus at the bar the booby Bettsworth
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweats's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margin
Calls Singleton his brother Serjeant."

Mr. Bettsworth threatened to cut off the Dean's ears, and had a very angry altercation with him at Mr. Worrall's house. The inhabitants formed a guard for the protection of the Deanry; and sent a deputation requesting permission to take vengeance

on Bettesworth, who however, was amply punished by the satire of the Dean and his friends, and he acknowledged in the House of Commons, that they had deprived him of £1200 a year.

In 1736, Dr. Horte Bishop of Kilmore, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, was the author of a Satire in Prose, entitled "A new Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille." Swift corrected it, and conveyed it to the printer, Faulkner. In this it was proposed that all disputes should be referred to the renowned Serjeant Bettesworth, with a fee of one fish *ad valorem*, and with right of appeal to a wooden figure in Essex Street known by the name of the Upright Man. Bettesworth complained to the House of Commons, and the printer was thrown into jail, not by the speaker's warrant, but by a Justice of the Peace, Hartley Hutchinson. The Bishop neglected to indemnify Faulkner which produced from Swift a severe expostulation.

Of the libellers of the Duke of Marlborough, Swift was one of the most effective and persevering. That he was sincere in his imputations, and that party spirit had really blinded his judgment, and perverted his feelings, may be inferred from the circumstance of his leaving some of the worst and most absurd of them unexpunged in his posthumous history of the four last years of the Queen. The Duke's professional skill he considers "problematical," and thinks "that *fear* which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action might probably be more for his army than for himself!" "I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intention of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before." How sensible the Duke of Marlborough was to such attacks may be seen from the following passage in one of his letters to the Duchess. April 16, 1711. "I know you are very indifferent to their (i. e. Harley, &c.) opinion of yourself; but the concern you have for me must in kindness oblige you never to say any thing of them which may give offence, since whilst I am in the service, *I am in their power, especially by the villainous way of printing which stabs me to the heart*; so that I beg of you as for the quiet of my life, that you will be careful never to write any thing that may anger them."

The "History" would have been published in Queen Anne's time, if she had lived longer. In 1736 he was inclined to publish it, but was dissuaded by the objections of his friends, Erasmus Lewis, Dr. King, Lord Oxford, &c. Afterwards, April 8, 1738, Mr. Lewis reports to him the opinion of his friends on the propriety of publishing the work, and after pointing out some objectionable passages, says: "Now I have mentioned charac-

ters, I must tell you they were clearly of opinion, that if those you have drawn should be published as they now stand, nothing could save the author, printer, and publisher from some grievous punishment. As we have no traces of liberty left, *but the freedom of the press*, [i. e. freedom from censorship,] it is the most earnest desire of your friends that you would strike out all that you have said on that subject." "I conjure you, as you would preserve the liberty of your person, and enjoyment of your fortune, you will not suffer this work to go to the press without making some, or all the amendments proposed." Dr. King writes, April 25, 1738, "In a word the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned in the greatest difficulties, if not in certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters."

Since Swift believed there was nothing but truth in his history, not being conscious of wilful falsehood or misrepresentation, it might be supposed that he could not estimate very highly that "freedom of the press" under which a man was liable to suffer "grievous punishment," or "certain ruin," from judges who restricted juries to finding the mere fact of publication. In a letter to Pope, January 10, 1721, he says: "However orthodox my opinions may be, while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak and write, and act during the current quarter." And in the fifth of the Drapier's letters he says: "It will sometimes happen I know not how, in the course of human affairs, that a man shall be made liable to legal animadversion where he has nothing to answer for either to God or his country, and condemned at Westminster Hall for what he will never be charged with at the day of judgment." Notwithstanding, however, his long experience of the uncertainty, partiality and severity of the law of libel, it is evident from his ironical proposition for a quarterly catechism by authority, that he had no serious remedy to propose, and murmured only against the administrators of the law. Indeed in his *Gulliver's Travels*, he has expressly declared that a man's opinions are a fit subject for judicial inquiry, and put into the mouth of the King of Brobdingnag a saw which has since been often uttered from the Bench. "He knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any Government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but

not to vend them for cordials." Now what makes a libel poison or cordial, is the taste, or opinion of the taker. If the pamphlet which a book-seller seeks to vend contains opinions repugnant to those of a particular customer,—if he thinks them poisonous, he will not buy them; *recalcitrat undique tutus*; and yet he might swallow them with more safety than M. Chabert drinks phosphorus, for he is provided with a surer antidote. If, on the other hand, the opinions are consonant to those cherished by his customer, if he thinks them cordial, he swallows them and remains the same man he was before. Thus some considered Swift's Proposal for discontinuing the use of English manufactures, his Drapier's letters, and his History of the four last years of Queen Anne, as so many virulent poisons: others considered them as intensely cordial. Why, therefore, not allow men to vend a drug the qualities of which are so doubtful, so various, and so harmless?

It will appear still more clearly, from the following extracts from his Journal to Stella, that he considered the law of libel rather too weak than too strong; and that however he might be provoked by the treatment of his own libels, he had no sort of toleration for other people's libels.

Sept. 21, 1711. "The Pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive."

Oct. 10, 1711. "A rogue that writes a newspaper called the Protestant Post Boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy missing his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance."

Oct. 16, 1711. "I dined today with Mr. Secretary at Mr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges, till his house be got ready in Golden Square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messengers hands: the Secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord Treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example for warning to others."

Oct. 24, 1711. "Lord Oxford told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of Lord Cutts who writ to him that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander," [a scurrilous attack on Lord Cutts] "it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my Lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet." "The

Secretary St. John has seized on a dozen book-sellers and publishers into his messengers hands."

Dec. 13, 1711. "The printer told me yesterday that Morpew, the publisher, was sent for by that Lord Chief Justice who was a manager against Sacheverel; (Parker) he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets, among the rest mine of *the Conduct of the Allies*, threatened him, asked him who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this if he did not foresee what was coming at court."

Jan. 17, 1712. "The Queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to *prevent libels* against the Government; so farewell to Grub Street."

Feb. 26, 1712. "I have now nothing to do, and the Parliament by the Queen's recommendation is to take some method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two."

Mar. 10, 1712. "The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to *limit* the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time, for they come out three or four every day."

Oct. 28, 1712. "These devils of Grub Street rogues, that writ the *Flying Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, *but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him.* He is a Scotch rogue, one Redpath. They get out upon bail and write on. We take them again and get fresh bail; and so it goes round."

Such was Swift in the high and palmy state of his influence with the Utrecht ministry; and with such qualifications must we understand the character which he draws of himself.

"Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone,
For her he oft exposed his own."

With what sentiments could Boyer, the "French Dog," and Redpath, the "Scotch Rogue," be expected to read such a boast! Their object was liberty; for her they exposed their own, while he stood prepared to swinge them, or give them a squeeze extraordinary. It reminds one of an epigram on Carnot. In a speech against the prolongation of Bonaparte's Consulship, he said that in professing such unseasonably hostile sentiments he signed his proscription; and in the epigram he is made to say something to this purpose. *Je signe ma proscription: ma foi, J'en ai bien signé d'autres.* But much must be allowed for the times

in which this otherwise strenuous assertor of liberty lived. The almost universal censure which the Duke of Wellington has drawn upon himself by stooping to prosecute the nonsense of the *Morning Journal*; the sharper contempt poured on *Scarlet*; and the pity felt for the weak jury-men, show how large a step the press has made towards its ultimate emancipation.

“ I DREAMT THAT YOU WERE TRUE.”

I dreamt that you were true
 As day light to the morn,
 But false you were as is the dew
 The sun sips from the thorn;
 For two short months have fled, and found me
 Forsaken,—with wild thoughts around me.

I dreamt that you were kind,
 For all your words were sweet,—
 Sweet as the cool, refreshing wind
 On sunset lakes we meet;—
 But you are cruel as that breath,
 —The desert's—filled with pain and death !

I dreamt that you were fond,—
 Your talk was all of love !
 But there were icy thoughts beyond,
 And chill, cold clouds above !
 Why did you, Judas-like, deceive me ?
 Oh ! why first win me, and then leave me ?

I dreamt your love, for me
 Was warm, as mine for you;
 Your kisses were a sorcery
 Deep spells that round me threw
 And as I quaffed each witching smile
 The poison pierced my soul the while !

Yet, let me dream on still—
 Dream that your love is mine,—
 I cannot teach my heart to chill,
 I cannot every hope resign;
 And till you summon back Love's token !
 My heart shall have one chord unbroken !

R. C. C.

NEILL O'NEILL.

A MILITARY ANECDOTE.

One day after the return of our troops from Brussels, I was pacing Piccadilly "just thinking of nothing," as my countrymen say,—unless it was how to kill the evening, for which, miraculously, I had no engagement, when I heard a clattering noise on the pavement behind me. On casting a lingering, but by no means a very longing look in that direction, I descried, limping along, and trying to overtake me, an ancient Corporal who had lost both his legs by a single shot at Waterloo. I could not mistake him for a moment; and though one would imagine that two wooden instruments of locomotion would contribute very little either to the beauty or celerity of his progress, his noble, erect, and soldier-like figure, and his bold but not impudent expression of countenance gave him an air at once of dignity and grace, which redeemed his alternate limp and shuffle, the dire effects of timber toes, and enabled me readily to recognize my old Orderly Neill O'Neill—a name of which he was justly proud—a veteran of a hundred fights, who had battled by my side all through *my* share of the Peninsular Campaigns, and had lost his legs precisely when he stood in need of every kind of support.

Just opposite to Mrs. Grange's my old friend and comrade twisted up to me, and seemed to be charmed to rejoin even the small portion of the corps which I formed. With a look of mingled simplicity and archness, in which there was neither a touch of impudence nor servility, "May God and the Saints bless you," said he, "and may the virgin send your honour just such a pair of legs as I have!"

"I'm very much obliged to you, O'Neill," I replied, "but really I'm quite contented with my legs as they stand;" and at the same time I cast a complacent look at my own supporters, displaying an equal mixture of the Hercules Farnese, and the Apollo Belvedere.

"Lord bless your honour's own handsome legs," he rejoined, and long may you live to wear them! Many's the eye, black, brown, blue and grey, (St. Patrick's love to 'em all!) that's looked at them (not that it's you that has the least taste of pride on that score though well you may) and thought—God forgive me! Sure is it myself that would be telling the secrets o' the ladies' thoughts, sweet innocent cratures! But it was n't that

way I was maning, Sir, at all at all, when I wished your honour a pair timbers like mine.

What was it then, O'Neill? "I asked: for I confess I was pleased with even an Old Soldier's flattery gross as it was:—the truth being that if I have, as O'Neill said "the laste taste of vanity," it is about the symmetry of my crural members."

"I know how you met with your misfortune," I added; "and I'm glad to see you make a jest of it."

"Misfortune! Does your honour call it? Sure and if it was to do again, wouldn't I lose my legs twice, aye, and a hundred times over? It's only because yer honour don't know all the advantages of wanting legs that you trate my bit of an accident as a misfortune. I've gained by my loss in more ways than one."

"How, O'Neill?"

"First and foremost, ye see, I've no need of either shoe or stocking, not to mention the brogues, and that's so much saved out o' the pinsion.

"True, O'Neill—and then?"

"Your honour knows too, that I had always a bit of a liking to the cratur in every shape, both flesh and spirit. As for the drop, barrin 'I'd tuk an oath afore the Priest agin' that saine, bad manners to me, if I'd care if it was the raal Inishown (the virgin's benediction on the potheen and the Devil's on the excisemen!) or that cut-throat Spanish *aguardiente* (as they call their brandy) but yer honour knows I always liked it, and many's the row I've got into by that same. I'm sure I've aften wished all the spirits were in the Red Sea—and that would make a good drop o' punch, sure, more's the pity to waste so much good water! but where's the use of wishin? what can't be, can't be, and nobody knows that better than a jontleman bred and born, like yer honour, that has travelled over all the world, and more."

"Well, but ——?"

"Sure you may say that, Sir. You see when I was a thrifle drunk—not to say dead drunk—plaze the Saints, I'll never be that, for I'll always be able to hould on by the wall—but, when I was jist merry I'd may be hit my shins agin a hard stone, or dip into one of the baggage waggon's ruts up to the middle, or get a thorn in my foot, your honour knows shoes were scarce in the Peninschula—or I'd be numbed with the could, and snow, and rain, and many's the time I've prayed for a cannon ball to end me. Now I don't care for stones, or thorns or coulds, or damp, snows or rains, and my wooden legs care as little, but not less than I do."

"You're a true philosopher, O'Neill: a Brahman couldn't be more indifferent to misfortune than you are."

"Is it of the Indians you're talking? and wasn't I in India too with Wellington and Baird, and all the heroes of the Peninsula, God bless them! when I was there, I'd been glad of my wooden legs, sure. If a scorpion came near our tent, I could have squashed him—if a tiger had sneaked up, I'd have put my leg in his throat. At home it's all the same. When my wife's angry, I shake the timber at her; when she's pleased, I crack her nuts with it. If the fire's bad, it serves me for a poker; and when my limbs get old, I cook a chop with them."

"You are very happy in your loss," said I.

"Nobody more. Would, n't your honour now be content to lose your legs, to be just as I am? an' sure wouldn't any body, even the king himself, God bless him?"

What His Majesty's taste might be, I have of course no means of knowing; though I don't think he would feel disposed to lose a pair of legs that were once so much admired: as for me, the thing is out of the question, for I am already engaged to Mrs. Herbert, who took a fancy to me on account of my "fashionable length of limb." I gave a sovereign to my philosophical friend, who evidently did not despise money (as other philosophers are said to have done) and retreated into Mrs. Grange's to eat an ice of which I wish I could transfer the coolness and flavour to Calcutta.

F.

THE DISGRACED SOLDIER.

The silent square is formed; and now they bring
 One who is lost to fortune and to fame,
 A youthful Soldier. His once honored name
 Is stained for ever. Ah, what feelings wring
 His struggling heart! In vain to hide the sting
 Of fierce remorse, and soul-o'erwhelming shame,
 He wears a sterner brow. His spirit's flame
 Is early quenched, and never more shall spring
 To glory's lofty goal. The word is given—
 And the bold hand that late in battle waved
 A bright resistless blade, is firmly bound.
 Though 'gainst his blackening flesh the lash is driven
 With ruthless force—that stroke were lightly braved,
 But for the *soul's* immedicable wound!

D. L. R.

THE FATHER AND SON.

A TALE.

[The following Tale was the first of a projected Series of Imitations of the *genuine* manner, of our living Poets ; but lest the copy should be so unlike as to leave the original in doubt, the writer thinks it best to declare that the *Father and Son* is an attempt to imitate the style of CRABBE.]

In that low shop, which fronts the market-place,
An still displays a show of gloves and lace,
Lived *Edward Bolton* ; happy was his life,
Blest with a darling boy, and blameless wife ;
All were contented with the goods he sold,
They cost him silver, but produced him gold :
By Strangers trusted, by his neighbours lov'd,
Blest by the poor, and by the rich approv'd
He only sought a Vestry-man to frown,
And rank among the Magnates of the Town.

That prayer was heard ; but when th' Almighty grants
Aught not within the circle of our wants,
He often punishes when he supplies,
And proves his kindness most when he denies,
Gives some fond wish, but takes, to tame our pride,
Some real blessing from our thankless side.

For thirteen years had *Edward Bolton* been
The constant husband of *Eliza Green*,
When she was taken from him ; so bereaved,
Much for his son, more for himself he grieved ;
The boy wept loudly—but the father said,—
“ Weep not, my son, nor think that tears will aid ;
“ Soon I must join her ; for a few short years
“ I may survive, and thou shalt dry my tears ;
“ On thee alone my future hopes depend,
“ To me thou shalt be son, and wife, and friend.”
—— “ When I forget you, father, let me”—— “ Nay,”

The father said— “ swear not, but let us pray !”

Young *William Bolton* grew to twenty-one,
An only favourite, and an only son ;
Proud was the doating father, when he saw
His *William's* manhood recogniz'd by law ;
For he had seen his son's affections fixt
(Though sordid interests had come betwixt)
On *Mary Grey*, the loveliest and the last,
Of a long line of honors overcast,

By poverty and debt, and all combin'd.
With vain pretensions, empty as the wind.

Old *Bolton* thought, and to himself he said,
"I for my Boy will win this fair young maid ;
"And should it cost me all that I have won,
"I'll gain a daughter, loving as my son ;
"For she *must* love me, when she knows I give,
"My boy, my all . . . and I with them will live."
He sought the Father, and his offer made ;
"I with my son will share my all," he said ;
"And when a few short years have roll'd away,
"I'll freely leave the rest to *Mary Grey*."

"I doubt not," said the Father of the bride,
"That all you promise may be ratified,
"Should you live single ; but you may be caught,
"With some young face ; and all will be forgot ;
"Or as a pious man you seem to be,
"Bequeath your earthly goods in charity.
"Hear my decision ; to the lovers give,
"All that you have—you only seek to live,
"And you can live with them, rejoiced to see,
"The rising of a new Posterity."

Bolton was weakly good ; he signed a deed,
By which the pair should instantly succeed,
To all his wealth ; the pair bestowed a room,
And the Sire dreamt of days of bliss to come.

Years past ; at first the Father was caressed,
And at their table was a constant guest ;
But soon the prudent wife began to say—
"William, your Sire grows worse from day to day ;
"He scolds the servants, and our friends amazed,
"At his odd ways, say plainly—"He is craz'd ;
"Our table let him leave, and keep his room,
"And please himself with gladness or with gloom."

Much more than this the matron urged with force,
And William yielded—though with some remorse ;
The parent quickly to his cell was sent ;
But yet the cruel pair could not prevent,
Their son a noble and a sprightly youth
From stealing in, his Grandsire's hours to soothe,
To wipe the eyes, more dim with tears than age,
And all his woes with boyish hopes assuage.

The child's affection rous'd the mother's wrath :
"Why is this hoary serpent in our path ?
"Shall he my boy encourage to conspire
"Against his mother, and against his Sire ?
"Hence let him go this night ; no more one house
"Shall hold at once thy father and thy spouse !"

Her husband went, the mandate to fulfil,
 And told the Sire—" 'Tis sore against my will;
 " But I for you must not my wife forsake,
 " And God's command and my own promise break,
 " By which I'm bound unto my wife to cleave.
 " And for her brothers, sisters, *parents*, leave."

The Sire at first stood as if froze to stone,
 And then he found a voice: " My son! my son!
 " Is this the fruit of all my prayers and tears?
 " Hast thou forgot the toils of fifty years,
 " And all for thee? and am I to be drove
 " Hence as the price of my excess of love?
 " Oh in the name of God, to whom my vows
 " Daily ascend for thee and for thy house;
 " Save me, who gave too soon thy heritage
 " From want, disgrace, and wandering at my age!
 " About the world I can no longer roam.
 " Or ask un pitying strangers for a home;
 " Oh in thy house some shelter to me spare,
 " And every other evil I can bear;
 " Nor downy bed, nor savoury food I crave,
 " No hand, to lead me gently to the grave;
 " Bread, water, and a floor with straw bespread,
 " Shall be my food, my drink, my dying bed;
 " Small are the wants of age, nor are they long,
 " But oh! defer this last and bitterest wrong;
 " Let me, though rarely, and at distance, see
 " Thy face—and this would be enough for me!
 " Say would'st thou help the lame, the sick, the old,
 " The poor, the friendless? *All* in me behold!
 " Would'st thou that God should bless thee in the land?
 " *Honour thy father* is his high command;
 " But curses, if thou scorn my misery,
 " Will blast thee though I die in blessing thee!"
 " Father,—my wife" here *William* hung his head,
 " It is for peace and her" no more he said;
 Remorse and shame oppress'd him,—when the Sire
 Resumed: " where will my boy that I retire?
 " What stranger will receive me, when my son,
 " Rejects me—he, my first, last, only one!
 " Without food, friends, or money, what have I,
 " To do, but seek some corner out, and die!
 " O God, forgive him!" pray'd the aged man,
 And down his old meek face the large tears ran.
 He took his stick, and mov'd towards the door;
 " My son," he said, " grant but one favour more;
 " Winter is near; and if I'm doom'd in woe,
 " To linger out till then my life below,

"Fain would I have some shelter from the cold,
 "Some suit rejected, or some garment old ;
 "Give me but this for all that I have given,
 "And I will bless my Son, and bow to Heaven !"

In vain !——his last request the wife refus'd
 And of ingratitude the Sire accus'd ;
 "Yes, ask new favours ! it becomes you well,
 "Who would have made my only child rebel ;
 "What mother would not do as I have done,
 "And spurn an ingrate, if she sav'd a son." "
 "William," the old man said, "before I go,
 "On me your horse's saddlecloth bestow ;
 "You spurn me as a parent ; but at least,
 "Oh, treat me not more hardly than your beast ;
 "And clad as he is, I will try to find,
 "Some shelter from the cruel winter-wind,"

The man was touched ; he turned him to his child,
 Who stood all tears to hear the Sire revil'd ;
 "Go to the stable, boy !.....Why dost thou whine ?
 "Haste ! but first dry that foolish face of thine.
 "Fetch me the saddle cloth ! " the boy obey'd,
 And on the table *half the horsecloth* laid.

"Why have you cut the cloth ?" his father cried ;
 And then the old Man took it up, and sigh'd ;
 "Thou too, my Grandchild !.....I would not be weak"—
 —But as he spoke a tear fell down his cheek—

"Dost thou too hate me ?"—"Why hast thou not done,
 "Even as I bade thee ?" ask'd the angry son :

"Father, I would," the boy replied. "but I,
 "Thought that you wish'd my Grand-father to die ;
 "If he has only this....with grief and cold
 "He soon will perish, feeble, sick, and old ;
 "With more he might have lingered longer—but
 "The rest is safely in my chamber put ;
 "When you are poor and old it is your due,
 "AND, FATHER, I WILL GIVE IT THEN TO YOU !"

The man was touched and startled at the speech :
 "Sire, at thy feet my pardon I beseech ;
 "Return, my father, never more to part
 "Till death divides us....share my house and heart !
 "And bless thee too, my boy ! thy father's pride,
 "Who but for thee had been a parricide :
 "O GOD ! FROM BABES AND SUCKLING'S LIPS AT LENGTH !
 "I know, I feel, THOU HAST ORDAINED STRENGTH !

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE INTO THE MOFUSSIL COURTS.

At a time when many problems of Government are being discussed and tried, it may not be either uninteresting or useless to call the reader's attention, to a point now seriously contemplated by our rulers, viz. that of substituting English for Persian in the proceedings of the Mofussil Courts of Justice. This plan, in our estimation has by no means excited the degree of attention it deserves. When we ponder on the many weighty considerations it involves, and the manifest and acknowledged difficulties with which it is surrounded, as well as the length of time which its accomplishment must occupy, we conceive that the commencement should have been made much earlier in the day.

The objects to be attained by the Government of India may briefly be reduced to the following points, viz. the redemption of the natives from their state of demoralization, so that by becoming elevated in feelings and principles, they may take a share in the Government of their own country, and unite cordially with their European fellow subjects in protecting and preserving the empire. To suppose that we can long maintain the kingdom without this approximation of natives to European habits appears impossible for many reasons; in addition to which civilization is making rapid strides among the natives themselves, and they will, whether we care or not, in progress of time acquire sufficient knowledge to render them dangerous, if the consciousness of power be not qualified by affection and loyalty. It is to promote this feeling that Government should most vigilantly look, and to cherish it, should be its peculiar care. To the natives the right hand of friendship and encouragement must be held out, so that when they do arrive at a state of powerful knowledge, they much look back with pleasure to the hand which guided them; that the progress of knowledge will go on is doubtless, and evil be the time, when the native shall recollect the slough he has cast, with feelings of hatred and disgust against the rulers who compelled him so long to wear the habit of slavish ignorance. That this wholesome feeling should be excited, few will deny; and to promote it, we must look to the general diffusion of knowledge, but more especially of the English languages which is the key to the stores of literature. A community of feeling between the British native classes of Society, can only be founded on their intimate acquaintance with

our habits, manners, and learning, and to these, as yet, the natives are comparatively speaking, strangers. The holding judicial proceedings in the English language, is the first and most necessary step, to effect this much desired object.

When the world in general look upon the period, during which the fairest portion of India has been under English controul, a cry is raised on all sides that nothing has been done to enlighten the natives. People are naturally astonished, but the mass are certainly the case, those who have witnessed the labours of the Missionaries in India, can testify that many and strenuous have been their endeavours—while the result has been very trifling. The world pre-suppose, that where industry and perseverance are used, success will follow, and arguing from the want of success, attribute the fault to a deficiency in those qualities. The fact is, that we have commenced the civilization of India at the wrong end; we have attacked the citadel of the fort without making ourselves masters of the out-works: and if failure has been the result, it ought not to be wondered at. The bigotry of the Mussulman is celebrated, nor does the tenacity of the Hindoo to his faith and the customs of his ancestor appear less conspicuous; the one excludes all others but those of his own faith, nay sect, from salvation; the other will not receive a proselyte, were he ten-times a king. Yet, until lately all endeavours, without any previous preparation, were turned solely towards the conversion of these men, the men called upon ex-cathedra to renounce the faith of their fathers and forthwith to believe in that which as myriads of learned divines have disputed about its meaning, may without blame be termed difficult of comprehension.

It is no wonder that such calls were not answered, and that although the servants went out into the high-ways and hedges, there were few found who would attend the banquet. It has only been within a few years that the discovery has been made, and fully believed, that the natives have understanding as well as other people; and that if there be a difference, it is not in organization but education. People have likewise become convinced, that a blind belief in *any* system is not to be applauded; a lively faith must rest on conviction, and conviction can alone proceed from enquiry, comparison and deduction. When these points became established the system was in some degree changed, and the well wishers of India began to look for conversion through education, not education through conversion; the Bible was discarded as a necessary school-book, and means of learning were afforded to the natives without the absolute condition of studying in a work so inimical to their own faith. The new system has hardly had as yet full time to operate but it promises well.

Up to this time however, the study of English by the natives has been optional ; few have pursued it for the purposes of information, the lucre of gain has excited some, and hungry need compelled others. And what do the attainments of these persons generally amount to ? Something resembling the skill of a parrot who speaks by rote, they can copy out, not understand or speak English correctly. Some late instances however, in the native schools seem to give promise of better times. Now, if all Judicial proceedings be carried on in English we at once compel the study of the language by a large and influential body of men ; we give the people an interest to learn and understand those laws and proceedings which may every day be liable to affect their persons or fortunes ; we push the language forcibly into every man's house ; and the habits and manners will follow speedily. The Government have with profit followed the Roman maxim of sedulously refraining from interfering with the customs and religion of their subjects ; a leaf from the same book would with advantage teach them to imitate the Romans also in the uniformity of language in courts of justice.

That difficulties, great difficulties are opposed to the plan, we are not prepared to deny, and it is evident that some previous discussion must be made as to the time and manner of its execution, but the first should be as soon and the second as general as possible. Continued complaints have been made against the present method of conducting trials in the Mofussil courts of justice in as much as that Persian is not the current language of the country, and can seldom be understood by the parties concerned ; the complaint, however well founded it may at first sight appear is in reality groundless. The result of the trial is indeed recorded in Persian, but the Government Regulations direct the evidence of the witnesses and prisoner to be taken in the language they best comprehend, so that the prisoner must understand the evidence brought against him ; the Persian copies or translations of the depositions are absolutely necessary, as may be easily shewn. All trials in India are conducted by written proceedings so that in cases of Appeal, the superior authorities, may on reading the record amend, quash, or sustain the decision. It rarely happens that Judges in India have resided in more than four or five zillahs, if so many ; considering then the number of zillahs in the country, and that in each zillah three or four dialects prevail, it could hardly be expected that the Judges of the court, which exercises a controul over the whole country, could comprehend many of the trials without Persian translators. We are not therefore inclined to fall in with the cry against the use of Persian in the courts, although it may certainly give room for fraud on the part of the native officers in translating. It has its

advantages as well as its faults. Those however who take the opposite view of the case, must by parity of reason object to the use of English as foreign to the country, yet surely were the proceedings in English, such opportunity of fraud could never be given.

The introduction of the English language must be slow and gradual. At first there will be no doubt a great deficiency of persons fit for the situation of subordinate officers; yet with the demand the supply will increase. As inducements are held out, persons will speedily qualify themselves for such desired appointments and the difficulty would daily decrease and soon be completely removed. It is well worthy of remark too, that the measure would accomplish that desirable object of opening means of employment to many Indo-Britons, who now from false delicacy looking to this line alone for subsistence, disdain to engage in any mechanical undertaking or trade. As the required number of qualified officers could not be obtained at once, it might be at first advisable that depositions should still be taken as at present but that the judges should record their decisions in English, and that none but copies of these decisions be filed as evidence in any court. An objection might be made, that the writers in the offices, would not have time to get ready all the copies required. To this it is answered, that it is not difficult to appoint writers who could receive certain fixed fees for making copies. At present Government servants alone make copies of record; but although they are forbid to receive any thing, yet they get paid at a certain rate by every one according to the work performed. It would only be necessary to legalize the present custom and extend the privilege to others than officers of court. The introduction of printed forms would considerably abridge the labour of the inferior officers; this we believe, has been effected in some places in the interior. It is very clear, if the English language be introduced, the present system of writing depositions two or three times over, in fact, once in each court into which the case is brought, must be abolished, otherwise the number of writers required, would be inordinate; neither does it at all appear why this custom has so generally obtained, since but one object is effected thereby, viz. that of swelling out the papers of the case to a most formidable bulk, tending to confuse the judge rather than elucidate the truth. As soon as Darogahs can be procured who can write English, the depositions at the thanahs must be the ground work of the trial before the magistrate, and subsequently if necessary before the Court of Circuit. It is likewise evident, that where so much writing is dispensed with, the superior courts must be confined to revisions on points of law only, not on facts. This, we conceive would be no small improvement on many accounts. It will be

granted, we suppose, that persons at a distance cannot have the same advantages of observation as those on the spot ; neither can a judge, from reading the written depositions of a case, come to one-half as satisfactory or correct a conclusion as he who tried it *viva voce*. In this country too, where exaggeration in giving evidence, not to say perjury is so prevalent, a knowledge of character must be of great assistance in valuing the weight of a witnesses' testimony. Such being the case, and the facts are self-evident, it certainly appears proper that the decision on facts should be left to the court which originally tries the case ; —making the superior court competent to direct a re-trial on any special grounds which might be pointed out subsequently and to quash all orders made contrary to law. This plan would most effectually take away from the natives the power they at present possess of ruining each other by protracted litigation, while no one could be injured by the limitation of his rights of appeal to rational and legal objections. Besides this, the superior courts would thereby be relieved from the multifarious appeal cases which are now constantly referred to them. Taking all these things together, the introduction of English into the courts will certainly facilitate the administration of justice.

The change in regard to transfers of real property, bonds, engagements &c. offers greater difficulties than any other, and deserves deeper consideration. As nothing can be worse than the present system in regard to deeds, advantages might be taken of the contemplated plan to reform the whole code. It is not our intention to enter into the catalogue of the present grievances ; but for example we point out the cases of *Ism-i-furay*, when the real purchaser of a property conceals his name, and causes that of his son or some other person to be inserted in its stead. The Musselman custom of *By-mokasa* deserves to be mentioned, for by this a man absorbed in debt may convey the whole of his property to his wife, and the conveyance stands legal and valid to the prejudice of previous creditors. Legislative enactments might easily remedy these evils, and as the Government have thus far interfered with the Hindoo and Musselman law, as to the protecting persons the transition to things, especially where benefit accrues, would be an easy matter, a law declaring that a deed should be taken and accepted to be binding on the person, whose names were written in the deed and none others would be sufficient in the first case ; in the second a provision rendering the *By-mokasa* subject to the conditions of any common deed of transfer would obviate its bad effects. To return however to the proposed writing deeds in English, it is obvious that so great a change, affecting such important rights as those of property could and should not be made without ample notice : a period of ten years might be fixed after

which no Persian deed should be allowed to be drawn out, and in the mean time, as an inducement, deeds executed in English might be allowed on stamped paper of half the prescribed duty. Courts in India, are in fact more courts of equity than strict law, but making allowances for errors in a new tongue, an enactment stating that the intent of a person executing a deed should be considered in preference to strict words, might be necessary. —

We have thus drawn up the heads of a proposition which it seems essentially necessary to carry into immediate effect. We have not entered minutely into the subject for fear of trespassing on the reader's attention, as well as with the hope that local experience will suggest to others the necessary remedies for difficulties not anticipated. Deeming the introduction of English into Judicial proceedings as a plan that must sooner or later be adopted, it is sufficient for us if this paper induce other persons to turn their attention to the same subject.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST PAGE OF MY JOURNAL.

If ever one I love should cast
Her closing eye this page upon,
Oh ! let her think I feel at last
As when the book was first begun.

That *now* as then when cheeks were pale,
And eyes were wet unused to weep,
I mourn the fate, and curse the sail,
That bore me from her o'er the deep.

Perhaps a smile her lip may wear
At many a jest I wrote in sadness,
Perhaps, a sweet regretful tear
May dim her eye and cheek its gladness.

Oh ! when I think a tear or smile
May light or shade that face for me
It soothes my exiled hours awhile,
And cheers and charms the dreary sea.

W. H. F.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself ;
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.

O thou pale orb that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
 Thou sees't a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here, to wail and weep !
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
 And mourn in lamentation deep
 How love and life are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, and far-off hill,
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly fluttering heart be still,
 Thou restless power, Remembrance cease.
 Ah ! must each agonizing thrill,
 For ever bar returning peace ?

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptured moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and hers alone !
 And must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast,
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh, can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth ?
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie through rough distress !
 Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Eruptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 With ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom.

The morn that warns the approaching day,
 Awakes me now to toil and woe ;
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wing my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harassed out with care and grief,
 My toil-worn nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief.
 Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief
 Reigns haggard wild, in sore affright
 Ev'n day all bitter brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O ! thou bright queen, who, o'er the expanse,
 Now highest reign'st with boundless sway !
 Oft has thy silent marking glance
 Observ'd us fondly—wandering stray !
 The time unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high
 Beneath thy silver gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set,
 Scenes never, never to return
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn
 Life's weary rule, I'll wander thro' :
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

F.

TOM PIPES ON SEA PHRASES.

MASTER,

You must know that when I was a Prisoner of War in France, there was a long lantern-jawed son of a Mounseer, that was always coming fore and aft to our berth, and thof I'm not much of a scollard, I could make out well enough that he was a-telling the other yellow skinned lubbers long yarns about as how all the words we used aboard our ships were taken from their outlandish lingo. Now you know, Master, that can't be no how seeing as how we speak plain English, and them swabs chatter a gibberish that, neither sailor nor saint can make out a word on. Why the deuce can't they learn to speak like us? Howsomdever, as I've no prejudice against them, (though I hate the French as every honest Englishman, that is an Englishman, is bound to do) I'll just send you a yarn that the lanky lubber twisted me off one day, that I might as he said "make dem Englis acquaint dat all de tongue dey speak is take from de langage Franchaze." I can't make out half of his infernal crinkum crankums but you are more book-larned, and perhaps you will take a spell at it over your grog.—I remain your's

THOMAS PIPES.

SARE, Your nation is tree times oblige to the politesse of my contrée in much things: bot especially because de French give to de English de termes of marine. De English phrases maritime are absolutely deprive of de cominon sense, and do not mean nothing: bot in our langage dey are tree times expressive, superb, magnifique and very pretty. You shall see. Aboard is *à bord*: afloat is *à flot*: dat phrase mean nothing in your tongue, bot in our's it will say *on de wave*. Adrift is *en dérive*, dat is when a vessel goes from de bank or rivage: but I will put de reste in two, tree columns for you.

English.	French.	English.	French.
Luff	Lof	Taut	Tenda
— to	—tout	Tompion	Tampon
Avast	Baste—stop!	Bonnet	Bonnette
Capstern	Cabestain, head ortop.	Bowline	Bouline
Awning	from Aune, an ell measure.	Bowsprit	Beaupré
Ballast	Lest	To Brace	Brasser
Batten	Baton, a staff	A Brace	Bras
Windlass	Vindas	Square	Quarré
Belay	Ponlà, enough dere!	About luff	Boute lof
Bend	Bander, to tie.	Buoy	Bouée
Bits	Rittes	Cabin	Cabane
Pulley	Poulie	Cable	Cable

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Contrary to all established rule the mansion of which I am about to write was not situated in a remote and wild solitude almost inaccessible to human tread ; nor was it surrounded by lonely forests, impassable moors, blighted heaths, and all the dismal scenery usually considered so necessary to heighten the effect of a ghost story, and prepare the mind for the horrors to ensue.

In fact the prejudice was so strongly in favour of desolation and decay, as the adjuncts of a haunted edifice, that I should despair of exciting a proper degree of terror in the hearts of my readers, did not the interior of the house in question, abounding in all appliances and means to boot for the creation of dismal fancies, make amends for the cheerfulness of its site.

So lately as the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, there stood nearly in the centre of Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, a large mansion, which in antiquity was nearly coeval with its gigantic neighbour, Montague House, now the British Museum. In former times it formed the suburban residence of a family of some distinction, and a few elderly persons at the period of which I speak, still remembered, or recollected to have heard it described by others as a country edifice, surrounded by woods and fields abounding in game and affording excellent amusement to the London sportsman.

On the outside, its appearance, with the exception of its superior size, differed little from the long line of houses stretching on either side and intersecting this populous thoroughfare ; but the interior, as I have before mentioned, offered a strong contrast to the snug, compact and somewhat scanty accommodation of the metropolitan mansions of modern date, intended for the occupation of the middling classes. A large hall led to a wide staircase, and on either side long suites of apartments stretched into a spacious but neglected garden. The mansion, had been enlarged by one of its former inhabitants, a surgeon of great eminence in his time, and the purposes to which the additional buildings had been dedicated, being offensive to vulgar, prejudice tales of dark deeds performed in the secrecy and silence of the night in these ghostly chambers gained ground ; the house obtained the reputation of being haunted, and it soon becoming difficult to find a tenant, it was suffered to remain unmodernized, and

gradually fell out of repair. Most assuredly strange sights and still stranger sounds were of frequent occurrence, the extraordinary noises and appearances heard and witnessed by persons of undoubted veracity could only be rationally accounted for by the supposition that they were the effects of a secret combination of individuals interested in the alienation or sale of the property, and who were anxious to diminish its value. It was not possible however for casual a visitor to penetrate the mysteries of this dwelling, or to investigate the motives and detect the contrivances which produced the apparently supernatural events continually spreading consternation throughout the household,—wherefore, though my curiosity was strongly excited, I was obliged to content myself with listening to the marvels that were related concerning the hobgoblins reported to hold their nightly revels within the edifice, and to hazard a conjecture only respecting their probable origin.

The house was rented by a person reduced in circumstances, whose mind and manners were above her condition in life, she was a woman of a lofty and masculine intellect, perfectly inaccessible to fear or superstition of any kind, accordingly she lived quite at ease amid the surrounding horrors, content it should seem with the bad name which the house had acquired, in consideration of the low terms for which she had engaged it; and indeed the total indifference manifested by this unprotected female to occurrences which filled the whole establishment with alarm, might have suggested a suspicion of her co-operation with the conspirators whoever they might be, were it not that the phantasmagoria exhibited with such distinguished success, had the effect of driving away her lodgers, upon whose support her subsistence, and that of her children mainly depended. A house so spacious, so happily situated, mid-way between the east and west ends of the town, in the close vicinity of all the places of public amusement, and moreover kept by a well educated, well connected female of an obliging disposition, was particularly adapted for the residence of persons averse to the troubles or expenses of an establishment of their own, or who sought a temporary abode in London; consequently it was generally full, the apartments being let out in suites, and tenanted by people of the highest respectability—of course there was a considerable fluctuation in the inhabitants of a London Lodging House, but they were usually composed of the description of persons who occupied the mansion when it was my chance to meet an acquaintance amid its inmates. The landlady at the time of which I speak, reserved the right hand suite on the ground floor for her own accommodation, that on the left was tenanted by a gentleman in the India Company's service on leave of absence.

Two drawing rooms, two bed chambers, and a dressing room on the first floor, were rented by a widow lady, the chaperon of a younger female who had obtained her father's permission to visit London for the ostensible purpose of procuring the best masters, but in reality to vary the monotony of a provincial residence. The corresponding suite had for its occupant an elderly single gentleman addicted to science, and engaged in professioned pursuits which frequently took him into the country, there was also a lady sojourning in London for the benefit of medical advice, and awaiting the proper period to undergo the operation of couching, this invalid obtained accommodation in the apartments stretching out into the garden, and there were two or three other persons in the second floor equally respectable, though perhaps not equally wealthy. Such were the inhabitants, and it was from the female residents in one of the drawing room suites already described, that I obtained recitals which beguiled many subsequent winter evenings, and which were particularly interesting both from my acquaintance with the theatre of action, and the bias of a vivid imagination towards tales connected with the dim mysterious intercourse between the world of spirits and mortal flesh, which has obtained belief in all ages and all countries, and can scarcely even in this philosophic era be said to be totally confined to vulgar and ignorant minds. A legion of commingled ghosts and demons seemed to have taken possession of these devoted premises, performing their unhallowed cantrips in a most terrifying and astounding manner, and by their unaccountable proceedings shaking the conviction of the least superstitious member of the community, doors flew open and shut of their own accord with deafening violence, hollow groans, shrieks and shouts rang through the vast edifice, servants repairing to bed at a late, or rising at an unusually early hour, were alarmed by the sound of heavy footsteps regularly ascending or descending a few paces in front of them. The furniture rattled without a visible cause, ponderous trunks appeared to be dragged over the floors of the upper apartments, although upon inspection and enquiry it was found that they had remained motionless—noises resembling the crackling of large billets of wood when burning, followed by a supernatural rustling which could only be compared to that produced by the turning over the pages of five hundred music books at once, thrilled through the hearts of the hearers, while low indistinct indefinable flutterings, similar to those concussions of the air which are the precursors of earthquakes, suddenly fell upon the startled ear, and impeded respiration for a moment, when all subsided into quietude again—nor was one sense alone assailed, flames glimmered through dim unilluminated apartments, and

blue lights gleamed in the distance. A native servant belonging to the Indian gentleman rushed out into the street one cold and stormy night, unable to endure the horrible spectacles exhibited in his chamber, and too seriously alarmed to enter into a descriptive detail of the appearances he had witnessed. The nurses who sate up with the invalid lady gave warning, lodgers not bound by particular contracts retreated precipitately, and there was a constant change of domestics.

The statements made by the other inhabitants, both gentle and simple, masters and servants, joined to the extraordinary and terrifying noises which with few exceptions highly disturbed the mansion in the dread and dreary hours of darkness, so wrought upon the timid temperament of my female friends, that they were kept in a state of continual excitement deeply impressed with a conviction that these horrors were not, and could not be produced by human agency, the mind of the younger dwelled continually upon one peculiarly melancholy story, which in her idea fully accounted for the frightful apparitions haunting the scene of past but unforgetten crime: her veracity therefore may remain unimpeached, though we must doubt the actual reality of the visitation which she believed to have been made. While lying as she supposed perfectly awake in her bed, one of those fearful warnings which had so often arrested the current in her veins by its supernatural sound, thrilled through the air, she looked up instinctively; the curtains of her bed were drawn aside, and she beheld the pale attenuated form of a young man, whose attire though perfectly plain, being of the fashion of the last century, proclaimed him not to belong to the present generation. The countenance of the phantom, emaciated and livid, yet shewing the wreck of noble features, expressed deep and almost indescribable anguish. Casting a look of profound melancholy upon the human habitant of the apartment, it melted gradually into air. All those persons acquainted with the extraordinary effects produced by, night-mare, will be at no loss to attribute the appearance of this spectre to its natural cause, the dreams in which the unconscious sleeper embodies his diurnal fancies in slumbers too evanescent and fitful to be accounted for as created in an oblivious suspension from the laws and functions of waking life. Convinced of the reality of the vision, all attempt to persuade my friend that she had been deceived by the illusions of a feverish imagination would have been vain, I therefore contented myself with enquiring into the cause and motive of this fearful visitation, and was rewarded by the following narrative.

In the year seventeen hundred and——two young men, relatives came to London together, for the purpose of completing their medical education by walking the hospitals.

Godfrey Harlande the elder, was the son of a distinguished and wealthy practitioner in the country, Francis Gray, his cousin, and a year or two his junior, was the orphan of a subaltern officer, whose death left him in his boyhood totally dependent upon the bounty of his mother's family. Francis however had not been permitted to feel the extent of the loss he had sustained, the elder Harlande performed a father's part by his young kinsman, and though unwilling to indulge him in his choice of a military profession he educated him with his own son, intending to take both into partnership after they had undergone the usual routine of a medical noviciate, with the hope of seeing them happily established in life before the natural course of events should conduct him to the grave. Frank notwithstanding that an ardent lively temper and a disinclination to study rendered him rather unwilling to embrace a learned profession, yet bore his disappointment unrepiningly being convinced by his uncle's representations of the reasonableness of combating a youthful passion for glory, which could only be indulged at the expense of a relative who had a right to command his services in return for the liberal manner in which he had provided for all his wants. In the society of his grave cousin who was indefatigable in the pursuit of science he insensibly acquired an interest in their mutual avocations and if not entering so deeply into the more abstruse studies of his companion, he was equally versed in the lighter species of literature, and perhaps excelled him in those intellectual accomplishments which find a greater degree of favour in general society; but as Godfrey Harlande was looked upon as a sort of prodigy in his native town, and his cousin had only gained the reputation of a wild harum scarum youth, whom people would more readily trust with the management of some scheme of pleasure than the care of their constitutions, neither himself nor his friends, anticipated any brilliant results from his professional career, and poor Francis seemed by public consent to be condemned to compound medicines under the inspection of the second Esculapius descending upon earth in the guise of his kinsman. Although both the cousins had been bred in the seclusion of country retirement, neither betrayed any rusticity or awkwardness of manner, Frank inherited from his father an easy deportment in which the timidity of youth was happily blended with the modest confidence produced by gentle birth and breeding. Godfrey though deficient in the air which distinguished his cousin, yet from the consciousness of attainments of a nature superior to those usually acquired in the ordinary routine of education, was gifted with a degree of self possession, which, while removed from any thing akin to conceit and effrontery by the dignity

and elevation of mind, it occasioned, impressed his auditors with a favourable opinion of his talents. To both a little collision, with the world seemed all this was necessary to give the polish only to be acquired by an introduction into the higher classes of society. Nothing hitherto had occurred to disturb the harmony subsisting between the cousins; Frank was content to look up to his more studious kinsman with feelings approaching to veneration, while Godfrey, if he secretly despised such aimless follies, pitied and pardoned the juvenile errors and trifling pursuits of a young unsteady person, who perchance had not been gifted with the power of rising above the mediocre attainments which his loftier mind disdained.

On the arrival of these young men in London the dissimilarity in their tempers, and dispositions became more apparent, and Frank giving loose to the love of novelty and pleasure natural to the gay thoughtlessness of an unpractised heart, became an object of contempt to his more serious cousin, who thought every moment lost and misspent which was not dedicated to improvement, and every deviation from the strict path of rectitude an inexcusable offence. Young Gray was surrounded by danger, dissipation in its most tempting shape offered itself at his first entrance into life; he encountered in the metropolis several of his fathers gay connexions, who led him into society at the court end of the town—he was flattered and caressed by persons of a condition far above his own, he became involved in expenses certainly beyond his means, and which in all probability must lead to the most ruinous consequences. Godfrey remonstrated possibly in too high a tone, and elicited a reply which offended his proud spirit accustomed to deferential attention, he also unhappily felt very little toleration for folly, and was apt to express his opinions in a manner too dictatorial to be suited to his years; while lavishing pecuniary benefits with unsparing generosity, he entertained a stronger sense than the occasion warranted of the obligations conferred upon an unportioned youth, and beheld with astonishment the indifference with which favours of so extraordinary a nature were received—he was surprized at the independent spirit displayed by Frank on more than one occasion, a spirit which he thought not consistent with his situation in life, or with abilities of a moderate grade, his strictures therefore were neither very measured nor very gentle, and Frank indignant at reprehension so far beyond his demerits, betrayed a natural degree of resentment, and the first blow thus unfortunately given to the friendship of these young men was deep and deadly. Godfrey with a stern kind of sorrow beheld his infatuated cousin involve himself in connexion which he believed could only lead to destruction, he grieved over his delinquency but anger mingled

with his grief while Francis deeming that a trivial offence had been too heavily visited, threw off a yoke which he found extremely irksome, and withdrawing himself from society so uncongenial to his disposition, the kinsman were soon totally estranged. Godfrey though irritated and incensed at such contumacious conduct, could not resolve to abandon the offender to his fate, yet desirous that he should receive a severe and salutary lesson, allowed him for the present to follow his evil inclinations, determined to withhold all means of extrication until he should sink almost irrecoverably into the abyss which yawned around him. In the interim the elder student pursued a steady course, partaking soberly in the amusements of the metropolis, and cultivating sedulously the acquaintance of a physician who resided in Bloomsbury Square, an old friend of his father, whose house was the resort of what at that period was considered the best, though not the gayest society in London. A young, amiable, accomplished and lovely daughter, presided at Dr. Winstanley's hospitable board, graceful and gay, she performed the honours so bewitchingly and offered in the eyes of the stranger, so striking a contrast to the hoydenish boldness or stiff formality of the provincial belles of his acquaintance, that his heart soon surrendered to her fascinations. He flattered himself that in an unobtrusive manner he was winning his quiet way to the favor of a lady who seemed to be capable of discovering and appreciating the valuable qualities which often lie beneath the surface. Berinthia Winstanley accustomed to admiration was not vain enough to attribute the attentions of her father's guests to the force of her own personal attractions. Continually in the society of young men who were distinguished in their devotion to her slightest wishes, and assailed by this florid species of gallantry which was the fashion of the day, she received the complimentary homage of the circle around her as mere matters of course, sometimes amused by the wild flights of her adorers, but untouched and uninterested in what appeared to her to be nothing more than the commonplaces of society.

Godfrey pleased with the indifference which his fair enslaver displayed to the crowd, construed it in his own favour; he flattered himself that she could distinguish between the warm devotion of an unsophisticated heart and the frothy compliments of fools and coxcombs, and that although he might to common eyes appear the least forward of the group, she could not fail to perceive the strength and depth and fervour of the affection she had inspired in the breast of one, who, the good sense she possessed, must point out as more worthy to be beloved by a virtuous woman, than the wild gallants and unblushing rakes who scrupled not to avow sentiments which filled him with horror. While

indulging these pleasing anticipations of the future, Godfrey was somewhat surprized at a sudden reformation which took place in his cousin's conduct, forsaking all his new and gay acquaintance he applied himself diligently to study, relinquished every expensive habit, and of his own accord returned to the mode of life best suited to his situation and prospects. Godfrey though expressing and ever experiencing great pleasure at this unexpected change, involuntarily felt a secret vexation that it had been effected without his agency, he had not given Francis credit for the strength of mind necessary for the abandonment of a load of folly, and though unwilling to confess the truth even to himself, he was disappointed at the non-fulfilment of his prognostics, and annoyed at the discovery of their fallibility.

Though the volatility of youth had precipitated a lively disposition into error, Frank's principles were of the highest order; led by a set of profligate companions to the very borders of vice he paused in time to avoid a fatal step. Having been induced to incur expenses which he had not the means to defray, he had firmly withstood all solicitations to try the chances of the reparation of his shattered finances at the gaming table: in a moment of intoxication however, he was led unconsciously to a faro bank, played unwittingly high stakes, and when he recovered the full use of his faculties, found himself master of a sum which to him appeared to be of enormous magnitude; but he felt no exultation at this stroke of prosperous fortune, he thought only of the hazard he had risked of being a loser to an equal amount, and of the horrors he had so miraculously escaped, he paid all his debts, quitted the dangerous society which had brought him to the brink of ruin, and resolved henceforth to make the best use of the experience which he never could hope to purchase at so cheap a rate again. It was with feelings of severe mortification that Godfrey saw the repentant prodigal almost instantaneously established in Dr. Winstanley's favour, and the disagreeable sensation was heightened to an almost unbearable point, by the undisguised satisfaction Berinthia took in the society and conversation of a young man in every respect—both as regarding solid attainments and enobling qualities—so unmeasurably inferior to himself. He expected that the whole world should judge correctly between them, and felt aggrieved at the unjust decision in favour of mere animal spirits unsupported by the steady integrity which ought alone to obtain the good will of mankind. The gravity of Godfrey's manners, always unnatural in so young a person, increased to severity; offering a strong contrast to his cousin's liveliness. He became gloomy and unsocial, and lost ground in the estimation of his friends at the very moment in which he was most anxious to secure their good opinion.

At length driven to desperation by the fear of being entirely distanced by Frank, and feverishly anxious to secure the right of removing him from the side of his mistress, he made an offer to Miss Winstanley and was rejected; accusing his kinsman as the cause of a disappointment, whose extent no one from the guardedness of his outward manner could have suspected, Frank unthinkingly congratulated him on the stoicisms which interposed a sevenfold shield between the passion of love, and an invulnerable heart thus rendered unsusceptible of the weaknesses which beset frailer men.

However unsympathizing individuals may be in the anxieties and sorrows of others, nothing is so offensive as the supposition of the absence of feeling in themselves; they expect that notwithstanding their eyes present coldness and indifference, they are still to obtain credit for the possession of the most refined tenderness, without the expense of its display where their friends are concerned. Too proud to betray his agonies, Godfrey expected that his cousin would understand and respect them, and that through his calm and unruffled exterior he would not fail to perceive the convulsive struggles of a wounded heart, but Frank did not see or imagine for a moment the existence of this internal anguish, he had never ventured to make a confidante of his cousin, never dared to repose his youthful griefs, his fears, or his anxieties on a bosom impatient of all such puerile communications and he now could not dream even that this grave philosopher who had been so deaf and insensible to the breathings of a troubled heart could be labouring under the severest distress of mind, suffering all the torments of jealousy and enduring the misery inflicted by a deep sense of ingratitude and unkindness on the part of a person bound to him both by the ties of kindred and by numberless and heavy obligations. Emboldened by the undisguised partiality of her father, and the modest encouragement accorded by Berinthia, Frank, who soon became a lover, declared his attachment, and to the astonishment of all the worldly wise, his suit was successful. As he had always felt a distaste to the surgical branch of the profession, it was determined that he should now study for a degree, and thus qualify himself to succeed his father-in-law in his practice as a physician.

These arrangements were gall and wormwood to Godfrey, he withdrew entirely from the society of persons who had evinced so little regard for his happiness, and resolving henceforward to think of nothing save the studies which had been in some measure relaxed during his intimacy with the Winstanley's, he took up his abode with an eminent surgeon in Great Russel Street, where in a school of anatomy very celebrated at the time, he tried to forget all that had occurred during his brief intercourse with a de-

ceitful world. The neighbourhood was however too close and his connexion with medical men too intimate to allow him to remain in ignorance of the state of affairs in Bloomsbury square, every day he heard some report which entered like iron into his soul, the passion he vainly attempted to smother burned with undiminished fury, he brooded in silence over his sorrows and his wrongs until fearfully increased by the exaggerations of a wounded spirit, they became a burthen too heavy to bear. The wedding day of Frank with Berinthia was fixed, and Godfrey awaited it with a dreary conviction that it would be the last of his existence—it was however postponed on account of the illness of the intended bridegroom, and the unhappy rival though he had long wished for the only termination of his earthly sufferings he could hope to gain felt it as a reprieve from the grave. Despite of all his endeavours to repress the unwonted sensation, a ray of joy re-entered his heart; amid other moody fancies he believed that he had been misrepresented and maligned to the object of his fondest idolatry, and that she would discover, though perchance too late, that he alone had entertained a true affection for her, and was alone calculated to ensure the happiness of a creature who would pine beneath the neglect of a fickle husband, or the anxiety occasioned by her doubts of his steadiness.

Every day brought intelligence of Frank's increasing danger, there were moments in which Godfrey's heart was touched, and he felt a wish to attend upon his cousin, and to strive by the exertion of all his skill and his intimate knowledge of the patient's constitution to save the life of a rival, who could his marriage be delayed for even an indefinite period, would in all probability, in consequence of the capricious volatility of a disposition to one thing constant never, not take place at all—but no message came, no hint was given that his services would be acceptable; and offended at a silence which he ought to have been the first to break, he remained gloomily inactive. A short period of suspense was ended by the appalling information that Frank Gray was dead,—who shall attempt to describe the tumultuous feelings which filled the lover's breast at this intelligence, the natural grief which despite of long and bitter enmity would spring up at the untimely fate of one so young, so prosperous, whose paradise of felicity was just opening before him, was overwhelmed by the terrible and fierce delight bursting upon a rival's outraged heart at the unexpected and dazzling prospect thus suddenly revealed. Finding it impossible to attend to the usual routine of study, or to conceal the agitation of a mind torn by ten thousand conflicting emotions, Godfrey rushed out of the house, and spending two days in wandering over the adjacent country returned

late on the second evening to his own home. The domestic by whom he was admitted, aware of the young surgeon's excessive zeal in the pursuit of his profession, looked very significantly as he led the way across the hall to a door opening into a passage whence a back stair case conducted the students to the dissecting room. Godfrey paused at the threshold, his mind was not attuned to his usual occupations, and he turned towards his own apartment; but the servant anxious to secure the customary reward of his diligence, informed him that he had procured a fresh subject which he had laid out upon the table and prepared for the knife. Godfrey paused again, he had never permitted private and personal feeling to interfere with his duties, and unwilling to forfeit the pretension to that Spartan sort of heroism which formed the darkest shade in his character, he put the usual fee into the domestic's hand and entered the apartment. Though accustomed to the ghostly horrors of this dreary chamber, its sickening relics of mortality, its blood stained boards, masses of putrefying flesh, heaped up bones, and grinning skeletons, a strange sensation of disgust crept over his frame, and he shuddered. The necessity of conquering such womanish nervousness impelled him forward, the body stretched out upon a table in the centre of the apartment was covered with a cloth, advancing towards it he raised the veil and beheld the pale countenance and lifeless form of Frank Gray! Rooted to the spot in speechless astonishment he gazed for some time silent and motionless upon the corpse; wave after wave of tempestuous thought swept across his perturbed spirit, his happy state of boyhood, the sweet and tender hopes he had cherished with the orphan whom his father protected, arose to his recollection, succeeded by that brief yet stormy career which had blighted all those gentle hopes, planted enmity between once loving friends, and raised the grateful dependant into a proud aspiring rival, a rock, for ever threatening the wreck of all his joys.

The wounds which Godfrey had writhed under were however too deep, too deadly, and too severe for the sufferer to be much softened by the melancholy termination of his enemy's existence. The egotism of self-love suggested the justice of the stroke, and the fierceness of newly awakened hatred enjoyed its triumph. If more gentle thoughts presented themselves they were linked with those visions of promised happiness offered by Berinthia's liberation from her engagement, and all tended to shew the advantage to be derived from Frank Gray's early death. While lost in a flood of wild emotions his practised hand, had instinctively grasped the knife which lay in readiness beside the body, and as the terrible sensations of a heart wrought to high excitement by the incessant contemplation of its injuries, followed by that hurricane of feeling which had driven its restless possessor to wander forth

without aim or object, rose and subsided in fitful starts; he saw, or thought he saw, a movement about the lips, a slight heaving in the breast of the seeming corpse—he looked again—the eyes half opened, and in the next moment the knife he held was buried with fatal speed and precision into a vital part—a pause of unutterable agony ensued, the enormity of the crime stared him like a spectre in the face—a deluge of blood seemed to fall with insupportable weight upon his soul—the whole apartment swam around his dim, and dazzled eyes, and the servant repairing at early dawn to the dissecting rooms, found him still lifeless on the floor. Returning consciousness brought with it the extreme of torture, the murderer looked back upon that long and frightful vista wherein the evil passions unconsciously cherished had been fostered into hideous magnitude, each fondly and proudly esteemed as its opposite virtue, until their fierce collision had produced a deed from which shuddering humanity recoiled.

The young, the promising, the generous minded Francis Gray, stood before him in all his modest worth and kindly heartedness, what had he done to merit this cruel fate? What had been his faults, what his aggressions! alas, how few, how trivial, and yet they had armed the assassin's hand, and precipitated him in the spring time of his youth to a blood stained grave. There were periods in which the unhappy man strove to believe that the signs of returning life which he had witnessed were merely the illusions of fancy, but the impression was too strong to be effaced, he had distinctly seen the lips, the chest, and the eyes move, he could not doubt the truth of the spectacle, or cherish the flattering hope that he had not deprived his cousin of existence, at a crisis in which a little care and attention were alone necessary to restore the vital powers. Remorse of the darkest, and sternest nature took possession of Godfrey's soul; he neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, wasting away like a shadow beneath the fearful inflictions of his penance; yet life sustained by desperate internal strength, still tenaciously upheld its empire, he fancied that he was under a curse, doomed to suffer the load of existence in circumstances wherein aught approaching to humanity must inevitably perish—the scorpion stings of conscience, the yellings of those demons for ever proclaiming his crime, and its punishment became too great a burthen for his lacerated heart,—in a moment of delirious frenzy he fell by his own act.

No trace of the haunted house now remains in Great Russel street; it has been pulled down, and three spruce tenements erected on its scite, too much in the modern style to permit the cranny of a cupboard for the accommodation of those shadowy visitants who delight in amplitude of space, and are only known to congregate amid dim galleries, tapestried chambers, and vaulted halls.

A VISIT FROM MY MUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE NUN.

As I slumbered last night, after cursing the Muses,
 Who lately had used me with singular spite,
 Methought I beheld the nine sister recluses
 Intertwining their festoons of wit-kindled light.

The moon slowly rose o'er the Helicon Mountain
 And bright Hippocrene, was tinged by a ray,
 That glowed on the warm rosy cheeks of the fountain
 And danced into ripples that bubbled away.

As for Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, I prayed,
 They would not be offended, but they would not go;
 And I bowed-out, although Doctor* Flac would persuade
 You, shed make a fish speak, grave Melpomene too.

Terpsichore turned the divine pirouette,
 Nor had I the prudence to bid her begone,
 But, when my poor wisdom was almost upset,
 Erato caught my sight, and I thought of my song.

"Come tell me, my own little Muse, in a minute
 "See here! I've an Album,—and can't write a line
 "Come tell me you rogue what I ought to put in it;
 "Oh, if you ever were, now be divine.

"Hush, whispered she smiling, before I begin
 "We must" (and she beckoned her sisters to go)
 "We must be alone, for the exquisite string,
 "That I touch, tells what none but my poet must know."

Then coming quite close, while her eloquent eyes
 Were laughing at thoughts she was longing to tell us,
 She snatched up the book—and I marked with surprise
 That she turned, as the mildest can turn, when they're jealous:—

* For the benefit of Gentlemen who have lost their latin in this jostling world of ours, as well of others, who might not be able to discern in Dr. Flac, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, it is as well to mention that in the 3d Ode of the 4th Book of that worthy we find.

O mntis quoque piscibus
 Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum!
 Oh thou that canst unloose the tongue
 Of the dumb fish, and give its song
 (If so thou wilt) sweet as the one,
 Warbled by the expiring swan.

She had cause—it was time ; for when woman invades
 'The mind there is naught for the muses to do ;
 And I own, there is that in terrestrial maids,
 Which inclines me to love them the best of the two.

Well: my muse then exclaimed " from these elegant traps
 " And writing, which I, though a Goddess, can't read,
 " Where poor Tommy Moore is cut up into scraps,
 I perceive, 'tis for beauty, you wretch, that you plead.

" But vain is your hope, you're a fool for your pains."
 (And she tore in a rage every chord of my lyre)
 " The wit, if I gave it, would addle your brains
 " That is equal to yield what the Ladies require."

" The clearness of Swift, and the wisdom of Bacon
 " The love-song of Burns, and the fiction of Scott
 " Should unite in oneself, for (oh, be not mistaken)
 " Angelic eyes look for a sun without spot.

" A lay as refined as the blush of a cheek
 " Whither love-governed tides of the bosom are darting,
 " When the virgin would not for an empire speak
 " The secret that from her fond eye is departing.

" Should tell of the maid all the singular things,
 " How her thoughts bent their course, what her heart is about
 " Where cupid has furl'd for a season his wings
 " To rest till the cold weather fashions come out.

" Yet do not suppose could I teach you all this
 " To make your song (heaven knows how to begin it)
 As chaste as a prayer, yet as warm as a kiss
 " But this book hears far more than you'd ever write in it.

For Albums are present at each tête à tête,
 Which I will not describe, though you know that I'm able,
 Where blushes and stammerings darkly debate,
 While the feet speak explicitly under the table.

They witness, moreover (but then they grow trite)
 Debates on the household affairs and their cure,
 When Hymen has put little Cupid to flight,
 " And the Loving Polemicks are never obscure.

" So adieu !" and maliciously smiling she cast
 Round my neck a torn chord of my impotent lyre,
 " Adieu if you would not be laughed at, at last
 " For a Block-head—for heaven's sake tighten the wire."

W. E.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

By Professor Rafn's communication, it appears that the attention of Northern Antiquarians has been, of late years, particularly turned towards Scandinavian and Icelandic history and literature—and that, by old Manuscripts, the fact of the Inhabitants of the North of Europe having, long before Columbus' time, (as early as the eleventh century) visited America—at least its Northern countries and coasts—is placed beyond a doubt. The accounts of the old Scandinavian voyages of discovery to North America, he adds, have lately gained fresh confirmation from a stone with a Runic inscription found in 1824, on the Island Kingiktorsoak, 73° N. L., on the West coast of Greenland.

The account of Dr. Richardson's visit to Laos, given in Major Buñney's Letter, is a mere outline, derived from conversation with that gentleman, but which, in the absence of the more detailed report he was preparing, is very interesting. About six months ago, a Laos Chief sent a party of men to Moulmein, with a letter to Mr. Mainy, the Civil Commissioner, inviting him to send a British Officer up to Laos, and Mr. Mainy availed himself of such a fitting opportunity for obtaining some information respecting that country, by sending Dr. Richardson (a person apparently excellently qualified for the task) on a Mission to the place.

Accordingly, Dr. Richardson proceeded up the Saluen River for four days, and then travelled in an E. N. E. direction. He was altogether forty-four days on his journey, but of these he was in motion twenty-seven days only, and he was absent altogether about three months. The Laos men whom he accompanied, frankly told him that they could not think of taking him by the easy, and direct route to their country, as he might hereafter guide an English army to them, and that for this reason they thought it right "to move like an Elephant over a difficult road, to feel with the trunk first—and ascertain that it will be safe to move the body forward."

Upon arriving at the residence of the Laos Chief, Dr. Richardson immediately discovered, that the invitation sent to Mr. Mainy was intended only as an empty compliment, the Chief acting upon the implicit belief that no English Officer could, or would be able to undertake and get through the journey. The arrival of the *Kula Phya*, or White Stranger, therefore, excited a great sensation throughout the country, an old prediction being current there, as among most other Indo-Chinese nations, that they are destined one day to be conquered by white men. What added to the dread of the impression produced by the White Stranger's arrival, was the circumstance of the Laos country having, during the past year, been subject to a great inundation—and when the waters subsided, white fish, a white crow, (*rara avis in terra*), and several other white animals having been found!

In spite of all these terrible omens, Dr. Richardson seems to have been treated with sufficient kindness. The Chief and people however expressed great apprehensions of the British power and intentions. They were particularly struck with the circumstance of our troops not having been afraid to go in open day-light to attack Martaban—although, they said, 'it would have been better to have gone at night'—and been able thus to burn all the inhabitants in their beds! On Dr. Richardson expressing that the British had no desire to interfere with other people, if they were let alone—and that we were a straight forward race—they answered "that is the very reason we are so afraid of you, if you would advance slyly, or in a serpentine line, like a Burmah, we might hope to avoid you, but there is no resisting you—when you come butting on, like a powerful animal."

The place to which Dr. Richardson went is called, by the Burmese, Laboung. It is situated about half a day's journey from the capital of Northern Laos, called by the Siamese and Laos men, Ch'haing-mai, and by the Burmese, Zeme, and by the Portuguese and English travellers, Janguma, &c. Its latitude does not appear to have been perfectly ascertained—but lies, in all probability, between 19deg. and 20deg. The best description of it is given by Fitch—an English traveller, who visited the spot in 1837. He says, he was twenty-five days travelling to it, from the city of Pegu, shaping his course N. E., and that he passed through many pleasant and fruitful countries. Dr. Richardson found the road difficult and mountainous, and saw few traces of habitation—and besides the town of Laboung, (the population of which he does not think exceeds two thousand five hundred souls,) only some small villages. The Chief has the same title given him by his people, as that applied to the King of Siam—"Lord of life." The Chief and people took great pains to assure Dr. R. that they are not tributary to Siam, and that they only occasionally send some teak timber

down to Bangkok. Major Burney, however, from what he ascertained himself at the latter place, and from all stated by Dr. Richardson, seems satisfied that this part of Northern Laos is subject to Siam.

The moment Dr. R. arrived at Laboung, an express was dispatched to Bangkok, where Mr. Maingy's presents were also forwarded, and much anxiety was evinced for an answer—Dr. R. was not allowed to visit Zeme. He describes the country as abounding in elephants and cattle. He saw no wheat, and the principal grain used by the people is a gelatinous kind of rice. He saw no frost or snow—but the thermometer at eight A. M. was so low as 46 deg. He does not appear to have observed any very lofty range of mountains. The language of the people is the same as that of Siam, with some slight difference of dialect. The appearance of the men did not strike Dr. Richardson as being of so large and robust a make as usually distinguishes the northern race. The women are eminently handsome and fair, with fine large eyes—having none of the Tartar and Chinese character. The men wear larger folds of cloth, by way of turbans, than the Burmese. The lower garments are the same as the Burmese, being made of silk or blue striped cotton. The young women go with the bosom uncovered, but their lower garments are of a more modest fashion than in Burmah.

The Priests are not held in much reverence, which is not surprising, considering the laxity of their morals. The account which Pere Marine gives of the people of Lanjang, or Southern Laos, roasting their fowls with all their feathers on—is perfectly true. Dr. R. repeatedly saw fowls roasted in this manner—and without even the entrails being taken out.

The coins current in the country are the same as the Siamese. With respect to productions—Dr. R. saw a good deal of cotton, ivory, stick-lac, and some musk, which he understood are bartered for articles from China, whence a Caravan, consisting of one or two thousand horses and mules, annually visits Laos. In consequence, however, of its having been plundered about three years before—the Caravan had not visited Laboung for two years, but it was expected this year. Dr. R. was told that the Chinese frontier merchants had sent a deputation to the King of Siam, with a present of gold, to solicit his Majesty's protection in future to their annual Caravan. Dr. R. supposes there are no copper mines at Laos, and he was assured, that all the metal was brought by the Chinese Caravan. There is a great deal of iron ore in the country, and the inhabitants can forge tolerably good musket barrels. He saw a small specimen of lead ore, and was informed that there is abundance of tin ore above Zeme. Cattle is very cheap, and of a small breed—the price is about two rupees eight annas a head, and Dr. R. had succeeded in bringing sixty head with him to Moulmein, and about three hundred more were to follow him. Here, of itself, we have an instance of immediate benefit from the Mission, for a supply of cattle for the use of the European troops at Moulmein was a great desideratum.

The people of Laos are in great dread of the Burmese; and the cruel system of border warfare and man catching, to which our occupation of the Tenasserim Provinces has put an end to the southward, still continues in force to the north, between Laos and Ava. It would appear that, as in Burmah, women are bought and sold at Laos—the price of one is ten head of cattle, or twenty-five rupees!

English broad cloths, chintzes, and cutlery, are much prized in Laos, and it is to be hoped that before long an useful and extensive commerce may be established between that country and Moulmein, and that even the Chinese caravan may be induced to visit the latter place.

The extracts from Mr. Gerard's letters relative to the Fossil Shells collected by him, on his late tour over the snowy mountains of the Thibet frontier, are very curious in a geological point of view, and, we doubt not, will occasion much speculation, if not a modification of certain theories. The loftiest altitude at which he picked up some of them, was in the crest of a pass elevated seventeen thousand feet—and here also were fragments of rock, bearing the impression of shells, which must have been detached from the contiguous peaks rising far above this elevated level. Generally, however, the rocks formed of these shells are at an altitude of 16,000 feet—and one stiff was a mile in perpendicular height above the nearest level. "This (observes Mr. Gerard) is an anomaly, I imagine, hitherto unanticipated, and will no doubt be received in a cautious, if not sceptical spirit. I know not how such relics of anti-diluvian creation are viewed by other travellers, but I am unable to express the emotion I felt, when gazing upon the myriads of extinct animals, inhabitants of a former world, perhaps coeval with its formation; and reflecting upon the manner by which so many perished at that lofty level, where they have, for ages, bleached under the skies. In some places the fields are full of them, and the densest crops now vegetate upon the pulverised alluvium of a former sub-marine soil. At what remote period these elevated spots were inhabited by fish of the sea, and how whole cliffs

of rock have come to be formed out of the destruction of so many shells, is a question of no common interest to illustrate. I have only to remark, that the specimens I have collected are fresh and entire, as if they had been recently emerged from their own element, while the rock, when fractured, exhibits the most perfectly formed shells." In another place, Mr. Gerard states—"Just before crossing the boundary of Ludak into Bussahir, I was exceedingly gratified by the discovery of a bed of antediluvian oysters, clinging to the rock as if they had been alive." In whatever point of view we are to consider the subject---or under the bias of whatsoever theory---it is sublime to think of millions of marine remains lying at such a transcendent altitude---and of vast cliffs of rock formed out of them frowning over those illimitable and desolate wastes---where the ocean once flowed---'deeper than did ever plummet sound'.

Mr. Wilson's paper on Ancient Coins found in India, is prefaced by some remarks on a communication of Colonel Tod's, contained in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society---on some ancient Greek, Parthian, and Hindu Medals, from a very considerable number collected by him in India---Two of these verify the existence of two Sovereigns of Bactria---Apolladotus and Menander. The origin of the rest is only conjecturally determined, but from the Greek letters on some of them, combined with Parthian costumes and Hindu emblems, there can be little doubt of their being the coins of Parthian or Bactrian Princes ruling over Indian provinces. This has been further established by Augustus Schlegel, in a paper upon Colonel Tod's Coin in the Journal Asiatique. He has also conceived, deciphered a name upon one of them, which he terms Edobigris, and considers it to have been the appellation of the Indo-Scythic Kings, who reigned over the countries along the Indus to its mouth, in the commencement of the Christian era.

"The medals," continues Mr. Wilson---"excited by monuments of this description, has induced me to examine the collection of the Society, in order to ascertain if any such are in our possession. Besides a number of coins, we have also various drawings, made under the direction of the late Colonel Mackenzie, from originals in his own cabinet, or in those of different individuals. I have also referred to a small collection of my own, and to one made by Mr. James Prinsep---and from these sources have derived a number of interesting contributions to a subject hitherto almost untouched, the numismata of ancient India. Many of the Medals described and delineated by Colonel Tod, have been met with in my search, and although I have not been fortunate enough to discover any that authorise, by legible inscription, or familiar devices, positive support to his deductions, or those of Schlegel---yet it may be thought by the Society not altogether unimportant to verify their premises, and to establish the existence of similar coins over an extended portion of India, beyond a doubt." Our limits will not admit of our entering into the details of Mr. Wilson's valuable paper---which contains excellent descriptions of drawings of a great number of coins, neatly and ably executed. We hope that he will, some day, publish the whole in a compendious form---since in an Antiquarian and Historical point of view---it is full of interest.

Most of the Edobigris coins, in addition to human figures, have a trident---and a peculiar Monogram, somewhat like a four-pronged fork, with blunt points---the short shaft ending in a circle, or diamond. The long and short trident, are both to be found on ancient Parthian coins---but we have never seen on any coin a symbol like the Monogram in question.

Dr. Strong's paper on Boring Water-Springs commences with a reference to various instances in England, where the practice has been attended with most beneficial effects. In some of the lower parts of Lincoln and Kent, for example, where the inhabitants and their cattle suffered greatly from the want of good water, the evil has lately been removed, and this essential necessary of life has been supplied by means of perforations made to a great depth in the soil, by boring with an iron augre, so as to reach and bring to the surface, the deep-seated springs. Thus, borings, which have been made from two hundred to four hundred feet deep, have been found to cast up from ten to fifty gallons of soft and remarkably pure water per minute, which, without the use of engine or pump, will rise from 20 to 30 feet above the surface, in a tube or guide pipe. The experiments that have hitherto been made in India, in the boring way, have not been successful, either from the boring not having been carried to a sufficient depth, or the rods breaking. The deepest that has ever been effected here, was one hundred and forty feet. The borer generally had to pierce through stiff clay, Kunkur, and sand. Dr. Strong, himself, has bored more than once as far as seventy feet, in the vicinity of Calcutta. On one occasion the augre (a strong and large one) was twisted in a most extraordinary way; and on another, the rods broke. Notwithstanding this, Doctor Strong appears to be a great advocate for boring, and *pour encourager les autres*, mentions an instance of successful boring in

England, notwithstanding the great difficulty of the soil, which lately came to his knowledge. "In the Lion House grounds they found two springs, the deepest at a depth of five hundred and thirty-five feet, in *solid chalk*, which rose to the height of five feet above the surface, at the rate of five gallons per minute." Dr. Strong has extracted from an English scientific work, an Estimate Table of the expense of boring compared with well-sinking—by which it appears that the expense of the latter is at least treble; the estimate for two hundred feet of boring being £35—and that of the same depth in well sinking £120.—"I should," concludes Dr. Strong—"think the chief expense here would be the tubes; but I find that sheet iron in the Bazar is now extremely cheap, and if it could be made into tubes, the cost of the iron alone would not be more than twenty rupees per hundred feet—beside the expense for making them into tubes."

A Meeting of the Society was held on the 5th May the President, Sir Charles Grey, in the Chair.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Mr. Lushington, and Major Burney, were admitted Members.

A Letter was read from the Secretary to the Van Dieman's Land Society, proposing to correspond with the Asiatic Society.

The following donations were presented—viz.—two Cabinets of Minerals, purchased at Benares, by Sir Charles Grey—also Specimens obtained from Messrs. Gerard and Royle, or collected by himself on his visit to the Upper Provinces.

Fossil Minerals from the Himalaya, presented by Mr. Gerard through Sir C. Metcalfe.

Mineral specimens, and some small figures of Buddha worship, presented by Captain Mackenzie.

A Catalogue of the Maps, Plans, &c. in the collection of His late Majesty, by the Trustees of the British Museum.

The 2d part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1823, and the 1st part for 1830, by the Royal Society.

The 3d part of 7th vol. of their Transactions, by the Horticultural Society.

The Journal Asiatique, by the Asiatic Society of Paris.

The 1st volume of the Ramayana, by the Editor, Professor Schlegel.

Pentopotamia Indica, by the Author, Mr. Lossen.

The 4th and 5th volumes of the History of the Turks, by the Author, Von Hammer—also Letters on the Library at Turin, and Observations on the Byzantine Historians.

History of London, by the Author, Mr. Norton.

The Mrichchakati, in the Original Sanscrit—Voet's Commentary on the Pandects, and Report on the External Commerce of Bengal, by Mr. Wilson.

Letters were read from Professor Rafn, presenting

Scripta Historica Islandorum.

The Krakumal, a Poem, and various Tracts, &c.

The following Papers were then read:

Extracts from Mr. Gerard's Letters to Sir C. Metcalfe, relating to the Fossils presented by him.

A letter from Mr. Prinsep, forwarding by desire of Government, Mr. J. Prinsep's Report on the Population of Benares.

Extracts from a Letter from Major Burney to Mr. Swinton, giving an account of Dr. Richardson's visit to Laos.

A Paper on Boring in the vicinity of Calcutta, by Dr. Strong.

Observations on Ancient Coins found in India, by Mr. Wilson.

The further consideration of these Papers, we must defer till our next.—*Govt. Gas.*

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

" *Leonum arida nutrix!*"

GENTLEMEN OF THE BENGAL CIVIL AND MILITARY SERVICES.

I write for your advantage and my own amusement. You are occasionally afflicted with dyspepsia and the liver. You sometimes find it absolutely indispensable to get away for a short space from the coulter and the yoke. I trust I do not uselessly employ a vacant hour in the attempt to collect a few practical observations which may preserve you from the discomfort, privation, and inconveniences to which all are at present subjected whose constitutions stand in need of that renovation which is generally thought attainable by a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope.

These memoranda can claim, as indeed I only expect for them, a very limited circulation. The works of Vaillant, Sparmann, Thomson, Barrow, preclude the possibility of offering any thing of novelty or interest to the general reader from this side of Africa, and I therefore beg to be understood as inviting the perusal of those only who contemplate a visit to the Colony with a view of making it their temporary or permanent residence. To such I address myself with, I trust, a well grounded expectation of being useful: for I shall endeavour to concentrate in a few pages that information which has been thought unworthy the research of the scientific traveller, or can now only be obtained by laborious examination of volumes which the invalid wants the spirit or the leisure to peruse: or by a dear-bought and tardy experience purchased on the spot. The scientific reader will find nothing here. The general reader but very little. The Indian Invalid will find a practical register of facts which I confidently recommend to his attention.

That this effort to prove useful to the body to which I belong will expose me to some little vituperation, I am quite prepared to learn. Evil in most societies predominates so much over good, that he who shall only set down what he sees will usually find much more to condemn than to admire. I will not, however, travel out of the path which I have proposed to myself either to advertize a folly or expose a fault, and if it should appear that life in Southern Africa can amount to little more than mere animal existence, the misfortune should be attributed to circumstances which appear to be shared more or less by all colonies: and which should not therefore be considered as the peculiar reproach of this. I have endeavoured, in speaking of a place so very little known to Indian invalids, and yet so constantly resorted to by them from India, to confine myself as much as possible to the mere fact. Those for whom I write may draw their own inferences:

I should have wished to have commenced this sketch with a few observations of practical utility to those who are compelled suddenly to come down from the Upper Provinces of India with a view to embark as expeditiously as possible in the first ship sailing from Calcutta. But this would have lengthened these remarks beyond the limits to which I propose to confine myself, and I rather prefer to embody at a future period in a few separate sheets that which relates to our Indian capital, its society, the peculiar usages and modes of existence of its inhabitants, their merits and their defects. I proceed, then, at once to my task, and will suppose the invalid on the point of embarkation in the City of Palaces.

At the period when the state of my health made it absolutely imperative on me to quit India, it became matter of serious consideration to what part of the world I should direct my course. The beautiful climate of New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, urgently recommends itself, more especially that of the latter country, which appears to unite the bracing and salutary effects which result from resi-

dence in our own native land, with the balmy softness of an Italian sky. I am of opinion, therefore, that the Indian Invalid should without hesitation avail himself of any opportunity which may be at hand to visit Australia, and such opportunities always present themselves by the way of the Isle of France. I know that this middle passage is in general considered an objection, I cannot discover any sufficient reason. The ships, it is true are in general smaller, but they are less crowded with passengers, a point of the last importance to an invalid. An agreeable break is made in a long voyage by a short residence at Port Louis, and from thence opportunities present themselves every fortnight.

I should hope, for many reasons, that even if some direct communication be not established with Australia from India, the service generally will not allow the trifling obstacle of a circuitous voyage to prove, as it now does, so complete a bar to visiting a country so far superior in every respect to the Cape of Good Hope. Of the extreme beauty of the Isle of France there can be but one opinion, and the hospitality and kindness of the residents, their polite attentions to strangers, more especially those who happen to possess even a single introduction, make a visit to Port Louis a striking contrast to that which awaits the invalid in Cape Town.

There is an hotel in Port Louis, not a very convenient place of residence it is true, but the hospitality of the inhabitants in general makes it unnecessary to have recourse to it. The charges at the table d'hôte are moderate, and the entertainment reasonably good. If any choice is allowed as to time, it is very desirable generally to avoid visiting the Island during the summer months, the town being intolerably hot, and all the inhabitants leaving it for the country in November, and seldom returning before March. All gaieties are then suspended; and, as it is not easy to go into the country, the attentions of the inhabitants to a stranger arriving at that season must be necessarily very limited. The hurricane season, which is just this period, is also deserving of consideration: but all this should not oppose the voyage to this charming spot: which, with that to New South Wales, will, I trust, ere long be substituted for that to the Cape.

The *Quarterly Review*, in a late number, has urged with much force the advantage which the new colony of Swan River appears to hold out as a sanatorium for the British possessions in the East. It is difficult at present to form any judgement of the extent of these advantages, saving in so far as regards climate and facility of access; the latter by the way of Batavia and Singapore appears to be certain, the former, according to Captain Stirling, equally sure. Late accounts of the prospects of the colonists have certainly not been flattering. It should seem that the land hitherto explored is sandy and unproductive: and that the bar at the mouth of the river must long obstruct its navigation even for small craft. It seems to be certain, likewise, that the settlers are undergoing very considerable privations; and a suspicion has gone abroad, that the prospects of the colonists have been painted rather too much "couleur de rose." On the other hand, Captain Stirling is still sanguine as to success: and certainly the Indians are deeply interested in the results of his expedition: though at present an invalid might experience some inconvenience. Indeed it would be impossible to procure any shelter. A gentleman of fortune, who resigned a commission in the guards, and went out, taking with him every convenience and luxury that money could command, was living on the sea shore, at the date of the last accounts, in his carriage. The carriage was said to be the most convenient residence in the colony. A tent, therefore, would be indispensable. But I return to my subject—

The port of Calcutta is in general so crowded with ships in the months of December, January, and February, some of which call at the Cape, that the selection is all that should occupy attention. I think it a great error to sail in a ship with a numerous party, however flattering the accommodation, however eminent the talents or character of the commander: and no consideration should induce the invalid to select any of those vessels which can merely be considered as floating hospitals for foundlings. I think it was the *Roberts* which sailed out of the port of Calcutta, with sixty children on board—what hope could the passengers have of bearable existence? unless indeed Herod had been the Captain.

Let nothing short of absolute pecuniary necessity, and that of the most urgent description, induce you to go below. When a gentleman visits the accommodation in harbour, I know it is very usual to hear it remarked, "Oh it matters not whether you are above or below; the ship is so airy, and she is such a sea boat her ports are always open." Believe not a word of it, my brethren. The smallest butch above stairs is to be preferred to the largest cabin below: for bear it well in mind, when the ports are open, the first deck is the debtor's cell; when closed it is the condemned one.

To illustrate this by a single example: I sailed from the New Anchorage, Saugor, for the Cape of Good Hope, in the *Broxbornebury* in the early part of January 1829. It was the very best season, and the ship, both in respect to its accommodations, and also as a sea boat, in every respect unexceptionable. Of the character and talents of Captain Chapman, her commander, it would be difficult to speak too highly, nevertheless; with all these advantages in our season and our craft, thirty-five days out of fifty-six were passed with ports closed in: and they were days of sorrow and penance to all below. Reflect "et olim meminisse Jura-bit" that however trim and tight the sea boat, below there will always be a paucity of air, and a superfluity of water.

And now a word as to your food, having thus considered your lodging. A good table, by which I mean on board of ship wholesome and well dressed food, is so essential to the very existence of an Indian, that every care should be taken, and enquiry made, which can throw a light upon your gastronomic prospects while on board. Due advertence should be had to the fact, that a large dinner for a numerous party, however good, the "materiel" can seldom be perfectly well prepared with every convenience, means, and appliances on shore. On board of ship the thing is utterly hopeless. If a dinner is to be shared among a number, either it is not worth eating, or there is nothing left to eat.

It is good to be provided with Gunter's portable soup, some cases of his biscuits, which are far preferable to Leman's, in as much as they do not require a second baking; some rusks: and, above all, thin slices of toasted bread. This preserves its sweetness and flavor better than any other cabin store, and can be prepared and kept when ready by any servant. It will keep during the longest passages, and is most acceptable to a delicate stomach. One of the little cabin lamps sold for the use of invalids and children will always be found most useful, for the galley is often so crowded at the moment that means are preparing (and there is a constant and never ceasing masticatory process going on in all ships which places the cook in requisition from day-break till the night is far advanced) that your servant may not gain access.

It may not be undesirable in this place to say a few words as to clothing: for it is proper to recollect, that for the first days of the passage to the Cape, supposing that the ship leaves Saugor in January, the weather will be extremely cold, and will continue so nearly until you reach the line. It will then be warm; but there will always be a good deal of rain, with variable weather. This will continue to the latitude of the Mauritius, when warm clothing will again become essential. Arrived at the Cape, supposing that the ship makes an average passage of two months, the invalid will suffer nearly as much from heat in Cape Town as in Calcutta, and will be just as anxious to dispense with all superfluous clothing as in India. A good supply, however, of warm clothing, blankets, and coverlets, cannot fail to prove useful both at sea and on shore; and no one who has any regard for his health and comfort should ever be without them. I shall say a few words of the Cape winter in another place.

Musquito curtains are quite as necessary as in India. Cape Town swarms with Musquitoes; but, strange to say, the luxury, or, to say better, that necessary of life found in every Indian bed, is unknown even among the English residents. Flies also attack you in countless myriads, to a degree unknown in Europe or Asia. They sting you to, a variety of annoyance peculiar to the African pest. Coir or hair Mattresses should be provided, for bugs are numerous and active; besides, no Indian can repose on a suffocating feather bed generally in use at the Cape, even in

the height of summer. Yet, with all these precautions, to sleep in Cape Town during the summer months is no facile operation.

Almost the first question which presents itself to the invalid on his arrival in Calcutta, after taking his passage, is what arrangement shall be made regarding servants? It is not very easy to make a satisfactory response; for whether they are engaged in India or taken in Cape Town, whether they are white or black, or male, or female, they are a certain and never-ending source of vexation, annoyance, and expense.

I have given the subject much consideration, and after, numerous enquiries among my friends, and several experiments in my own establishment, some satisfactory, others very much the reverse. I believe I must recommend, and that urgently too, the expediency of bringing at least one male attendant from Calcutta. I shall hereafter assign my reasons for this advice, when I come to bring under review the facilities or otherwise, which Cape Town presents for the supply of domestics—the expenses which they occasion, and other particulars arising from the subject which have influenced the recommendation offered above.

After two months, passed in the confinement so accurately described by Johnson, the prison with the apprehension of drowning, how welcome to the ear the first cry of land from the mast head; and how pleasing to the eye will even the rugged outline of the coast of Africa appear, approaching it even at the terrific point of Hanglip; or the frightful Cape of Storms itself. It should seem, however, that a few years have greatly diminished the apprehensions excited by an iron bound coast, and a lee shore: for it is certain that Table Bay is now visited by ships at all seasons, during the very depth of winter, when, a very few years back, it was thought in the highest degree hazardous and imprudent.*

The approach to Cape Town, and the entrance to Table Bay, have been so frequently the subject of description that it seems unnecessary to renew that which the pen and pencil have so often repeated. I think the magnificence of the prospect has been very much exaggerated; for, grand as some of the features of the landscape certainly are, the total absence of wood and verdure, tho' it may give a wild and savage character to the scenery, can be compensated, in my opinion, by no other natural or artificial advantage. There is indeed the one ingredient of the sublime, the monstrous mass which frowns at you in fearful desolation; but I doubt extremely if "the wild pomp of mountain majesty," even when accompanied by the attraction of wood and water, leaves any *pleasing* association: any recollection upon which the mind loves to dwell. Cape Town, however, certainly does present one or two very striking points of view; and I would particularly notice the coup d'œil presented at an angle of the battery upon which the morning and evening gun is fired—the striking feature of the scene is of course the table mountain, with the town so close at its base, that the apprehension of immediate destruction, in the event of an earthquake, instantly presents itself. This impression is conveyed the more forcibly to the mind by the astonishing clearness of the atmosphere, which takes from the effect of distance, and brings under the eye the rugged mountain, as if immediately overhanging the Town. One actually expects to see the impending mass come tumbling down "*Lapides adeas stirpesque raptas, et pecus et domos volentis una.*"

But, leaving a subject of which it would be difficult to say any thing new, and of which, I believe, no description conveys any distinct image of which the pencil can only present a faint idea, I proceed to counsel the Indian invalid to take especial care to land at an early hour of the morning before the South Easter has acquired its force; and it seems very desirable to employ, for this purpose, one of the *Jétéé* boats, as being far safer than the ship boats, however well appointed. The former are very admirable craft, and extremely well manned. Accidents in them may be said scarcely ever to occur; while the casualties from the ship's boats are not by any means unfrequent. And now I shall suppose the landing effected, and the Hindoo

* Under the admirable arrangements of Captain Bance, the Port-Captain at the Cape, it seems certain that there is no risk for a well found ship during the strongest gale. It is only when the instructions of this intelligent officer are neglected, that misfortunes occur.

(by which elegant generic appellation we are all distinguished in Cape Town) safely landed upon its very rotten, rickety, and miserable Jettée. The patient must now, according to the received usage of all civilized countries, be delivered over to the tender mercies of that portion of mankind to whom it belongs especially to watch the advent of the stranger, as the tyger roams for prey. There are the officious and light fingered bearers of the travellers, thousand and one indispensable conveniences, sable indeed, but not less impudent and vociferous than their brethren of the Tower Wharf. And then the cormorants, with fair round belly's, the quill behind the ear, the underling representatives of Custom House Majesty, the very person described by Horace on the road to Brundisium, ready for the extremes of insolence or humility according to the amount offered for the use or abuse of his duties. Then come the host of envoys bearing hospitable invitations from the different boarding houses in the Town, who are as active in their vocation on the arrival of a cargo of Hindoos, as their old and worthy prototype up the mountain is said to be in his. Cards from Mesdames Craywaggen, Vauschor, Gambier, Bistaudig, Morrison, Usher, are thrust into the sufferer's hand, till at last the bewildered Hindoo, in the embarrassment and confusion inseparable from the first steps of a "nouveau débarqué" in a foreign land, is well content to screen himself from insolent importunity under the first roof which presents itself. For a bachelor, a boarding house is the most convenient residence; and the two first named are as comfortable as such establishment can ever be expected to be. They suit young unmarried men, who are not very choice or select in their society: the lady of the house dining with the party, her family and guests by consequence; so that there is a constant influx of fresh visitors. The usual charge is one hundred and fifty dollars per mensem, or 11 £ 5s. sterling. This ought to include decent attendance; but a gentleman will not be comfortable without a servant. Few families from India can be so in a Cape Boarding House.

For the above named sum a moderately good breakfast is provided, dinner generally at three or four o'clock. "Le rosbif des anglais pour des estomacs a toutes épreuves," and tea and coffee generally in the evening. The wines are detestable; the worst sort of Cape wine being the only kind provided. The invalid should not fail to bring some sherry, and claret if he drinks it. No palate, however coarse, can bear what is termed the Cape smack, "le gout du terroir," or earthy flavor of the wine. In order to conceal this, the worthy vintners of the capital* of Southern Africa are accustomed to qualify the article with a plentiful admixture of ardent spirits, which masks, indeed, the objectionable flavor, but substitutes in its room a highly deleterious and unwholesome compound. It seems eminently fit that some regulation should prevent the sale of this poisonous liquid until age has taken something from its deleterious effects. In France, the absolute necessity of preventing the owners of vineyards from deluging the country with wines actually undergoing the process of vinous fermentation, is generally admitted. Why should not the same rule be applied to this colony?

Sometime since, it was considered possible to apply a remedy to the evil by the appointment of an officer, whose duty it was to taste every pipe of Cape wine brought into the market ere it was offered for consumption. The office was last filled by the Honorable Col. Fitzroy, the use of whose gustatory organs was secured to the public at a moderate remuneration of per annum. The total uselessness of the office marked it out for abolition on the late reductions in the colonial civil list, for it was discovered that it was quite impossible for the utmost exertions of the Honorable wine taster to get through anything like the quantity brought to market; and it was surmised, also, that after tasting some six or eight barrels of this "perilous stuff" no palate, however exercised or delicate, would recognize good liquor from bad.

* It seems proper to remark, that the greatest difference is observable between the wine offered for sale in Cape Town, and some of the produce of the country. Whether it is, that adulteration is not practised, or that the wine has time to ripen at a distance from the town, certain it is that at some of the vineyards in the neighbourhood of the Paarl and Waggon makers valley a wine of a very superior quality is produced. I can confidently recommend Mr. Retifs Pontac, and Mr. Latterkha's Cape Madeira, the produce of that lovely valley.

So the services of the gallant wine taster were dispensed with : and his undivided exertions were then directed to his offices of Adjutant General and Superintendent of Auction sales. But to my task.

Messrs. Vanrenen and Letterstedt have established breweries, and prepare a sort of Pale Ale which at first is little relished ; but the palate becomes habituated to its use ; and it is often preferred to the English beer. The price is 2 dollars and $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen. I do not recollect any other supplies which may not be procured at nearly the same rates in Cape Town as in Calcutta. Tea is dear and bad ; and a few pounds from Mr. Pengelly would be a most valuable store : but the Company's monopoly is in strict operation, and, if it passes the Custom-house, it is by an over sight ; for it is liable to instant seizure ; while the ship may be confiscated.

The following are the prices of English wines and beer ; but those of Calcutta are so far superior to any procurable in Cape Town, that those who are at all particular should not fail to bring the supplies with them. N. B. Soda-water is almost unknown.

French Claret, not of a very good quality, 30 dollars per dozen ; English 65 and 70 ;—Sherry, moderately good, at 25 or 30 ;—Port about the same price ;—Beer 10 to 12 dollars per dozen. Madeira, scarcely procurable good at any price ; and any other French wine, save Claret, is indeed occasionally to be had but by accident, and seldom good.

The Indians are, I think, a very domestic class, among an essentially domestic people. Accustomed to derive all their enjoyments from home, in a country which refuses nearly every other—unused to numerous and mixed societies, and the natural disinclination to new faces and new modes of life, increased by the long exercised privilege of living alone, it can scarcely be expected that any residence could be agreeable to an Indian which might not be termed his castle. A house, therefore, must be taken ; and the question is, whether the selection should be made in town or in the country. Both situations have their advantages and disadvantages. The country is more cool—the air more pure—a ride may be obtained without six miles of a dusty turnpike road ; and Mosquitoes are unknown. On the other hand, residence in the country, particularly in winter, is dreary and cheerless. The little society which an Indian may expect to enjoy being in town, medical assistance can only be procured from thence. The fruits, vegetables, and meat of the town market are far finer, the best being sent there from the country. Fish can be procured no where else—and in general it is necessary to have a servant always employed in bringing supplies, which is a sensible inconvenience.

The price of houses at the Cape, whether in town or country, is subject to the same variations which are observable in every other article required for the use of a gentleman from India. A single anecdote will illustrate this portion of our domestic economy ; and inculcate the necessity of a careful attention to the nature of the engagement entered into with Landlords—amount of rent to be paid—stipulations as to repairs, dilapidations, injury or loss of furniture, *all should be distinctly specified*, and a survey made when entering the premises, or the Hindoo will suffer both in mind and in purse. Examples of our calamities in this matter are of every day occurrence "*ex uno disce omnes.*"

A house in the principal street, the Heergracht, being vacant at the period of my arrival in Cape Town, I enquired the rent, and was informed that it was three hundred dollars per mensem. As the house was not by any means a very good one, I offered Mr. Billingsley two hundred and fifty for it ; which he refused. A short time after he accepted one hundred and fifty from an officer in his Majesty's service : and it was perfectly understood, at the time, that this was the fixed rent for all but the Indians. I could name many examples of the same kind ; so that it becomes difficult to supply any correct statement of the amount for which an individual's family can be comfortably lodged ; for the sum demanded will assuredly be governed by the supposed ability or willingness of the party to afford a practical illustration of the adage which separates a certain description of persons from their money.

I rented a moderately good house, containing a drawing room, dining room, two bed rooms, dressing rooms, and a servant's room, with kitchen and stable, for 150 dollars per mensem; it was in Strand-street, and furnished. One of the finest houses in the Heergracht was let, furnished, for 6 months for 300 dollars per mensem, and subsequently for 250. It is very seldom, however, that a whole house is procurable ready furnished; though apartments so provided frequently are. Good rooms may be had at Mrs. Braghts, furnished, for 150 dollars per mensem, with the use of a kitchen and stable. The same at Mrs. Brackets, and Mrs. Rush's. The Indians loose so enormously on every article they wish to sell, when they leave the colony, that it seems very unwise to make any purchases of furniture: and though furnished rooms are more expensive, they are cheaper in the long run.

In order, however, to be quite independent—for furnished houses out of the town in summer are not to be had—the invalid who is accompanied by his family should bring with him a dozen strong chairs, a couple of folding camp tables, and a couch, a few Indian mats, cooking utensils, a small dinner and breakfast set of the most ordinary pattern (the organ of destructiveness being especially developed among the Hottentots). All these can be procured in the China Bazar fifty per cent. below the Cape prices, and the party is then independent and can fix himself where he likes. This is by far the best plan, if the summer is to be passed in Africa; for it should be borne in mind, that at that season Cape town is often as hot as Calcutta; and there is an average difference of from 7 to 10 degrees between the town and Wynburgh, a village seven miles from it.*

There is indeed one expedient, which presents itself at present to the Indians, and which obviates all necessity of purchasing furniture; and to families, the host of inconveniences and vexation of a private establishment. The Hotel in Cape Town is kept by Mr. George, rather a familiar publican; but, upon the whole, sufficiently obliging and well intentioned. He possesses an Inn at Stellenbosh (a village distant about 30 miles from the Cape) and another, on the road to Symonds Bay, about eight miles from town. By engaging with him for a period, and by making a bargain with him beforehand, he has received families at moderate rates; affording the convenience both of town and country at the option of the party, providing stabling and some attendance; tho' not very good. I can recommend this plan to those who have not very numerous families, or a large circle of acquaintance; for both houses are comfortable, intrusion is rare, and some of the intolerable annoyances of servants and housekeeping are avoided. The Hotel is far preferable to any boarding house; but a little management is necessary in making the arrangement; for George's terms, like those of every individual of his class in Cape Town, are governed by the circumstances, real or supposed, of the applicant; and I must do him the justice to state, that he asked me nearly double what I knew he had accepted from one whom he supposed a poorer man. Here are his terms.

A lady and gentleman 6 dollars each; a servant a dollar; a horse a dollar. For this sum a good dinner, with breakfast and tea, are provided; Cape wine is also supplied; but no other beverage. All other charges are of course extra, and if there are visitors their fare is paid for separately. If these are numerous, this mode of life becomes proportionably expensive; and if many horses are kept the charge becomes proportionably high—servants also become a very heavy item in this plan.

I have already alluded to that most important part of the domestic arrangements of a family—their servants; and I speak of it again, in as much as nearly every comfort of existence depends upon your being well or ill off in this particular. If a good male attendant, Indian or European, can be procured in Calcutta, by all means bring him. A female also if there is a family; but this should not be an Indian. No lady ever brought an ayah, who did not turn out ill; and whose passage was not to be paid back after a month's residence. I have seen a few good native manservants in the employ of Hindoos. They are better than the Portuguese or Eu-

* The mean temperature of Cape Town is 67½ Fahrenheit. The mean temperature of the coolest month is 57 deg.; of the hottest 79; mean of three winters 58 deg.; of three summer months 77; least heat during summer 63 deg. January is considered the hottest month of the year; after that, the nights and mornings get cold.

Europeans, who have all learnt to drink in Calcutta; or acquire the faculty in Cape Town; where sobriety soon ceases to be sober. Their wages also are more moderate.*

I do not mean to advance that good servants may not be had in Cape Town, but they are certainly more rare than in any other part of the world, and a wise man will not run the chance of dipping into the bag where there are a hundred snakes, and one eel. The price of labor is so high, and fish and brandy so low, that two days work in the week suffices to insure a comfortable subsistence for the remainder. The consequence is, that they all know the secret of their own strength and independence; a discovery which very generally proves fatal to the comfort of their masters.

It is astonishing how little progress the culinary science has made in Southern Africa. Will it be credited that there are but three cooks who have been regularly instructed in the science in all Cape Town? The one is in the service of the Governor,† the second is a Mess cook, and the third was in the employ of Mr. Middleton, of the Bengal Civil Service.‡ They are Englishmen, and their wages are in proportion to the rarity and excellence of their talents. The Dutch all employ their own slaves; and in general well does the adage apply, "as to who sends the provision, and who provides the cook."

I cannot too strongly advise those whose powers of digestion are at all susceptible of being easily deranged, to make diligent enquiry for a good cook in Calcutta, Mahomedan or Chinese. The hire of a very indifferent cook in Cape Town is from thirty to thirty-five and forty dollars; besides food and lodging. A good Mahomedan or Chinese servant may be hired in Calcutta for ten rupees per mensem. Even his inability to speak Dutch will prove an advantage, for he will not always be out in the street, which the slaves constantly are. Whatever servants are brought from India should be provided with good warm clothing, in reasonable quantity—it can be procured at a much lower rate in Calcutta than in Cape Town. This is indispensable, and would be a measure of economy, had humanity nothing to do with the question. It is better to give a servant a good warm suit of clothes, than pay the doctor's bill, and lose his services besides.

A good house-maid may be had in Cape Town for fifteen dollars per mensem. A house-boy is more useful, for he cuts wood, brings water, sweeps the yard and kitchen, and sleeps any where, for about the same sum. A lady's maid 20 dollars. The Malays, Hottentots, and Africanders all ride well, and there is no want of coachmen and grooms. Their wages, however, are very high. No groom will come to a Hindoo under 35 or 40 dollars per mensem, besides food, lodging, and clothes. It is plain, that a few servants, at these rates, would absorb a considerable portion of yearly income. But there are more reasons than this why a poor man should diligently eschew a visit to the Cape of Good Hope.

Having now shewn at what rates accommodation may be obtained at boarding houses, which are most cheap, at George's hotel, which is more expensive, but more comfortable and respectable; it remains for me to give a sketch of the expenses of living for a family in a private residence in Cape Town.

Rent of a moderately good house, with stable, 150 dollars, and perhaps a few articles of furniture.

Cook, 40 dollars; house boy 15; maid servant 20; groom 30; table servant 25; —125 per mensem.

* Grogan, a well known artiste. While in the employ of a Hindoo, he had occasion to pay a visit in Cape Town. He took his Master's curriole, and was much displeased and surprised when reproved for this little freedom.

† Golland, a good and scientific workman. His mistress having occasion to request some alteration in the mode of serving some particular dish, he exclaimed, "Madam, you really agitate me beyond all conception."

‡ Bear in mind, however, that if you bring an Indian servant, male or female, to the colony, you are bound to send him or her back, and feed the party till the ship sails. No misconduct alters the law.

Butcher's bill 80 ; baker and pastry-cook 30 ; Fish* 30 ;—140.

Chandler, grocer, fruiterer, Milk, Butter, poultry, say 150.

Vegetables 30 dols. ; washing 24 ; wood 40—94

For this sum, the above number of servants were fed in the house. Some families prefer giving an increase of wages ; and allowing the establishment to feed themselves. It should be recollected, however, that much time is lost ; servants are constantly out of the way, and I doubt if any saving attends the arrangement. It will be observed, that in the above sketch liquors are not included, and but few dinners could be given at the above rates.

It seems of great moment for invalids to determine at once, and in India, the mode of life which they propose to adopt in Cape Town. Even the cooking utensils for a very small family amounted to 200 dollars, and, at the end of four months, not a quarter of the price could be realized for them.

The fruit and vegetable market is held at about 7 o'clock in the morning. Fish is sold on the sea shore, between 11 and 3. The hours when the boats arrive are so uncertain, that it is good to employ Mrs. Carter, a sort of amphibious personage, well known in these parts. Fruit is abundant in Cape Town, and the price of grapes, figs, peaches, and oranges is lower than in England, though not than the continent. There is no reason, save the indolence of the people, why the flavor of the fruits should not be far more delicious than those produced in the mother country—yet they are not so—nature has done much, but the colonists will do nothing. Nobody ever thinks of making a graft ; and as to pruning, training, opening the roots, manuring, thinning the young fruit, even the optimism of Messrs. Fairbairn and Grey, is driven to despair, when speaking of the Cape horticulture,† such supererogatory exertions being considered an insult on the “ wisdom of our ancestors.”

I come now to a branch of expense, which merits the serious consideration of all Indians, in as much as they are more particularly a mark set up for the infliction of every variety of imposition. I allude to their horse-dealing concerns, in which I am very apprehensive, that, be the skill and caution what it may, it will avail little when brought into the field against the talent of Cape Town in this particular line. And how can it be otherwise, seeing that, as Mr. Stone‡ has pithily remarked, it was absolutely necessary for him to give up business—for it was impossible to walk out into the town, and find a single individual who had not lodgings to let, or a horse to sell.

Such being the habits of the residents of Cape Town, one might suppose it the easiest thing in the world to get well mounted. The very opposite is, however, the state of the case : and the unwary Hindoo is nearly sure of grievous imposition in this part of his arrangements. If, however, a liberal price can be afforded, and good blood cattle are required, I recommend at once an application to Mr. Rogerson. That gentleman's superb stud is always open to the inspection of strangers, and the gentlemanlike character of all his dealings, while it affords a security against disappointment, ensure the advantage of an intercourse which it is impossible to commence without pleasure, or to interrupt without regret. Mr. R. is quite at the head of the South African Hunt Club, if indeed such an association can now be said to exist.§

A horse at livery in Cape Town cost a dollar a-day, a carriage standing fifteen dollars per mensem. It is upon the whole, more economical, and far more convenient.

* The common kinds of fish are cheap and good, Soles are dear : 4 and 5 dollars being often given for a pair ; Fowl's 3 dollars ; Turkey 7 and 8 dollars ; Goose 5 dollars ;—If any Hindoo wants to eat fish in perfection, let him go to Symond's Bay, and desire Mrs. Clarence before hand to get him a Roman.

† Editor and printer of the Cape Almanac, and South African Advertiser.

‡ A horse-dealer and livery stable keeper of well known celebrity.

§ Last meeting there was not even a club dinner—so the handicaps were made in the Steward's rooms, with nothing like a lottery, and as to a bet, eighteen pence sterling is considered a sporting enunciation of opinion, the average value of the plates is 25 or 30*l*. and there are 4 days of these absurd sports twice in the year.

ent to keep horses at livery than in a private stable—even though one may be attached to the horse. But they are less well taken care of; and if a groom is kept (which is, though it ought not to be necessary) the rate of livery becomes proportionably higher. There is no great choice of accommodation. Two brother's Stone "*stat nummus umbra*," (the name is a good illustration of Philosopher Square's eternal fitness of things) exercise their vocation in the same street. Mr. Dickson has a stable close at hand. Stone is always insolent. Dickson is always drunk, "*utrum horum mavis accipe*."

The hire of a hack saddle horse is 8 dollars per diem. A carriage 15. The Indians are so generally imposed upon, it is so impossible to get any thing like the price you have given for horses when leaving the Cape, and to take horses to India is so expensive, and so troublesome, that I believe it might be shewn that it is far cheaper to hire horses, even at the above rate, than to buy and keep them. The carriage, or gig, should be brought from India, it being impossible to purchase a good one, save by mere accident. After all, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la candle*." Cape Town boasts just two rides. That to Symond's Bay—hard, dirty, and exposed to all the violence of the South Easter; that to Green Point, which affords to Invalids the cheering prospect of all the burying grounds and funerals of the city, with the place of execution as a termination to the landscape. The town is extremely well built; the streets crossing at right angles, and many of the houses exceedingly spacious and well constructed. It seems but just to the old Dutch* inhabitants, to remark, that for this regularity of plan, and for nearly all the really good houses, the town is indebted to them: the English having scarcely constructed half a dozen good houses since their administration commenced. The Baron de Lorentz, the present superintendent of Police, deserves great credit for the attention which he gives to the cleanliness of the streets, and the good order in which they are kept. There are no pavements, and the lamps of private individuals just make darkness visible during the night season. Though there is a great command of water, no attempt is ever made to water the streets; and though the heat is so excessive, I do not think there are three verandahs in the town.

The principal street, the Heer Gracht, would be a very handsome one; but it is traversed in its whole extent by a broad and deep ditch, with just enough of stream to keep the pestilent puddle in fearful and overpowering activity. The stench which it exhales, is quite insupportable to any thing like delicate nasal organs: to say nothing of the harbour afforded to the musquitos who are here ten thousand times more busy in their vocation than any where else. I have known gentlemen compelled to leave George's hotel in this street, to go and sleep in other parts of the Town.

There is but one fashionable promenade affording anything like a dry and agreeable walk in winter; and shade against the scorching rays of an African sun. This is the Government gardens, a part of which is open at all seasons, and at all hours. In the Dutch time there was a botanical collection; and the whole was thrown open to the public. The English shut up every thing. At present only one walk is afforded; the rest being carefully locked up for the use of the Governor's family. Two regimental bands play here every Sunday; but so little space is afforded, and the mob is so great that it is impossible to visit the garden on that day, or enjoy the music with any pleasure. At the end of the Garden there is a menagerie: but nearly all the specimens have died off; and no attempt is making to renew them.

Nearly all the public buildings, Supreme Court, Post Office, Council Room, &c. &c. are collected under one roof; a plan which might be imitated with great advantage in India; where so much time is lost, and so much money thrown away in referring to and keeping up offices very distant from each other. A handsome ob-

* They are very defective in internal arrangement. In the dining room of one of the very finest houses in the Heer Gracht, "*on y avait pratique un cabinet qui n'était pas toujours inodore*." The greater part of the houses are provided with a terrace in front called by the Dutch a stoop. The Dutch lady is very fond of her stoop. She is constantly there. The wag remarks "*she stoops to conquer*."

servatory at about two miles distance from the town is now completing. It is astonishing that these very extensive arrangements for the observation of the heavenly bodies should not have been preceded by the erection of some building for the worship of God upon earth, the town being actually at this moment without an English Church; and the inhabitants being indebted to the Dutch for the use of theirs.* The English service begins after the Dutch. The Church is spacious; and it is remarkable that the building is thatched; and this thatch is said to have lasted the surprising period of sixty years. I need not add that the reed of which the roof is composed, lasts equally well in other situations; and I am surprised, that no effort has been made to send the root to Europe. The extreme dryness of the atmosphere must however contribute essentially to its conservation; and this may be inferred from the freshness of the gilding on some of the monuments and hatchments upon which I observed dates of from seventy to nearly a hundred years. A few of the magnates of the land are carefully separated from the contamination of the poor in pews: and the rest of the congregation make use of chairs; and I did not observe that the custom of kneeling on the pavement was prevalent. The singing is abominably dissonant; but, Mr. Hough's beautiful sermons, clear, earnest, affectionate, are enforced in language as elegant as his delivery is graceful and unimpressive. The attendance on Sundays is very limited.

It is remarkable that Cape Town does not boast an advantage enjoyed by all the English sea ports, and although so much the resort of invalids from India and every local facility might promote such a convenience it is singular that there is not a salt water bath hot or cold in the Town nor are bathing machines known. The beach is very favorable to those who desire this luxury; but if a gentleman wants to bathe in the sea, he must make the sea shore his dressing room, and take his chance of a rencontre with a shark, which are occasionally seen in the Bay, though I did not hear of any accident, although constantly bathing where they were said to resort.

From Messrs. Thompson and Watson the corresponding house of Alexander and Co. in Calcutta, Indians receive every possible attention and civility. I take occasion to mention in this place the expediency of sending letters by the Isle of France. From the Cape opportunities to and from the Mauritius are of weekly occurrence; and it seems certain that regular accounts may be received monthly from India by adopting this mode of communication. Table bay is often six and eight months without a ship direct from India.

And here I cannot refrain from adverting to the very great hardship which the Court of Directors have been pleased to impose upon the Civil Service of the three presidencies, by allowing a period of eighteen months only to get back to India; from a point the average sail to which is always two months and generally ten weeks; under the strict penalty of forfeiture of allowances, and in the case of the Bengal Civil Servants that of appointment. This is one of those rules which if made advisable (I shall shew presently why it is impossible that the matter could ever have been fairly considered at all) could hardly fail to make the service entirely indifferent to the interests of their employers; for if the Court of Directors† had

* The Scotch with the propriety of feeling and love of order so characteristic of the people have subscribed and possess a very elegant little Church. The Sectarians have a chapel. The English alone of the established religion, build observatories and forget the Church.

† It is singular that scarcely any of the houses have a sea view although built upon the shore of a fine bay. The colonists are a thinking people who have learnt from Lord Hunt and the New Monthly, that the sea is only a great monotonous idea which as it receives no impress from mankind should give them little concern.

‡ To make this a little more plain. The Cape seasons compared with those of England may be considered thus:

Sept. Oct. Nov.	correspond with the spring mons.	* March, April, May.
Dec. Jan. Feby.	the summer,	June, July, August,
Mar. April May.	the autumnal mons.	Sept. Oct. Novr.
June, July, August	the winter,	Decr. Jany. Feby.

Now suppose that the invalid from India leaves it in Decr. he arrives at the Cape

actually determined to offer a bounty on the extortion of Ship Captains, and at the same time to make it impossible for their servants to enjoy fully one good season at the Cape, and avoid one bad one in India, no measure could have been more effectual. The consistency likewise of the rule is quite exemplary. The Bengal Civil Servant forfeits his appointment by exceeding the term of his leave, while the Bombay servants retain theirs, however long they may be absent. Again not a single shilling is allowed to the invalid from Bengal during his absence; while the Bombay Civil Servants can arrange by sending certificates to draw their allowances as regularly as if actually resident in India. Surely such inconsistency needs only to be brought to the notice of the Court to find some advocate for the revision of a rule so palpably unjust, and so unnecessarily severe and partial. That the privilege of visiting the Cape was formerly much abused, there can be no doubt, but this was at a period when the absentee drew the *whole* of his allowance, and three years residence were granted. At present, a sixth is deducted for one year, and a third for the remaining six months. Surely, under such a grievous fine, two years might be allowed if the invalid required it: with payment of the reduced salary at the Cape, without loss of appointment. The Company's funds are ample, for at this moment the agent cannot get a remittance to India for their teas.

It is curious to examine the inducements to visit the Cape which the Court of Directors have thought sufficiently powerful to necessitate a check enforced with such severity of enactment. The boon purchased with a third of your income, and a very probable loss of the whole for some months, comprises the comforts noticed incidentally in this sketch. The climate is certainly delightful. I shall say nothing of health. It may or may not be recovered.* Under the present regulation it is notorious (and, I believe, I am borne out in the opinion by that of every medical man at the Cape) that the Indians do *not* remain long enough to benefit permanently by the change. The lists of amusement which await the tired official drudge, his leisure at his disposal for the first time these twenty years, a brief space indeed may comprise. There is some good shooting, which must be sought at about seventy or eighty miles distance, in the direction of Caledon. Mr. Vanrenen has a small pack of dogs the use of which he allows very liberally to all who are fond of the sports of the field.

Six public subscription balls are given during the winter. It was considered remarkable during the last season that no one Indian resident subscribed to them. It would have been more surprising if they had. Three fiddlers, and such a supper! "*horresco referens*," the negus actually made in a wash hand basin. And then the whole pleasure and excitement of a ball may be referred to the number of one's friends and acquaintance present.

The Indians unknown and unnoticed by the society could not wish to share in a diversion which had lost or rather which never had for them its principal perhaps its only charm.

in March—he enjoys one winter there; and if he determines to stay out his full leave, he arrives in India just at the commencement of the rains. If he is apprehensive of losing his appointment, and shortens his stay, then he reaches Calcutta in the very height of the hot season, with the rains to succeed, and ensure to him the benefits of his sea voyage. If he leaves India in June or July he has the Cape summer and autumn. If he remains for the Cape winter, the only season from which he can expect permanent benefit he is nearly sure of losing his appointment but if he is fortunate in getting a late ship, he then arrives in Bengal just in time for the hot season and rains.

* I know it has been asserted that these advantages of climate are very questionable and that at the Cape you are always in the nozzle of a bellows or the mouth of an oven. I speak of the climate as I found it; and to me it was delightful. The extreme violence of the South Easter certainly makes some days abundantly disagreeable but you are repaid by three or four of the most glorious that ever shone from the sky. It is remarkable that the South East wind which is so distressing to Invalids in Europe occasioning in general the most severe dejection of the spirits, rheumatic pains, lumbago, the "*plumbeus Auster*" (not oyster *clap* fugaces!) in short of Horace, and the Sirocco of Naples, is here considered so healthy that it is called the physician.

There is a small theatre in Hottentot square in which a play is got up perhaps once a month during the winter. The state of the drama may be inferred from the fact that the amateur English performances are infinitely below those of the Dutch. Poetry and the drama certainly require an advanced stage of society for successful cultivation; and painting must find munificent patronage. Yet in a Dutch Colony one might have expected to find some specimens of the peculiar talent of the old Flemish artists—though strange to say I did not see a single good painting in any house Dutch or English. Music is more in fashion, and I conceive that the science may be cultivated with great success where there are such masters as Messrs. Logier and Corder. The first would be noticed in any concert room of Europe for the brilliancy and correctness of his execution; the second might please more generally the character of his music being more varied, and the expression more happy. Both are excellent instructors. There are some good amateur performers who meet frequently during the winter, but there is no saying how long this good taste will last, if “Cherry ripe” and “God save the King” are persevered in at Government House,* and Sir John Wode continues his studies on the violoncello.

A very excellent and choice collection of books is open to the public at the Exchange. The admission is gratis, and no books can be taken away from the room; though there is a library of circulation besides. The establishment is on a very liberal scale, and the Committee and its officers are particularly polite and attentive. There is another circulating library at Mr. Greig’s where the papers and new publications are supplied. A subscription to the South African Society’s rooms entitles the stranger to the same convenience. One newspaper is published twice in the week. Much has been said of the liberty of the press in the colonies; and after some struggles that of the Cape of Good Hope appears to have been established. “*Libertas perpetua*” for though at present the liberty of the press in Africa means only the liberty of Mr. Greig’s press, there being no other this state of things can scarcely last: and even on the principle of free competition which Mr. Fairbairn is constantly advocating, an opposition is not only desirable, but would of course find supporters. The paper is well conducted; but people get sick of the never ending tirades against Lord Charles Somerset, and the Quarterly, and the East India Company, and two or three more stalking horses for editorial articles. While it is difficult to suppress a smile at the bathos of a predatory inroad of Caffers reported in language which might only just be applied to the battle of Waterloo. And then the eyes of the world are supposed to be fixed upon this little settlement, as if it were not notorious that of a hundred Englishmen ninety nine care not one jot if India and Africa, and the Company and the Cape Advertiser were sponged out of the scheme of this meilleur des mondes possibles,—“*mais revenons à nos moutons*.”

I have little more to add to these memoranda. The Town always struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to some of the idle, lounging, gossiping, water-pipes of the mother country. The same dejected appearance of the people, who are daily seen assembling in crowds round the little auctions held every day in the open street. The same mixture of avocations apparently the most incompatible; and of habits of business with the most determined indolence and apparent indifference to the morrow. Every body well dressed. The ladies extravagantly so. The slaves copying the fashions from their mistresses the moment the last number of the *Belle Assemblée* has supplied them.† All appear to live beyond their means; and accordingly there is a general complaint of poverty. But this which in England generates corresponding exertions in those who are not absolutely “*truges consumere nati*” appears to have the opposite effect in this little capital of contradictions. Logic or Becker’s make nothing of desiring a lady if she wants anything

* I could not help thinking of Madame de Sévigny. Sa majesty dausa, un menuet avec Madame de Monaco. Elle était si contente quelle pensa crier “*vive le Roi*.”

† Editor of the South African Advertiser.

‡ After all the slaves are a delightful set of people. When an Englishman is in any straits or to use a familiar but significant expression at a nonplus, he scratches his head. The Hottentot and the Hindoo scratch the heads antipodes. Both find relief: but the “*modus operandi*” is the characteristic national trait.

§ Fashionable milliners and shoemakers in Cape Town.

from the opposite side of the shop to go round the counter and fetch it for herself. Contrast this with the active and often polished civility of Oxford Street and the Arcade.

For some portion however of this the Indians are responsible : as well as those habits which appear to be indigenous at the Cape of Good Hope. The women are extremely pretty. Indians have occasionally made mesalliances so extraordinary that it is a chance if your baker* or butcher is not the father-in-law or brother of some bashaw of three tails from whom he thinks he should derive a reflected lustre even behind the counter. Add to all this much of the opulence which the town enjoys having arisen mainly from a trade in supplies for ships touching to and from India and the Isle of France, there is an universal ambition to shine in barterings and bargains, the eternal combat between the two great families into which honest Sancho divides the human race the have somethings and the have nothings, which has elevated the shop keepers beyond their proper sphere, by bringing against them a competition among the higher classes which fastidious people consider more profitable than select or distinguished. When ladies of the highest rank sell butter and eggs, where officers of the first consequence deal in fish, and individuals in eminent public stations traffic in fruit and green grocery † or course the regular dealers see nothing incongruous in the indulgence of a little familiarity with those who turn an honest penny just like themselves.

But I ought to apologize for having so long delayed to record my impressions of the manners habits of life and the general state of society in this capital of Southern Africa. The fact is I have little or nothing that merits to be recorded ; for at the Cape, where can there be objects of ambition to stimulate exertion, to generate improvement, and reward success ? The highest salary with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, is five hundred per annum : and saving the Colonial Secretary who has a very large income, and the judges, scarcely an individual receives a fair remuneration for his labors. Again in almost every other city there is some one interesting local association which addresses itself to the feelings of the lover of the arts, the curious observer of ancient localities, or the citizen of the world, who marks how differently mankind are affected by the "*admonitus locorum*." All this is as nothing here. No theatres, no exhibitions, no public amusements of any kind. The society profess to be fond of music, and there is certainly more musical talent in Cape Town than in all the three Indian Presidencies, yet it is impossible to get up even a subscription concert during the winter. Of the society I can say little ; for I must very candidly admit that if there is any, I was not invited to share it. And yet it is impossible to refuse the tribute of admiration to the industry which has built up this oasis in the desert ; nor should reproach be attached to the colonists alone, if their capital boasts the anomalies, of a College without professors, a theatre without actors ; an exchange without commerce ; and a Bishop without a church.

A society constituted as that of the Cape of Good Hope must necessarily afford some peculiarities which are not observable elsewhere. The housemaid marries and then comes and stands in the same quadrille, with her eidevant mistress and ladies have begun by washing the drawing rooms in which they now receive the best company. It is highly amusing however to observe, the efforts made to establish an exclusive circle in this little society collected at the end of the wild and the waste ; the centre of attraction being of course the Governor : and the object being to monopolize his smiles among the favored few. Sir Lowry Cole, is a perfect gen-

* Worthy Mr. S. the baker for example whose daughter married a Colonel in the Indian army. This was of course enough to spoil all the little bakers in the place who expect to be Staff Officers.

† This appears a little extraordinary to an Indian, but it should be recollected that the superfluity of the dairy or the garden is constantly sent to market in England where people are more opulent than in the Colonies. It is the concealment or denial of the fact, and the being ashamed of it, which renders the practice at all ridiculous or censurable.

‡ Should this be contradicted I shall illustrate the fact by a few examples taken from Lady Frances's annual ball.

element; and to do him justice he gives little encouragement to the set who would render it impossible to approach him; while his best efforts are directed as far as his very retired mode of life admits to the preservation of something like union in the heterogeneous mixture of social materials from which he has to choose his circle. It is greatly to be lamented that the circle is so limited that His Excellency may be said to contribute nothing to the slender stock of social enjoyments at the disposal of the stranger: Lord Charles Somerset and General Bourke were fond of society, and the hospitable welcome which the Indians invariably received from them merits their warmest acknowledgments. They were not only hospitable themselves, but like Falstaff's wit, they caused hospitality in other men. At present an invitation to a birth day ball, and the perpetration of a "*diner de economy*" once in eighteen months may possibly be expected. Of course the resident families take the tone, from the usage of those, the limits of whose hospitality it might not be decorous or wise to exceed.

It is well if they do not rather fall short of the said limits. A bachelor it is understood come he from the East or the West will always be in circulation, where there are young ladies to be married, *Cela va sans dire*, but let not any married man from India expect the most willing attention at the Cape of Good Hope; unless it be understood that he is content to keep an open house for those who will take him up for the sake of his invitations, and drop him sans ceremonie should those invitations be interrupted. The Indian also must bear in mind that he must wait to be visited.* If he calls first as is usual in India, his ignorance of South African etiquette will be censured with the utmost severity of language.

It is not always easy to assign good and sufficient reason for usages established in even the most polished societies; and rudely as the Indians have been censured at the Cape of Good Hope when in ignorance of the custom they have paid the joint visit, I think it must be admitted on all hands that reason and propriety are entirely on their side. The established resident cannot and needs not to be searching for objects for his kindness and his hospitality: while it is the stranger's business to ascertain and to cultivate the hospitable and the kind. The stranger stands in need of the residents countenance and introduction. That which is worth having is worth asking for; and it is he who wants who asks. Those who complain of the "intrusion" of the Indians forget or perhaps never knew, that throughout the continent, and in all the most polished Societies of Europe saving England, it is the stranger who pays the first visit.

Be this as it may, the stranger from India and England or the continent of Europe, will find with surprise that if he calls on the Colonial Secretary thinking it an attention due to that officer's situation, his visit will not be returned. The Judges who hold a higher rank claim no such exemption from the usage which makes it imperative on a gentleman to return another's visit. Their occupations are far more important and onerous: and yet I have understood that pressure of official duty is the excuse set up for a piece of rudeness which proclaims sudden and unexpected elevation. It is curious to examine what these occupations are too which make it impossible to be polite. The council meets upon an average once in ten days. The whole population of the colony is about one hundred and forty thousand distributed over a barren space of about six or seven hundred miles. The whole colonial revenue amounts to about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The last year's exports may be estimated at about 12 lacs of Rupees and the Supreme

* It seems just to note the few exceptions to the rule of general indifference and inhospitality to strangers which have come to my knowledge. From Mr. Marshall and his very amiable family, Indians may assure themselves of receiving attentions as disinterested as they are elegant and polite. I have heard that an introduction to Mr. Menzies one of the Judges of the Supreme Court is a passport not only to the feast of reason, but that of Apicius. At Stellenbosch a village about thirty miles from Cape Town strangers presented to Mr. and Mrs. Ryneveld will have to acknowledge the kindest welcome, combined with the utmost elegance of entertainment. During a short tour I made with that gentleman through his district, I found reason for the suspicion that if the English are acquainted with hospitality, the Dutch practice it.

Court has taken from the Colonial office all those numerous references from the interior which really did press heavily on the time of the Secretary, when the urbane and kind hearted Alexander, or the hospitable and social Sir Richard Plaskett, found leisure not only to visit strangers, but to entertain them.

In conclusion, he who shall visit the colony simply with the design of obtaining a short repose for an enfeebled constitution and an overwrought intellect, to whose enjoyments a soft and salubrious climate is essential, to whom economy is indifferent, to whom the amusements, conveniences and gratifications usually found in cities are little, and society less, such a person may come to the Cape, and will not probably be disappointed. If there is little to interest or to excite, there is nothing to distress, or to annoy; and the Indian will not assuredly find that lesson altogether profitless which teaches him not to be too sensitive, when he arrives and receives no welcome, when he departs and there is no farewell!

' STEAM NAVIGATION MEETING.

At a Meeting held at the Town Hall this twenty-fourth day of June, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Report of Mr. Waghorn's proceedings, and of promoting the objects of a Steam communication with England, the following Resolutions were put and unanimously carried:—

First, Resolved,—That the exultation afforded by Mr. Waghorn of the causes which prevented his carrying into execution the attempt to open a Steam communication by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, is highly satisfactory, as regards that Gentleman's zeal, enterprize and ability, and that he has thereby entitled himself to the thanks of the Indian public, and further, that the documents which he had laid before the Meeting, evince that by his own unaided energies he has obtained the countenance and support of His Majesty's Government of the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, the Merchants of London, and Liverpool, connected with India, and of the intermediate Colonies on the route by the Cape of Good Hope.

Second, Resolved,—That an application be again made, signed by all the Members of the original Committee now present in Calcutta, to the Government Agents for the Funds in their hands, and that they receive from them such amount as they shall be able to satisfy the Government Agents may be safely paid.

Third, Resolved,—That a new subscription be raised for the further promotion of Steam Navigation, the funds arising from which to be placed in the hands of the old Committee, who are to be a Committee for the new subscription, and that that Committee be empowered to appropriate such a sum out of the subscription as may be considered sufficient to reimburse Mr. Waghorn for the expenses which he has incurred owing to the non-remittance of the Funds formerly promised.

Fourth, Resolved,—That the thanks of this Meeting be given to Commodore Sir John Hayes, for the zeal and ability displayed by him in forwarding the cause of Steam Navigation between India and England, and that he be requested to continue his exertions in the cause.

(Signed)

JOHN SMITH,

Town Hall, Calcutta, June 24, 1830.

Chairman.

The thanks of the Meeting were then voted unanimously to the Chairman for his able and impartial conduct in the Chair.

JOHN HAYES, KNIGHT,

Chairman of the Committee.

**STEAM NAVIGATION,
TOWN HALL, 24TH JUNE, 1830.**

A Meeting of the Members of the Steam Committee, of the Subscribers to the Steam Fund, and of all others interested in the promotion of a Steam Communication with England, was held this day at the Town Hall, Commodore Sir John Hayes addressed the Meeting to the following effect:—

GENTLEMEN.—The objects which we have in view, and which have induced our present meeting being so fully stated by the Public Press it is unnecessary for me to enter into any further explanation thereon, but as the Public have been led to form erroneous opinions respecting the proceedings of the Committee, which voted the remaining moiety of the Steam Fund in support of Mr. Waghorn's Plan of Steam communication between England and India, via the Cape of Good Hope, I request your attention to their proceedings, which I shall read for your information, and you will then be enabled to judge whether or not, we have done all in our power to promote the views of that deserving officer in this piece. Gentlemen I think it necessary to say a few words about Mr. Waghorn; he has served under my command ever since he came to India and during the late Burmese War, and I can with great confidence and truth recommend him to your consideration, as a zealous, able, and gallant officer, who will in my opinion (if he is spared by the Deity, and supported as he ought to be) effect the purpose he has in view with credit to himself, and advantage to his country. That he has been exceedingly ill-treated in regard to the Steam Fund no man can deny, and I consequently call upon all parties concerned, to make him that reparation which is yet in their power, by placing the remaining moiety at his disposal for the purposes for which it was voted by the final meeting of the Steam Committee. Gentlemen having put you in possession of the proceedings of my colleagues and self (which I trust may be published for general information) I beg you will proceed to nominate a Chairman for the present occasion. One who may have it in his power to do more for Mr. Waghorn than I have been enabled to do, from want of influence, not from any other cause.

The following papers were next read :

No. 1.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to forward to you, for the information of his Lordship in Council, a copy of the Resolution carried by a majority of the Subscribers, for the management of Steam Navigation, between England and India via the Cape of Good Hope, at a meeting held by them this-day at the Town Hall.

I remain, your's faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN HAYES,

Town Hall, July 30, 1828.

Chairman of the Committee.

H. T. PRINSEP, Esq. *Secretary to Government, General Department.*

No. 2.

Resolution referred to—

“That should no speculation promising greater or equal success be undertaken before the 14th of January 1829, the unappropriated fund for the encouragement of Steam Navigation, shall under proper Security be applied for the purpose of enabling Mr. Waghorn to carry his plan into execution.”

JOHN HAYES,

Chairman of the Committee.

July 30, 1828.

No. 3.

To the Subscribers, for the encouragement of Steam Navigation, between England and India via Cape of Good Hope.

GENTLEMEN,—The favor of your company is requested at the Bankshall on Thursday next the 16th instant, at eleven A. M. for the especial purpose of giving com-

plete effect, to the Resolution of the General Meeting, held in the Town Hall on the 30th of July last. —viz. "

" That should no speculation promising greater or equal success be undertaken before the 14th of January 1829, the unappropriated fund for the encouragement of Steam Navigation, shall under proper security be applied for the purpose of enabling Mr. Waghorn to carry his plan into execution."

(Signed) JOHN HAYES,

Chairman of the Committee.

It is scarcely requisite to mention, that the Subscribers, who may assemble at the Meeting thus solicited are only required to determine upon, the proper security to be taken for the due application of the money (now in the hands of the Government Agents here) to enable Mr. Waghorn, to carry his plan into execution, in England.

I remain, Gentlemen, faithfully your's,

JOHN HAYES,

Bankshall, January 7, 1829.

Chairman.

No. 4.

TO HENRY THOMAS PRINSEP, Esq. Secy to Govt. Genl. Dept.

SIR,—I have the honor to submit for the information of his Lordship in Council, copy of the final proceedings of the Subscribers for the encouragement of Steam Navigation between England and India via the Cape of Good Hope, and trust that Government, will with its wonted liberality and justice, issue such directions to their Agents as may enable the Subscribers to give full effect to their general Resolution at the meeting on the 15th instant.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN HAYES,

Calcutta, January 18, 1829.

Chairman of the Meeting.

No. 5.

Proceedings referred to—

At a Meeting of the Subscribers for the encouragement of Steam Navigation between England and India, via the Cape of Good Hope, held in pursuance of public notification, through the Government Gazette of the 8th instant.

PRESENT.

(Signed) JOHN HAYES, *President*,
 " Colonel HODGSON,
 " Dr. MELLIS,
 " Major JACKSON,
 " Mr HUNTER,
 " Dr. GRANT.

It was proposed by Dr. Mellis, seconded by Dr. Grant,

(That the Government Agents in possession of the subscription money remaining beyond the moiety given to Captain Johnston) be requested to grant Bills for the same, upon the Hon ble Court of Directors, to be appropriated for the purpose determined upon, by the last General Meeting 30th July 1828, under the guarantee of the Firm of Rickards, McIntosh and Co. of London, who will be enjoined to see the amount strictly applied to the purpose in view, and to no other purpose whatsoever.

Carried unanimously.

2d Resolution.

Proposed by Mr. Hunter, seconded by Dr. Mellis,

That Mr. Waghorn shall also give to Messrs. Rickards, McIntosh and Co. personal security that he completes the voyage out in 75 days, in failure of which, he is to return one half the money now voted him, which is to be paid to Messrs. McIntosh and Co. for the purpose of being left to the future disposal of the Subscribers.

Carried unanimously.

3d Resolution.

Proposed by Mr. Hunter, seconded by Dr. Grant,

That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to the Chairman for his able conduct in the chair.

Bankshall Office, 13th January 1829.

(Signed) JOHN HAYES,

Chairman.

No. 6.

To Commodore JOHN HAYES,

*Chairman of the Meeting of Subscribers for the encouragement of Steam Navigation, &c.
General Department.*

SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 18th instant, submitting copy of the proceedings of the Subscribers for the encouragement of Steam Navigation, and suggesting that the Government Agents, with whom the subscription money has been deposited, may be desired to grant bills for the same on the Honourable the Court of Directors, and in reply to state, that it does not appear that Government are called upon to issue any orders on the subject of the appropriation of the Funds in question.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

H. T. PRINSEP,

Council Chamber, January 23d, 1829.

Secy. to Govt.

No. 7.

To H. T. PRINSEP Esq. *Secretary to Government.*

SIR,—It is with regret that I am again impelled to trouble His Lordship in Council upon the appropriation of the Steam Subscription Funds, in the hands of the Government Agents, who decline to grant bills for the same upon the Honourable Court to be applied as determined upon by the final Committee of Subscribers in favor of the scheme, now on foot by Mr. Waghorn.

The present Accountant General has satisfied me, that he is obliged to follow the course pursued by his predecessor Mr. Wood who refused to pay the first moiety of the subscription money voted to Captain Johnston (although demanded by the then Chairman, Mr. Secretary Lushington) unless he had the Official Commands of His Lordship in Council for so doing, Mr. Chairman Lushington accordingly applied to Government (as you will perceive by reference to the documents relative thereto in your office) and an order was granted upon the Agents accordingly, not only for the moiety in favor of Captain Johnston, but to cover all other expences connected with the Committees proceedings upon the subject.

As Chairman of the late Committee, I in like manner solicit that His Lordship in Council will be good enough to direct the Agents in question, to grant bills, upon the Honourable Court for the remainder of the said Funds, to be made over to Messrs. Rickards, Mackintosh and Co. for the furtherance of the speculation now on foot under the management of Mr. Waghorn. I have no further interest in the scheme, than an anxious desire for its success in common with my fellow men; I consequently hope that His Lordship in Council will not allow any difference to be made, between a friendless adventurer, and his more fortunate competitor, in the same important national cause.

I have, &c.

(Signed) JOHN HAYES,

Steam Navigation, May 31, 1829.

Commodore.

No. 8.

To Commodore JOHN HAYES, *Chairman of the late Steam Navigation Committee.*
General Department.

SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st ultimo, requesting that the Government Agents may be desired to grant Bills on the Honourable the Court of Directors for the remainder of the Steam Subscription Fund in their hands, and in reply to acquaint you, that the Governor General in Council does not feel competent to give any Orders in respect to the appropriation of the balance of the Fund subscribed to promote the establishment of a communication between this country and Europe by Steam. Any balance that may remain of the amount subscribed by Government, will be disposeable according to the determination of the majority of any meeting of Subscribers that may have been duly convened and held for the purpose of appropriating the fund. His Lordship in Council has no power over the subscriptions of others.

2. The Government Agents are not authorized to draw Bills on the Honourable Court for the remittance of the money to England, nor does the Governor General

in Council deem it necessary or proper to grant a Bill in the present instance. The remittance must be made, if made at all, by the purchase of Bills in the market and the Government Agents will probably be able to effect this for the Committee, if assured of the authority under which the appropriation may be made.

3.—A copy of this letter will be forwarded to the Government Agents for their information and guidance.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

H. T. PRINSEP,

Council Chamber, June 2, 1829.

Secy. to Govt.

No. 9.

To CHARLES MORLEY, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will do me the favour to state the grounds upon which the Accountant General, and Sub-Treasurer, retain the moiety of the Steam Fund subscription in their possession, for general information to-morrow.

Your^t faithfully,

June 23, 1830.

JOHN HAYES.

No. 10.

To Commodore Sir JOHN HAYES.

SIR,—In reply to your communication of this date respecting the Steam Fund deposited in our hands, we have the honor to state that we are prepared to pay over the amount of the Subscription of Government remaining in our custody according to the decision of a majority of any meeting of Subscribers that may be duly convened for the purpose of appropriating the Fund.

Government having declined to furnish us with any instructions as to the appropriation of other subscriptions. We have only to add that we are prepared to make over the amount to such party or parties as may be legally authorized to receive the same.

We have the honor to be, Sir, your obdt. Servants,

Fort William, Government Agent's Office, June 23, 1830.

C. MORLEY, A. G.
JAS. BARWELL,
Sub-Treasurer.

The above documents having been read, Commodore Sir John Hayes requested the Meeting to proceed to the election of a Chairman.

Mr. John Smith proposed that Sir John Hayes do take the Chair.

Commodore Hayes begged to decline the honor, and moved that Mr. John Smith be requested to act as Chairman, which was seconded by Mr. H. T. Prinsep, and carried.

Mr. Smith having taken the Chair, called upon Mr. Waghorn, and that gentleman detailed his proceeding in furtherance of his plan of Steam Navigation between England and India, since his last departure from this country in 1828.

Mr. Smith said, that Mr. Waghorn had now developed his proceedings in support of his plan of Steam Navigation to India via the Cape of Good Hope, and he considered, that tho' he had been unable to succeed in consequence of the non-remission of the funds, that he had fully shown, that no exertion had been wanting on his part to give it effect; but he apprehended that the first matter to be considered was, how the Steam fund was to be made available; how those difficulties which presented themselves to payment of it were to be surmounted. He had heard that those difficulties still existed to the payment of the funds to any person now in Calcutta; but that the Government Agents were willing to pay them to every person, in the proportions they could show they had subscribed, and with interest; and the Government were willing to pay the portion they had subscribed themselves, for the furtherance of Steam Navigation, to any person a general meeting of the subscribers would award it to.

Sir John Hayes begged to propose the first resolution, which was as follows:—

"That the explanation afforded by Mr. Waghorn of the causes which prevented his carrying into execution the attempt to open a Steam communication by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, is highly satisfactory as regards that Gentleman's zeal, enterprise, and ability, and that he has thereby entitled himself to the thanks of the

Indian Public, and further that the documents which he has laid before the Meeting, evince, that by his own unaided energies he has obtained the countenance and support of His Majesty's Government, of the Honourable the Court of Directors, the Merchants of London, and Liverpool, connected with India, and of the intermediate Colonies on the route by the Cape of Good Hope."

Mr. Saunders begged to second the above resolution.

Mr. H. T. Prinsep thought such a resolution would meet with no opposition in that meeting.

The resolution was then put, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Smith here stated, that he had been requested to read a letter from *Mr. Arbuthnot*, the Chairman of the Madras Committee, to *Mr. Waghorn*. It was in effect, that a sum of £445 14s. 5d. had been sent home for the support of *Mr. Waghorn's* plan.

Mr. Greenlaw said, he saw *Mr. Burwell*, one of the Government Agents present, and apprehended that he could offer some explanation of the reasons why the fund was withheld.

Mr. Burwell stated, that the Government Agents would be happy to pay over the funds to *Mr. Waghorn* or any other person duly authorized, to receive them; that he would inform the meeting that there were legal difficulties in the way. It was unnecessary to mention names, and it might be sufficient to state that one subscriber had refused to allow his donation to be laid out in the way the fund had been voted by the meeting of 1828.

Dr. Grant. And only one.

Mr. Burwell. We have applied to the law officers of the Government, and they have informed us, that legal difficulties present themselves, and have advised the sum not to be paid over as required. If these difficulties could be got over, the money should be forthcoming; if the Committee could shew and satisfy the Government that they were the persons legally authorized to receive it, the money should at once be paid to them.

Dr. Grant could not see what the Government had to do with the funds—the subscriptions of a General Meeting, who had appointed a Committee, expressing their sentiments and empowered to appropriate these funds; and he considered that they had that power to do so till these legal quibbles had been raised. If any individuals chose to take back their subscriptions, let them do so, in God's name; but do not let the main object be thwarted by any more vain quibbles. How, he would ask, were a hundred thousand subscribers, scattered over the face of the Globe, to make legal transfers of their subscriptions to the Committee? how were they to appear here by their attorneys, and prove their demands and direct them to be appropriated for the purposes they were subscribed for? they had empowered a Committee, and that Committee had applied for the amount and had been refused; and the Government and their law officers had placed unnecessary difficulties in the way. He, *Dr. Grant*, did not well know how to frame his resolution; he would be glad to avoid the language of censure, but he would not withhold it when he thought it was demanded; and he would therefore move the following resolution, as he considered the explanation of the Government Agents highly unsatisfactory, and eminently deserving of censure.

"That the Meeting learn with much surprise that any difficulties should have occurred in receiving the balance of the fund from the Government Agents and that the Chairman by this Meeting be empowered to demand the amount without delay in the name of subscribers generally—and that the Meeting can anticipate no further obstacles in carrying the highly desirable object before it into effect—and that the obstacles that have already occurred and the explanations given by them are to this Meeting eminently dissatisfactory."

Mr. Adams seconded *Dr. Grant's* resolution.

Mr. H. T. Prinsep said, on the part of Government, he wished to speak to that resolution. It was merely as a subscriber to the fund; perhaps according to its means it had subscribed a larger sum than others but it had never acted in the matter otherwise than as a subscriber. When application was made to have it paid over under the resolution of 1828, legal difficulties were found, and the Government Officers had this difficulty—that under the original motion it was appropriated to a different purpose. The funds were placed by the Committee in the hands of Government for security, and for the purpose of accumulating interest. A portion of

them had been appropriated to Captain Johnstone, and no difficulty was made to the payment ; but that to Mr. Waghorn was for a different purpose. If there were objections, and legal objections, why was not a general meeting called at once ? Why were not circulars sent round to the different subscribers ? In the course of a month answers might have been received but now most of those subscribers had gone to England. The question was therefore were the Government officers to blame ? how could this meeting pass a vote of censure when the Committee had not done what they should ? The funds were lodged for a particular purpose but this plan did not come within it, and the Committee had it not in their power to appropriate the funds in this way without the consent of the respective subscribers. They might indeed have voted away the funds for the purpose of erecting a statue to Mr. Waghorn, but would the general subscribers sanction such an appropriation of their funds. But there were legal difficulties and the only question was how to get over them ; they were not quibbles ; the Government Agents could only pay over the funds to those by whom they were placed in their hands, let that difficulty be got over and the money would be at once available to Mr. Waghorn's plan.

Mr. Sutherland wished, in consequence of some doubts entertained by gentlemen near him, to know if any change had taken place in the original Committee, for if it had, that might present a difficulty, he did not mean mere changes occasioned by death or absence ; he meant to ask whether any new Committee had ever been called ?

Sir John Hayes said, that none had been called ; the original Committee was still in existence.

Mr. Barwell said, that if no changes had taken place in the Committee, there had in the officers of Government ; and if the money had been deposited with him under such limitations, he should have refused it. Mr. Morley was not at the time Accountant General, and he thought the vote of censure was moved without due consideration. Mr. Barwell thought, that the meeting had no right to or legal power over the funds ; they perhaps had better refer to the law officers of Government, or if they could show that power, he and his colleague should be happy to pay the amount over, otherwise they could not, for it had been objected to by one, and he thought that the individual sanction of every subscriber was necessary to be first obtained. He would state that no application had been made for the funds by the Committee to him or his colleague.

Sir John Hayes said, that, as Chairman of the Committee, he had applied in person and by letter to Mr. Morley for the funds, and had been refused them.

Mr. Barwell explained and Sir John Hayes assured him, that he could have shown him his own pencil writing on the note, but that he had yesterday rubbed it out.

Captain Johnstone said, that in his opinion, it appeared from what had been said that no meeting of the Committee had power over the funds, and they would therefore be unable to procure the money ; and that the moiety was at the disposal of each individual subscriber ; and he thought that any attempt to procure it by reference to the law officers of Government would only be attended with procrastination and expence and that it was very desirable that Mr. Waghorn should proceed to England with the least possible delay. He felt himself in some degree bound to support an undertaking of which he had been the original projector ; he did not mean the projector of Mr. Waghorn's plan, which he considered was better calculated to insure a speedy passage than the measures adopted in the case of the Enterprize, though he could not go all the lengths of Mr. Waghorn's sanguine calculations. His, Capt. Johnstone's, original proposal was for a communication by the Red Sea, but there were many reasons to render it most desirable that the communication should be established by the Cape of Good Hope and as His Majesty's Government and the Court of Directors had manifested so strong a desire to encourage that undertaking, he thought Mr. Waghorn should be enabled to proceed to England in prosecution of his plan with the least possible delay. He should therefore move " That the original subscribers be invited individually to transfer the remaining moiety to a new Fund, and that a fresh subscription be opened to make up any difference that might be occasioned by the secession of any subscribers to the present fund."

He had tasted, he said, of the liberality of the Calcutta public, and, though an humble individual, he would beg leave to open the subscription by putting down his name for One Thousand rupees. (*Much applause.*)

Dr. Musson seconded *Captain Johnstone's* motion.

Mr. Barwell said, there was one way of getting over all difficulties by the Committee, if they would guarantee the refunding of any sum that might be demanded of the Government Agents by any subscribers, and then the money should be paid over, and this would shew, that there existed no desire to quibble, and therefore he said, the motion of Dr. Grant, he thought, was uncalled for.

Dr. Grant. I cannot withdraw my motion, but, as one of the Committee, I will bear my share of that responsibility.

Mr. Gordon thought it was unnecessary for the Committee to take any such responsibility on themselves; it was true that no legal conveyance had been made from the general subscribers to the Committee: but they, the Committee, placed the funds in the hands of the Government Agents for security, and to that Committee alone were the Government Agents accountable, and to them should they look; and this, he thought, would be the opinion of the Advocate General, if the case was fairly put to him.

Mr. Barwell admitted the force of what fell from Mr. Gordon; but the funds were not lodged unconditionally; they were to be returned with interest to the subscribers, if not appropriated within a certain time, and therefore the law did not allow them to be returned to the Committee. He thought a new Committee should be appointed; and if they guaranteed the Agents against loss, the money should be paid over.

The Hon. Mr. Elliot said, that he held in his hand a motion, passed at a former meeting, extending the time two years further.

Mr. Smith. We had better proceed to take the sense of the Meeting upon Dr. Grant's motion.

Mr. Gordon. Shall I be allowed to move an amendment?

Mr. Prinsep said, that Captain Johnstone had already moved an amendment, and it was impossible to move an amendment upon an amendment.

Mr. Gordon said, that by the course suggested by Captain Johnstone, the subscriptions of all those who were not in India would be lost, and who, if they were, would not refuse to apply them in the way proposed. They have gone, and left their subscriptions in the hands of the Committee, who have placed them with Government Agents; he thought therefore, it would be better if Captain Johnstone would withdraw part of his resolution and he had no doubt that such arrangements could be made as would be found sufficient.

Dr. Grant. It has been suggested to me that I ought to withdraw my motion; I am unwilling to do so; but, at all events, I cannot unless the seconder consents.

Mr. Adam. I cannot: for I do not think that any sufficient explanation has been offered, and I am strongly inclined to think there has been quibbling throughout.

Mr. Barwell wished, that as censure had been attached to the Government officers the motion might be put, and he thought he had offered an explanation which would be deemed sufficient by the majority of the Meeting.

Mr. Gordon and Captain Johnstone here retired to prepare a resolution to meet the wishes of both.

Mr. Adam reminded the Chairman that there was a motion before the Meeting.

Dr. Grant's motion was put from the Chair when there appeared in support of it only four.

Captain Johnstone and Mr. Gordon here returned and moved the amended resolution, but Sir John Hayes having in their absence moved the following resolution, which was deemed to answer all purposes, Captain Johnstone withdrew his.

"That an application be again made, signed by all the members of the original committee, now present in Calcutta, to the Government Agents, for the funds in their hands, and that they receive from them such amount as they shall be able to satisfy the Government Agents may be safely paid."

Mr. Smith, the Chairman here requested to know if Mr. Sutherland, who voted for Dr. Grant's motion, was a subscriber to the original fund.

Mr. Sutherland said he was not.

Mr. Smith said, that in his opinion, he had no right to vote.

Mr. Sutherland then said, that as something like a censure upon him was implied in what had fallen from the Chair, he begged to explain that he had no wish to vote on any question relating to the appropriation of the balance of the Steam fund or in any way connected with it : but before the meeting was opened, he had endeavoured to ascertain the sentiments of the Committee on the subject and had been informed, that it was not only understood, but that it was expected and wished that every person present would vote upon any question put from the Chair. Under that impression he had voted and if he was in error he stood in the judgment of the Meeting ; he had been misled but he was not alone in error, for the gentleman who had seconded the motion as well as others, were in the same predicament not being subscribers. He observed however, that the question on which he had voted was not one of the appropriation of the fund, but merely a resolution of censure. He did not wish nor should he presume to vote as to the appropriation of the fund.

Commodore Haves observed, that Mr. Sutherland's impression was correct.

Mr. Secretary Princep said, that neither was he a subscriber ; but he considered he had a right to vote.

Mr. Smith said, there was not any thing like a censure meant or implied, that his opinion remained unaltered, and he doubted whether it was competent to the Committee to authorise any person to vote regarding the appropriation of funds which they had not contributed to.

Mr. Adam wished to hear from the person who had advanced such an opinion, something like a reason for that opinion : for he had heard nothing of the kind fall from him.

Mr. Smith said, he was not in the chair to give reasons ; that he had no intention to give any vote upon the questions which had been agitated, but his individual opinion being such as he had stated it to be, he conceived it to be his duty, as Chairman, to take the sense of the Meeting upon the subject, and in whatever way they might decide, it would be equally satisfactory to him.

Mr. Adam remarked, that the opinion that could not be supported by a reason was not worthy of refutation.

Mr. Greenlaw thought, that a subscription should be entered into to reimburse Mr. Waghorn the expenses he had been put to in consequence of the funds not having been forwarded as promised.

Mr. Gordon would be happy to second the motion of Mr. Greenlaw but he thought that the sum to reimburse Mr. Waghorn for his expenses should come out of some other fund.

Mr. Greenlaw expressed that such was his intention.

Mr. Smith in putting Sir John Hayes' motion to the Meeting begged it might first be distinctly understood who were the parties entitled to vote upon the occasion, when it was unanimously allowed to rest with the original subscribers to the Steam Fund only ; the motion was then put and carried *non-con*.

Mr. Willis said, he was satisfied with the explanation of the Government Officers and he considered they were rather deserving of the gratitude of the subscribers than of their censure for the care they had evinced for the due appropriation of the funds.

Mr. Greenlaw then suggested to the Meeting that in justice they were bound to reimburse to Mr. Waghorn such expenses as he had been put to in consequence of the non-remittance of the promised funds. The failure did not arise from any inattention or neglect on his part ; indeed he had zealously and energetically exerted himself to the utmost, and failed solely in the attempt for the want of those funds on which he originally proposed to make it. He did not call on the Meeting to reward Mr. Waghorn for his exertions in the cause, nor even to reimburse to him the expenses to which he had been put to during three years of active and enterprising exertion, without, during that period receiving a single Rupee from either the Government or the Public. That the balance of the old funds, when obtained, could not be alienated from its purpose ; and even if it could, he (Mr. Greenlaw) not being an original subscriber, could not of course make any proposition relative to its appropriation ; but if the Meeting concurred with him in the proposition, that it was no

more than common justice that Mr. Waghorn should be reimbursed those expenses, to which he had been put by the non-fulfilment of the public pledge, he did not doubt that a sufficient fund might easily be obtained by a new subscription, commencing with that of Sa. Rs 1000, so handsomely pledged by Capt. Johnstone; and indeed he considered that a surplus would remain which might be devoted to the further promotion of an immediate attempt by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Greenlaw concluded by observing that he need not take up the time of the Meeting by further urging his Resolution, which would speak for itself, but with respect to a remark which had been made as to what was to be done in the event of the subscription not amounting to the expense of Mr. Waghorn, he would only say, that he felt assured, that Mr. Waghorn would be perfectly contented with whatever might be done.

Mr. Greenlaw then proceeded to read his Resolution as follows:—

"That, as it appears that the failure in the attempt arose out of the non-remittance of the balance of the original Steam Fund, and that in consequence Mr. Waghorn, besides being disappointed in carrying into execution a project of the first public importance, has been put to personal expenses which otherwise he would not have incurred, it is but just that he should be reimbursed such expenses; for which purpose, and for the further promotion of the project, a fresh subscription be entered into, and that the former Committee be constituted a Committee for the purposes of this Subscription, with power to pay to Mr. Waghorn such sum as may be considered equitable."

Mr. Bruce seconded the Resolution.

The Hon. J. E. Elliot observed, that he considered the Resolution placed the more important object of the meeting which was the encouragement of Steam Navigation with England in the back ground, and advanced that which was secondary; and he would therefore propose an amendment, modifying the terms of the Resolution, though keeping its objects as effectually in view.

In a proposition of this nature *Mr. Elliot* was seconded by *Mr. Hamilton*; and on the amendment being read, *Mr. Greenlaw* observed, that although he still considered the terms of the Resolution, as proposed by him, best calculated to obtain the desired end, which was an increased Subscription, and altho' he thought there was no better way to encourage Steam Navigation with England than by saving those harmless who devoted themselves with disinterested zeal to accomplish it, yet as the proposed amendment recognized the claim of *Mr. Waghorn* to reimbursement of the restricted expenses—as he was desirous on such a subject, that the Meeting should be unanimous; and referring to the support which the proposition would receive by being introduced by a gentleman of *Mr. Elliot's* character, and station in society, he would willingly withdraw his Resolution, and second the amendment.

Mr. N. Alexander suggested, that *Mr. Waghorn's* expenses should be defrayed out of the fund already subscribed.

Mr. Waghorn said, he must disclaim the idea of having any portion of the original fund appropriated to the liquidation of any expense he might have been put to in consequence of the money not having been forwarded to England as promised. He considered every farthing of that fund pledged, as he himself was pledged, to the presidencies of India; the colonies of Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope; the Court of Directors, and his Majesty's Government. This was a delicate subject for him to speak upon, and he would therefore leave it to others, but if he received any thing in the shape of remuneration, it must come through some other channel, but whether remunerated or not, he would still persevere in his plan. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Elliot then moved the following amendment which *Mr. Greenlaw* seconded.

"That a new subscription be raised for the furtherance of Steam Navigation; the fund arising from which to be placed in the hands of the old Committee who are to be a Committee for this new subscription and that that Committee be empowered to appropriate such a sum out of the subscriptions as may be considered sufficient to reimburse *Mr. Waghorn* for the expenses which he has incurred owing to the non-remittance of the Funds formerly promised."

This resolution having been considered to finish the business of the meeting.

Mr. Waghorn begged to be allowed to return thanks to the meeting for the kind attention with which they had heard the little he had to say, and for the alacrity with which they had again come forward, and the zeal with which they had supported his projected plan. He would at once proceed to England when he hoped in a short time to sail for India, and on the 70th day of his voyage to present himself again before them, which would be to him the proudest and happiest day of his existence. (*Much applause.*)

The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Smith for his able and impartial conduct in the Chair and also to Commodore Sir John Hayes for the zeal and ability he had displayed in forwarding the cause of Steam Navigation between India and England and requesting him to continue Chairman of the Committee.

Note 1.—The Reporter of the above is aware, that he may in some parts have omitted much that fell from various speakers, and that he may not have recorded the proceedings in the exact order in which they occurred, but he begs the confused manner in which the meeting was conducted may be remembered, and also that there were at one period, no less than three motions or amendments before the Meeting, regularly, or rather irregularly proposed and seconded, to all of which the different speakers addressed themselves and frequently more than one at a time.—*Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle*, June 26.

Note 2.—The Reporter at first stated that he did not conceive it to have been unanimously allowed that the right to vote rested only with the Original Subscribers to the Steam Fund, nor can he understand how such could be ascertained, as the sense of the Meeting was not taken upon it; he however has adopted the words now used upon the authority of the Chairman and others, but does not pledge himself to their correctness as they have been suggested to him, but he has no doubt they might in the confusion that existed have escaped him, and he will only say, that he did hear something of the kind fall from Mr. Smith but that he did not see it put to the vote or by any means understand that such was “unanimously allowed.”—*Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle*, June 28.

Note 3.—Several respectable persons having assured the Reporter of the *Hurkaru*, that previous to the putting of Sir John Hayes, motion seconded by Mr. Bruce, the Chairman Mr. Smith took the sense of the Meeting for the purpose of determining who were eligible to vote, and that it was carried by a *show of hands*, that none were save subscribers to the old fund, he is willing to suppose, that it must have been so, and that it escaped his observation in the general confusion which prevailed.

The Reporter in adopting the corrections which were suggested to him, did not in the least mean to deny, though he did not wish to pledge himself to the accuracy of that which he did not himself perceive to be regularly carried and which, judging from what he heard from some of those around him, he did not suppose was generally understood, particularly when he knew, that under the same circumstances, others were as liable to be deceived as he was.—*Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle*, June 29.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF INDIA.

At a Meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, held within the Town Hall, on Wednesday Evening, the 23d June, 1830.

Sir Edward Ryan, President, in the Chair.

Mr. Mutchin, in the name of Sir Robert Colquhoun, proposed Colonel Gardner, of Coss Gunge, as a Member of the Society.

Mr. Calder seconded, and that gentleman was duly elected.

Mr. Mutchin proposed Mr. Currie, of Howrah, Mr. Calder seconded, and Mr. Currie was duly elected.

Captain Francis Jenkins having resigned as an ordinary Member of the Society, it was moved by Mr. Mutchin, and Resolved, that he be elected an honorary Member.

The President informed the Meeting that an answer had been received from Government, to the Letter of the Secretary dated 21st April, last, approving of the scheme of premiums proposed by the Society, and that the same had been published in all the papers of the Presidency, both English, Bengalee and Persian.

Read the following letter from Mr. W. H. MacNaghten, Deputy Secretary to Government, dated 18th May, 1830:—

To C. K. ROBINSON, Esq.

Secretary to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, Calcutta.

SIR,—I am directed by the Right Hon'ble the Governor General in Council to transmit to you, for the purpose of being submitted to the Society, the annexed copy of an extract from the proceedings of Government, in the General Department, under date the 27th ultimo, together with the papers (No. 3 to 7), in original, which accompanied the same, and to request that they will furnish Government with their opinion as to the best mode of making the experiment with the Cotton and Tobacco Seeds adverted to in the Hon'ble Court's Dispatch.

2d. The Committee are requested to state whether they have invited communications from Individuals who may be disposed to undertake the cultivation of Cotton Tobacco and other raw products suited to the Home Market, as suggested in the 11th paragraph of the Government Resolutions under date the 29th of December last, and which points do not appear to have been adverted to in your letter under date the 21st ultimo; and if such invitation has been made, whether any, and what individuals, replied to it.

3rd. Should the Committee be of opinion, that the design of making an experiment in this species of cultivation by means of Individual Agriculturists is hopeless, and that success cannot be anticipated from any plan without the assistance of Government, to be afforded in the manner and on the principle described in your letter of the last mentioned date, His Lordship in Council would wish the Committee to ascertain where a piece of ground is to be had to the extent of 500 beegahs to be farmed or purchased on reasonable terms, and which may be favourable to the growth of the superior articles of raw products which it is intended to introduce.

4th. The seeds will be forwarded to you on their arrival, but a portion (if they are sent in sufficient quantity) will be reserved for transmission to Bundelkund, as determined in the 5th paragraph of the Government resolutions dated 29th December last.

5th. The Mint Committee has been requested to instruct Captain Forbes to place himself in communication with you in order that within a reasonable period after the arrival of the Saw Gins, sufficient for the purposes of public inspection, that officer may be prepared to have them set up in any situation pointed out by the Committee.

6th. You will be pleased to return the original papers with your reply.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

(Signed)

W. H. MACNAGHTEN.

Council Chamber, May 18, 1830.

Offg. Depy. Secy. to the Govt.

(No. 356.)

Extract from the Proceedings of the Right Hon'ble the Governor General in Council, in the General Department, under date the 27th April 1830.

Extract from a Public General Letter from Hon'ble the Court of Directors, dated the 9th December, 1829.

2. Our letter of the 8th July has acquainted you with the measures we are taking for obtaining from the United States of America, various kinds of Cotton Seeds, as well as the most approved Machines used in the Southern States of North America for clearing Cotton Wool from its seeds and impurities.

3. We have received the first supply of American Cotton Seeds, which have been drawn from the Crop of the year 1828. This supply comprises of the species known as Upland Georgia Cotton and Seeds of the Cotton of Louisiana known in Commerce as New Orleans Cotton, both being of the description called by the planters green Seed Cotton, the Wool of which adheres to the Seeds with a considerable degree of tenacity fully as much as in the common Cotton of India. These are the kinds of American Cotton, which are most extensively used by the Manufactures of Britain. We have also obtained a supply of the Seeds of Sea Island Cotton (which are black) the wool of which is much esteemed for the fineness and length of its fibre.

4. We have likewise received six of the Machines for cleaning Cotton, called Whitney's Saw Gins, two of which we shall transmit to your Presidency with the Cotton Seeds. We have desired our agent to send us a description of the method of using the Saw Gins in North America, and you shall be furnished with a copy as soon as it comes to hand. It is sufficiently clear from an inspection of the Machine that it is put into motion by manual labour by means of a wheel and winch with a revolving strap upon the small pulley-wheel that forms part of the Machine itself, as shown in a sketch drawing that will be found in the Packet. The large wheel or first motion is very simple, upon which account we suppose it has not been transmitted to us from America with the Machines. A wheel of this kind can, however, be readily constructed in India.

5. We have caused a trial to be made in our presence of the working of the Saw Gin upon a small quantity of India Cotton happening to be in our Warehouses, which had been very imperfectly, if at all divested of its Seeds, and although this experiment was made under the disadvantage of the Cotton being old, very dry, and much pressed together, the result seemed entirely to establish the merit of the invention.

6. The Whitney Machine which it is our desire to introduce into India has been noticed in the Parliamentary Papers of the year 1828, in a report of an American Committee of Commerce, where it is said to be so simple in its construction, and so easily worked and managed, that the Negroes in the Southern States are employed to work it. We cannot therefore entertain any doubt of the Saw Gins being suitable to the process of cleaning Cotton by the natives of India. We also conclude that the Indian workmen will be competent to fabricate such Machines for general use, but in order to facilitate the bringing them into practice, without loss of time, it is our intention to send you some separate sets of the circular Saws, which are of iron (not steel) as the only part of the Machine, in the making of which there can be no difficulty. These detached Saws will also be useful as patterns for native Smiths, for the guidance of whom we propose also to send a complete set of all the other parts of the Machine, which are of metal.

7. You will receive with the beforementioned articles a small quantity of Cotton Seed of the growth of Demerara in South America, which, although it is not unknown in India, we are desirous should be planted as a renewed experiment. It is of the Black Seed kind, like the Sea Island, of which the wool readily parts from the Seeds and probably will not require the application of a Saw Gin. This kind of Cotton is cultivated with great success in the Brazils.

8. We shall also send a case containing twenty-five pounds of Maryland Tobacco Seed which, we are informed, will be sufficient for cultivation upon a large scale, and it may therefore be tried experimentally in a variety of situations.

9. We transmit in the Packet the following Papers, having reference to the culture of Cotton and Tobacco, viz.

I. Remarks on the culture of Cotton in the United States of America, which we have received from our agent with the Cotton Seed.

II. Paper on the culture of Tobacco in Virginia received in like manner.

III. Statement of the best method of cultivating New Orleans Cotton received in like manner.

IV. Extract of Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, so far as regards the cultivation of Cotton; but we must remark that this author's statement of the mode of cleaning Cotton by what he denominates Whitney's Saw Gin, is not appli-

cable to the Machines now about to be sent to you, but evidently refers to another American Gun, probably like that which we sent to India several years ago.

10. We are strongly impressed with the opinion, that nothing but attention and perseverance is required to make Indian Cotton Wool a productive article of Export, and there is no Commercial object connected with our Indian possessions of greater national importance. We desire therefore, that the arrival of the Saw Gins in India be made matter of general publicity, and that such Extracts from the Papers now sent in the Packet as you may consider likely to be useful to the general cultivators be published at intervals in the Newspapers.

11. We have prepared the like supply of Machines and Seeds for consignment to our Government of Bombay.

Ordered, that a copy of these paragraphs be sent with the enclosures* therein referred to, in original, to the Territorial Department that measures may be taken in that Department to make the experimental cultivation ordered by the Hon'ble Court with the Seeds transmitted.

Ordered, that the Engineers of the Calcutta New Mint be instructed from the Territorial Department to set up the two Saw Gins mentioned in Para. 1, of the Hon'ble Court's letter, and to send one of them to the Town Hall for public inspection. The other Machine with the Saws expected from England will be forwarded thro' the Board of Trade to the Commercial Resident, at Etawa and Calpee, for his report upon its usefulness in this country.

(A true Extract.)

(Signed) H. T. PRINSEP, Secy. to the Govt.

Territorial Department, 18th May, 1830.

(A True Copy.)

(Signed) W. H. MACNAGHTEN, Offg. Deputy Secy. to the Govt.

No. 1.

Remarks on the Culture of Cotton in the United States of America.

The preparation of Cotton land requires most particular attention; it must be repeatedly ploughed and frequently harrowed, say twice, or thrice, until it is fully pulverised. Drills 4 feet apart, in some instances 3, are then made with a plough, into which, if the soil be poor, old well-rotted stable manure is placed: and at a distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 feet, a hole, not exceeding 1 inch to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in depth, is made with a hoe, and a handful of Seed is dropped therein which must be immediately covered with the soil. The planting generally takes place between the 20th April and 10th May—the earlier the better, that the Cotton may be matured before the appearance of the fall of frosts. The richer the soil, the larger and better the crop, as with every vegetable. When the plants are about 1 inch above ground, they are thinned with the hand, leaving 4 only: at a later period, and when all danger from insects &c. is well over, they are again thinned, and two only are left to bear: from these by having or ploughing the weeds must be kept clear, until the bolls are perfectly ripe and begin to open, which occurs during September and October; as they expand freely, the Cotton must by hand be picked clean from the bowl, and, being a little damp, exposed for a day or two in a dry situation to the rays of the sun. The quality, of the Cotton first picked is always the cleanest and best—to save trouble, it is customary with some Planters to defer picking out any of the crop till the whole of the bolls be ripe and have expanded and become dry by the influence of frost or cold weather. This plan is to be deprecated: for the bolls opening most irregularly, those first expanded are left to be injured by rains, dews, and decayed leaves, &c. When the crop is picked from the bolls, it is spread over the floor of a room (should the Cotton be damped) till it is dry, and is then sent to the Gin where the Seed is extracted from the fibre.

During the first week in August, some Planters, where the crop is not too extensive, top each plant to the first eye, leaving only 6 branches to bear. This increases the quantity and quality, but forces the plants to throw out suckers, which are most difficult to be kept under.

Stiff clayey soils require more Seed than light sandy ones; the plant being very delicate, requires the united efforts of several shoots to force its way through the surface, which often becomes packed and hard. Where Seed is abundant a large

handful should always be sown in each hole ; where it is scarce, and the land light, a smaller quantity may suffice ; 200 English acres would require from 800 to 1000 bushels Seed Cotton.

An acre will produce from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds Seed Cotton, (i. e. with the Seed) or 400 to 500 pounds clean or ginned Cotton, but this is a large yield ; generally, on average soils, from 12 to 1,600 pounds Seed Cotton are produced to the acre. A bale of Cotton weighs from 350 to 400 pounds.

No. 2.

Paper on the Culture of Tobacco in Virginia.

I yesterday received your letter of the 24th instant, to which I take pleasure in immediately replying. Fifty pounds weight, or two bushels, of Tobacco Seed would be sufficient to plant the whole state of Virginia, some say a surface equal in extent to the United States ; and that quantity cannot by any possibility be procured at this season, indeed it will be out of my power to obtain any quantity of value to you ; but I have spoken to several of my friends in this place who grow Crops of Tobacco ; and have requested them to instruct their Overseers to leave as many plants as possible to run into Seed, which they have promised to do, and I shall write to all my acquaintance in the country to do the same, and prevail upon their neighbours to save as much as they can. The Seed is never gathered, indeed is not ready till the fall of the year ; and no Planter keeps on hand more than what is requisite for his own use. Respecting the culture of Tobacco, I shall communicate the process adapted throughout Virginia, premising, that success depends upon soil, situation, climate and seasons. New ground, virgin soil, produces the best description. Plant-beds for the reception of Seed are prepared in the fall, in rather a moist situation, of pure vegetable mould minutely pulverised, entirely free from weeds ; having the surface completely scorched by burning Brush-wood or shavings of wood upon it. The Seed is sown much after the manner of Cabbage Seed, about as thickly and as deeply and raked in this is done during the month of February. Early in May, according to the season, or during that month, the Plants are removed to the field and are placed out on hills raised above the surrounding surface from 8 to 12 inches, at distances varying according to the strength of the soil, from 3 by 4, to 4 by 5. Thus the rows are 4 feet a part, as with Indian Corn, and the hills in the row 3 feet distant from each other.

The Plants are allowed to stand unmolested till they begin to throw out suckers, which must be carefully removed by hand as often as they appear. By hoeing and ploughing all weeds must be kept under, as with Corn and Cabbages in a garden. When the Plant has thrown out eight or twelve well sized leaves, according to the strength or richness of the soil, it must be topped ; by which is meant, if the ground be rich, twelve leaves may be left— if poor, only six or eight ; the best way is to leave only six to ten. The Plants being kept free from worms or caterpillars, which prey upon them, are left to stand till they are perfectly ripe, this is determined by the thickness of the leaf, and the crackling sound produced by breaking it. They are then cut with a knife, and placed upon poles horizontally exposed to the sun for several days, till they die, and become of a yellow or brownish hue, care meantime being taken that they be not exposed to rains, or very heavy dews. From the field, hanging on the same poles, they are removed into log houses, and hung upon the roofs. Under them, during wet weather, slight fires are kept up, the smoke ascending from which dries the stem and prevents mould ; after hanging thus for three or four weeks, the Plants are, when in a very dry state, taken from the poles and are carefully packed on the dry floor and covered with straw, to guard them from frost. If the winter be very wet, they are several times hung up, and dried partially with the smoke of wood fires, and replaced in bulk. Finally, in the month of May the plants are all hung up, and allowed to remain till a tolerably warm and moist day, when they are taken down, and the leaves, being strip from the stalk, are tied up in bundles of 6 to 7 leaves each, with a leaf binding them together, and are thus packed carefully into lhd. 12 to 1500 pounds are put into each lhd. the butt-ends of the Tobacco touching the Cask, and the point directed upwards to the centre.

Smoking is injurious ; and if the season be sufficiently dry and warm, it is better to cure the Tobacco entirely by the aid of the sun.

No. 3.

Statement of the best method of cultivating New Orleans Cotton.

The cultivation is simple, and easily understood, so that a few general directions will suffice to describe our manner of preparing a Cotton field, and the care and attention requisite to keep it free from weeds and grass.

1st. As to the most suitable soil for growing fine Cotton, I should prefer that which is rich, light and dry; but it is generally thought that *new* land does not produce as fine a quality of Cotton as that which has borne one or two crops of grain previously. The situation should be such that there is no danger of an overflow of water, which would seriously injure the plant. In preparing the ground we use only the plough and lay off the rows from four to six feet, and where the soil is as rich as the alluvion of the low ground on the Mississippi, even eight feet is not too much. We open the ridges by running a narrow drill by plough or otherwise, and sow the Seed in ~~rows~~ as we would grain, covering it lightly with a harrow.

The plant on its first appearance and for some weeks is extremely delicate, and easily injured by careless working. The rows at first thickly covered with plants must in about ten days be thinned out, so as to leave the stalks single at the distance of eleven inches or a foot from each other, or, as some of the plants may be lost or destroyed, we generally leave two or three together; but in about two weeks more at furthest, they must be reduced to one, as experience has proved that the plants will not flourish at all crowded. While thinning the rows, great care must be taken to clear them of all grass and weeds in the early age of the Cotton—this is done with the hoe; in a short time after, to facilitate the work, we use ploughs between the rows, where every thing must be kept down, and not a blade of grass should be suffered to grow: indeed to obtain a good crop of Cotton, strict attention is required to rule, not to suffer any thing to grow among the plants until it is fully matured.

The time of planting or rather sowing our Cotton varies according to the season; generally we begin from the first of April to the fifteenth; as a rule, I would say as soon as there is no danger of frost.

These general observations, I trust, will be sufficient: indeed it is impossible to aim in obtaining a Cotton crop, provided the ground be kept perfectly clean, and the plants be not crowded. The quality of the Cotton depends more perhaps upon care and attention in gathering and drying it, than upon the culture of the plant.

From the first of September, or sooner, the bolls begin to mature and open successively until winter has stopped the vegetation of the plant. As soon as the boll has completely opened, the Cotton which then hangs partly out of its shell, and has become almost dry, must be gathered by hand, care must be taken by the gatherer (or picker as we call the laborer) to take hold with his fingers of all the different looks of the Cotton, so that the whole may come out at once, and without breaking off any of the dry leaves about the boll; if any dry leaves fall upon the Cotton before the gatherer has secured his handful in the bag which hangs at his side, they must carefully be taken off. It is necessary to use a close bag, to gather the Cotton, as the plant, though still flourishing, has on it, many dead and dry leaves which are easily shaken down, and it is this admixture of leaves which is objected to so much by the spinner, and will always lower the quality and price of Cotton. After gathering the Cotton it should as soon as possible be exposed to the sun on scaffolds, and thoroughly dried; and if not immediately ginned and packed, it must be stored in secure barns.

I deem it useless to enter into a description of our gins and presses, as they are manufactured and well understood in England; I shall only observe that a cylinder of sixty bags ought not to make more than 600 or 800 pounds of clear Cotton in 12 hours—if made to run faster, the Cotton would not be so clean, and the foliages might often be broken or cut by the too rapid motion of the bags.

Resolved, that the letter of Government, and the extracts which accompanied it, be referred to the Agricultural Committee, which is requested to take the whole into consideration, and to report to the Society, at the next Meeting, its sentiments on the whole clauses of the letter, when a reply will be framed and forwarded to Government.

Resolved, that the Secretary be requested to write to Captain Forbes, sending him extracts from the above papers, which relate to the Saw Gins, and requesting to be informed, whether it has reached him, and is ready for inspection.

Resolved, that Mr. Kyd be chosen a Member of the Committee of Papers.

The President laid before the Society, papers on the cultivation of the Mulberry Tree and the rearing of Silk Worms, according to the Chinese and French methods, by Miss Davy, in which the writer gives a decided preference to the Chinese method.

Read a letter from Mr. Pakenham, enclosing a paper by Mr. Mallet, of Balasore, on the Cotton plantation at that place, from which a specimen had been sent to the Society in the beginning of May last, and on which several members of the Committee, also Mr. Finlay, of Gloster Works, had given their opinion.

Resolved, that the Secretary be requested to write to Government, soliciting to be furnished with all the information which they possess regarding the Tenasserim Cotton, of the Seed of which a number of bags were lately sent to the Society for distribution.

Read a letter from Mr. Sheppard, of Liverpool, dated 14th December last, which accompanied 600 grafted Fruit Trees, of sorts, shipped on the Brig *Indian*.

The Secretary informed the Meeting, that on the arrival of these trees he had forwarded the whole of the correspondence and lists to the Secretary of the Garden Committees, as well as the boxes of plants to the Allipore Garden.

Mr. Minchin stated, that he had been requested by Sir Robert Colquhoun, Secretary of the Garden Committee, to submit to the Meeting the following proposition of that Committee, regarding the future disposal of Europe imported Fruit Trees.

Resolved, that the proposal be adopted by the Society.

Mr. Minchin further stated, that this importation of Fruit Trees had almost entirely failed, not 15 remaining alive; and on the part of the Garden Committee he proposed that in future the importation of these should be altered and modified.

Resolved, that the proposal of the Garden Committee be adopted, and the Secretary be requested to write in terms of it, to England, and elsewhere, for our future supplies.

Mr. Minchin further stated the wishes of the Committee to be allowed to expend the sum of Rs. 150 in raising a wall for the culture of grape vines, and Rs. 100 in repairing the conservatory, bullock sheds, and mallee houses destroyed by the late gales.

Resolved, that these two sums be granted to the Garden Committee.

Read the following letter from Captain Sage, of Dinapore:—

To C. K. ROBISON, Esq.

Secretary to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, Calcutta.

SIR,—As a Member of the Society to which you are Secretary, I have to propose that as the situation of this place is admirably adapted for the establishment of a Branch or Provincial Society of Agriculture and Horticulture, it is the intention of the few Members of the Society at this place to appropriate a plot of ground for the purposes of a Nursery Vegetable and Fruit Garden, should our proposition meet with the sanction and be supported by the fostering care of the Parent Society.

2nd. The abandonment of the Poosah Garden we understand to have been occasioned by the heavy expence it entailed on the Society. This will not be a matter of objection to the one now proposed, as we calculate upon no pecuniary assistance whatever from the Society; on the contrary, it is not unlikely we may be able to add to its treasury.

3d. From the Parent Society we should look for Seeds, Fruit, Trees, Plants, &c. not as absolute gifts, but rather as depositon liable to be appropriated as the Society shall see fit, when the different Fruits of Europe and China shall have been grafted on country stocks and inured to the climate.

4th. We also consider that grafts and seeds furnished from our intended Nursery will be better suited to the climate, both above and below us, than when subject to a more sudden change of temperature; and this observation applies equally to Nepal, from which country it is our intention to procure whatever is rare and valuable, and endeavour to assimilate them to the climate of this place previously to transmitting them to your Gardens, or to the Upper Provinces.

5th. Constant water carriage both up and down, as also through several branch streams, seems to point out this place as better calculated for a depot, than any other; the constant passing of strangers, both up and down the river, a populous neighbourhood in Tirhoot, Saran and Shahabad, will bring the Nursery into notice, and we hope afford a sufficiency of Members to ensure the permanency of our intended undertaking, which cannot fail to be productive of great and extensive advancement to the country around us.

6th. It will remain for the Society, after due consideration, to authorize us to admit subscribers, who shall be considered as Members of the Parent Society as well as of the Dinapore Provincial Society, and from whose contributions we consider we shall

acquire a sufficient revenue, not only to cover the expences of our own Nursery, but, as before remarked, to assist the Parent Society.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obdt. Servant,

(Signed)

WM. SAGE, *Dinapore, May 25, 1830.*

Resolved, that the proposal of Captain Sage be approved of and that the Secretary reply to the proposition.

Read a letter from Mr. H. H. Wilson, forwarding to the Society a Peach, the growth of his garden at Hasting's place, under the care of Mr. Davies, which weighed 10 sicca weight.

Resolved, that the Secretary be requested to get the Advertisement regarding the Premiums for the successful cultivation of Cotton, Tobacco, Silk and Sugar, which had been translated into Bengalee and Persian, transmitted to the Upper Province.

Baboo Radacanth Deb presented the following paper, which he thought might be highly useful to the cultivators of Cotton in this country; and although he was not able to state who the author of the "*Suggestions*" is, he was of opinion that the Society would confer a benefit by giving them every publicity:—

Suggestions for the Culture and Preparation of Cotton.

Cotton grows in any soil that is not over moist. The common opinion, however, that it flourishes most in barren or impoverished land, is erroneous. It will, doubtless, grow in arid soils, not exhausted by previous cultivation; yet there cannot be a doubt that it will prove more productive in good or middling land, consisting of loose dry mould, free from clay or marl. If the inclination of the land be sufficient to carry off the water, the labour of trenching and draining, which is necessary in level lands, will be saved. As no plant requires so little rain as Cotton, the close vicinity of high mountains is injurious to it, while it is beneficial to the Coffee. On the other hand, the saline air of the sea-shore, which generally destroys Coffee, is favourable to Cotton.

The land for Cotton must be cleared in the dry season; and the operations should commence in sufficient time to allow the wood and brush, which have been cut down, to dry so as to be burned before the rains set in. The more completely the ground is cleared, the more productive is the Cotton likely to be.

In situations where the rains are not violent, the Cotton Seed is generally put into the ground at an early period of the rainy season. But in places differently circumstanced, this operation is deferred till the rains are within a month or two of their termination; with a view both to guard against an over-luxuriant vegetation, whereby the plants might exhaust their strength in branches and leaves, and to avoid the injurious consequences of rain at the time the blossoms are appearing and the pods forming.

In Georgia and Carolina, considerable labour is bestowed in ploughing and harrowing the ground, and forming ridges, raised pretty high, with trenches between. This, no doubt, assists vegetation, and at the same time serves to carry off the water from the flat lands. The same thing is done, though less carefully, with hoes, in Demerara and Berbice: but is seldom done in the West India Islands. There, however, the fields are regularly laid out, and the holes opened in straight lines. The distance between the holes varies from five feet in poor soils to eight feet in rich soils. The holes are made by loosening the earth for about eight or nine inches or a foot square, and five or six inches deep. From fifteen to sixteen seeds, spread longitudinally, may be put into each hole and covered over lightly with earth, not above one or two inches deep at most. The more moist the ground is, the more lightly should the seed be covered, otherwise it will be apt to rot. The plants will generally show themselves in from five to nine days, but some times not before fourteen. When they have four distinct leaves, half the number in each hole may be drawn, and these must afterwards be gradually reduced, until only one, and that the most vigorous and healthy plant, is left in each hole. For the first six weeks the plants are of slow growth, and very tender, and they must be carefully kept clear of weeds until they become of sufficient size to suppress all extraneous growth. It would be of great service also, that the earth should be occasionally drawn up about the roots, until the blossoms appear, when this operation is no longer necessary. At the end of six weeks, if not before, the plants, if luxuriant, ought to be topped or pruned, by breaking or cutting off an inch or more from the end of each shoot, which make the stems spread and throw out a greater number of branches. And this operation, if the plants are very luxuriant, will require to be performed a second or even a third time, with a knife, on the stem and branches.

The blossoms generally appear in about eighty days after the seed has been planted, and sometimes later; and the first pods arrive at maturity in about three months from that time. The blossom of the green seed, when it first appears, which is generally in the morning, is white, and remains of that colour for the first twelve hours; but it changes the following night to a beautiful crimson, and drops off within thirty-six hours of its first appearance. That of the Black Seed, or Sea Island, undergoes the same change with the green, but when it first comes out it is of a deep yellow colour.

The Cotton should be fully blown before it is picked. This may be ascertained by its separating easily from the pod of husk. When it adheres to the pod, and must be forced from it, the Cotton will be of an inferior quality. Great care should be taken to gather it as free from trash or dirt of any kind as possible, which will save much trouble afterwards in the cleaning. Cotton ought not to be picked after rain, or while wet, as in that case it will be stained, and of little value. In gathering the crop, particular care should be taken to keep the stained and dirty Cotton separate from the more perfect, which may be done by each labourer having two bags, one for the stained and inferior, the other for good Cotton. The value of the latter would thus be greatly increased; and even the inferior would always find a market in England.

The next operation is that of separating the Cotton Wool from the seed. Of all the modes of effecting this, hand-picking is doubtless the best, because the most favourable state in which Cotton can be, for all manufacturing purposes, is, with the exception of being freed from the seed, that in which it is gathered from the plant. Whatever serves to entangle or mat the fibres, is injurious; because, when matted, they require in carding a greater force to separate them; and the effect of this is to break the staple, and otherwise to produce waste, and inconvenience to the manufacturer: besides which, a fine, clear, even thread, can hardly ever be produced from matted Cotton.

The process of separating the seed from the Cotton Wool by the hand, is in general attended with so much expense as to be impracticable: though in India, perhaps, for the cheapness of labour, the difficulty may be less. Machines have therefore been substituted for this purpose, called Gins, of which the common Foot Gin is probably the best. There is another kind, calculated to work by cattle, wind, or water, which may be introduced with advantage, but is more expensive and complicated.

The Black Seed, being loosely attached to the wool, is easily separated by the Gin, without injury to the staple. The Green Seed, on the contrary, adheres so closely to the wool, that it can only be separated by a Saw Gin, which cuts the staple, and depreciates the Cotton nearly one half; but if hand-picked, it would be more valuable. The Green Seed is more productive than the Black, but the wool of the latter is of considerably higher value. It is hardly necessary to observe, that that mode of ginning is to be preferred which tends least to break the seeds and entangle the fibres of the Cotton.

After the Cotton has been ginned, it should be carefully examined, and freed from all notes, broken seeds, stained wool, &c., as its value in Europe depends much on the condition in which it is packed.

The plants should be cut down every year within three or four inches of the ground. The time for doing this, which must be in the rainy season, ought to be regulated by the same circumstances which regulate the planting of the seed at first; and the subsequent management in this case will also be the same as has been already pointed out in the case of plants from the seed. It would be a great advantage, if every third, fourth, or fifth year at furthest, the plants were grubbed out, and their places supplied by means of fresh seed brought from a distance. This would prevent the Cotton from degenerating, which it never fails to do when it has been propagated in the same ground for many years without a change of seed, and would of course preserve its quality and maintain its reputation in the European markets.

Great care should be taken to prevent a mixture of the different kinds of seed in planting. Each kind should be kept perfectly distinct.

The process called switching, or beating the dirt out of the Cotton, by means of sticks, ought, if possible, never to be resorted to. The necessity of having recourse to this expedient, which can only arise from previous negligence, ought to be obviated by the means already pointed out: it deteriorates the quality, and consequently lowers the price of the Cotton.

In the gathering and hand-picking, and even ginning of Cotton, great use may be made of young children and infirm people, who are incapable of exertion of any other kind.

The Meeting adjourned to the 7th July next.

*At a special Meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India held within the Town Hall, on Wednesday the 7th July, at half past 4 o'clock.

SIR EDWARD RYAN, President, in the chair.

Mr. George Alexander, proposed Mr. G. A. Bushby, Secretary of the Revenue Board as a Member of the Society, Mr. Abbot seconded the proposal and that gentleman was duly elected.

Baboo Dwarkanath Tagore proposed Baboo Oshootosh Day as a Member, Mr. Robison seconded, and Baboo Oshootosh Day was duly elected.

The President submitted a letter, that had been addressed to him, by Miss Davy, the Lady whose treatises on the China and French method of rearing silk worms, were read at the last Meeting. The proposals contained in this letter, were considered by the Society, and the Secretary was requested to inform Miss Davy of its inability to aid her in the plan.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Miss Davy, for the treatises that she had forwarded and which were read at the last Meeting.

Read the following letters from Mr. Officiating Deputy Secretary MacNaghten.

To C. K. ROBISON, Esq.

Secretary, Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

SIR,—In continuation of my letter of 18th ultimo, I am directed by the Right Honourable the Governor General in Council to transmit, for the information of the Society, the annexed Copies of Extracts from the Proceedings of Government, in the General Department, under dates the 27th April, and 1st and 22d Instant; and to request, that you will take charge from the Export Warehouse Keeper of the Cotton and Tobacco Seeds, received by the ships mentioned therein. Orders for the disposal of the Saw Gins, have been already issued through the Board of Trade.

2. You will be pleased, with reference to Para. 4, of my letter of the date quoted above, to make up six small parcels of the Cotton Seed for transmission to Bundelkund, and other districts of the Western Provinces, (the soil of which is favourable to the growth of the article,) by the Sudder Board of Revenue, to whom the necessary instructions will be issued.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

W. H. MACNAGHTEN,

Council Chamber, June 29, 1830.

— Offg. Dpy. Sect. to the Govt.

To C. K. ROBISON, Esq.

Secretary, Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

SIR,—In continuation of my letter dated the 29th ultimo, I am directed by the Right Honourable the Governor General in Council, to forward to you for the purpose of being submitted to the Society, the accompanying Copy of an Extract from the Proceedings of Government in the General Department, under date the 29th ultimo, reporting that the Tobacco Seed, consigned by the Honourable the Court of Directors, on the ship *General Harris*, has been landed and deposited at the Export Warehouse.

2. The Society will observe from the foregoing Extract and from the Papers sent to you on the 29th ultimo, that the quantity of Seed already in deposit at the Export Warehouse, has been placed at the disposal of the Society. His Lordship in Council trusts, that this supply will be sufficient for all immediate purposes of experiment, the result of which, the Society will be pleased to report in detail for the information of Government and of the home authorities.

3. The Invoices accompanying these shipments, have, it is understood, been sent from the General Department to the Accountant General, by whom Copies will be furnished to you on your application.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

W. H. MACNAGHTEN,

Council Chamber, July 6, 1830.

— Actg. Dpy. Sect. to the Govt.

Extract from an Invoice of Civil Stores, laden on the Ship *William Fairlie*, Capt. Thomas Blair, dated London the 1st Jan. 1830.

Case 1—1 Saw Gin, for cleaning Cotton Wool from its seeds and impurities,
U G 1 a 3—3 Casks Upland Georgia Cotton Seeds, each Cask weighing nett lbs.
No. 1 451 No. 2 465 No. 3 402.

S I G No. 1.—1 Cask Sea Island ditto, weighing nett lbs. 121.
 No. 1 a 3.—3 Casks New Orleans ditto, weighing nett lbs. 203, 224, 289.
 D 1.—1 Keg Demerara ditto, weighing nett lbs. 14

Extract from an Invoice of Civil Stores, laden on the Ship Dunira, Captain John P. Wilson, dated London the 1st Jan. 1830.

No. 1, Saw Gin, for cleaning Cotton Wool, from its seeds and impurities contained in 1 case.

U G 1 a 3.—Upland Georgia Cotton Seeds, 3 Casks, viz. 3 Casks weighing nett lbs. No. 1 463, No. 2 425, No. 3. 124 total 1012 lbs.

S I G 1.—Sea Island Cotton Seeds 1 cask weighing nett 121 lbs.

No. 1 a 4.—New Orleans ditto 4 Casks, viz. 4 Casks containing each nett lbs. No. 1 441, No. 2 395, No. 3 441, No. 4. 441.

M F S.—Maryland Tobacco Seed, 1 box, containing 25 lbs. nett.

Extract from an Invoice of Civil Stores, laden on the ship General Hayn, Captain Joseph Stanton, dated London the 1st Feb. 1830.

Tobacco Seeds, 1 Barrel and 1 Case, viz.

V T S 1828 Barrel No. 1.—39 Bottles Virginia Tobacco Seed, growth 1828, weighing nett lbs. 33.

1829 Case No 2.—24 ditto ditto ditto, 1829, ditto 62.

The Secretary informed the Meeting, that one of the Saw Gins was now in the new Mint, and in progress of being completed by Captain Forbes, and sent to the Society's apartment in the Town Hall, for public inspection, and to afford an opportunity to Cotton growers of taking medals or copies from it.

He also stated that he had examined, at the Export Ware House, all the casks of Cotton Seed and boxes of Tobacco Seed sent out by the Court of Directors, which appeared in a dry state, and that he had removed all the Tobacco Seed and 4 casks of the Cotton to the Society's apartment within Town Hall, for their inspection and disposal.

Resolved, that the disposal of the Seeds be placed under the orders of the Agricultural Committee, which will meet on Wednesday the 14th July, at half past 4 o'clock to consider the applications which shall then have been made to the Secretary in terms of the Society's advertisement.

Sir Robert Colquhoun, on the part of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, presented a specimen of Cotton raised by that gentleman at Russapuglah.

The Garden Committee, appointed in May 1829, and re-elected in January last, submitted their Reports on the progress made in the Garden, since it had come under their management.

The thanks of the Meeting were voted to the Garden Committee, for their very interesting communications, and the same were ordered to be inserted in the proceedings of the Society.

1st Report of Horticultural or Garden Committee.

In framing a Report of the proceedings of the Horticultural Committee, to be laid before this Meeting, your Committee have thought it proper to revert to the original intentions of the Society in establishing the Garden at Allypore, with a view to ascertain, how far those objects have been attended with that success, which the Society had anticipated.

At a General Meeting of the Society, held on the 7th of May 1827, it was resolved that an Horticultural Garden should be established, and Mr. Palmer's ground, consisting of 30 bigahs, was accordingly rented at the sum of Rs. 100 per month, with the understanding, that the ground adjoining it, of about the same extent should be added to it, as soon as it could be procured.

The objects proposed by the Society, were as follows:

"The cultivation of the most approved and useful varieties of Fruits, to be planted and exhibited according to the different modes of cultivation belonging to each class, comprehending indigenous, as well as those of Great Britain, and Foreign countries; that new Fruits should be introduced, and these, as well as the descriptions already known, were to be subjected to various modes of treatment, in order to ascertain whether such Fruits could be acclimated; and the mode of culture, by which they can be made most effectually useful and productive.

"That esculent Vegetables should receive no less attention than Fruits, that new kinds were to be sought for, and brought into comparison with those already

"in use; and the whole subjected to such a course of investigation, and experiment, as would be the means of ascertaining the best varieties of each species, as well as the most advantageous modes of culture."

"That experiments of every nature appertaining to Horticulture, whether to verify former results or to try new practices proposed, should be undertaken and carried on with attention."

Your Committee deeply regret, that from the absence of all records, it will be impossible for them to furnish a progressive Report of the proceedings of former Committees, and of their experiments and results, from the first institution of the Garden, and it will only therefore remain for your present Committee, to lay before the Society, the measures they have adopted for the purpose of realizing the objects of the institution since the Horticultural branch of the Society has been intrusted to their management.

Before enumerating the different operations and experiments, which had been pursued, during the brief period that the present Committee have had the superintendence of the Garden, it may be proper to notice the state in which the Committee found the Garden, on assuming charge in the month of May, of the last year.

The ground was crowded with Plantain Trees, Timber Trees, and decayed Fruit Trees, of a worthless description, all tending to exhaust and impoverish the soil, and in the opinion of the Committee, to render it unavailable for Horticultural experiments. It was accordingly resolved, that before entering on any operations, a complete clearance should be made, which, with the sanction of the Society, was carried into effect. Your Committee having prepared the Garden in the manner deemed most favourable for the purpose, determined on trying experiments in manuring the ground, and the following composts were prepared and collected :

No. 1.

Lime.....	1	part.
Vegetable manure.....	2	ditto.
Soorkee.....	1	ditto.

No. 2.

Lime.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	part.
Cow dung.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	ditto.
Scourings of Severs.....	1	ditto.

No. 3.

Lime.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	part.
Sand.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	ditto.
Decayed Cow-dung.....	2	ditto.

No. 4.

Lime.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	part.
Old Stable-dung.....	2	ditto.
Vegetable manure and Scourings of Severs. }	$\frac{1}{2}$	ditto.

No. 5.

Lime.....	1	part.
Cow-dung.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	ditto.
Wood-ashes.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	ditto. *

No. 6.

Lime.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	part.
Cow-dung.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	ditto.
Pet sand.....	1	ditto.

Six plots of ground were then put under cultivation, each being well manured from the above detailed composts, and cropped with the same descriptions of Vegetables, with a view of ascertaining, under what particular compost, the most productive crops of different kinds of vegetables would be obtained. The result of these experiments, when fully ascertained, will be brought to the notice of the Society of the future period.

Your Committee have also endeavoured to obtain for the Garden, the finest descriptions of Fruit Trees, and are happy to be enabled to state to the Society that they have succeeded in preparing the following :

viz.

Grafts from English imported Apple Trees upon Loquat stocks.
Grafts from the celebrated Seville Orange, introduced by the late Mr. Bentley.
Grafts from the Mozambique Orange Trees, introduced by Mr. Blaquiere.
Grafts from the Nectarine Trees, introduced by Mr. Burnett.
Grafts from some very superior Peach Trees, introduced by Mr. John Master and Mr. C. K. Robinson.

Grafts from Europe Mulberry Trees.
 Grafts from Fig Trees from the Cape.
 Grafts Leechees lately imported from Canton.
 Grafts Guavas from Manilla.
 Grafts Mango Trees from Manilla, introduced by Mr. Larruleta.
 Grafts Mango Trees from Malda.
 Grafts Mango Trees from Bombay.
 Grafts Mango Trees from Gazeepore.
 Grafts Mango Trees from Madras.
 Grafts Mango Trees from China.
 Grafts Mango Trees from Moorshedabad.
 The Annona Cheromoya.
 Sour Sop.
 Allegator Pear. *
 Sapota.

A variety of the choicest Pine Apple plants, have been presented to the Society, by Mr. Gwatkin of Madras, and by Mr. N. Alexander, from Dacca.

And the Society has also received the *Padium guineensis* or West India Guava.

Akee.
 Aloo Bakhura.
 Apple, Spondias Dulies.
 Grape Vines, Persian.
 Grape Vines, Cape.
 Grape Vines, White Crystal.
 Grape Vines, Gazeepore.
 Grape Vines, Red Muscadell.
 Honey Pod.

The following Fruit Trees have through the kindness of Friends been procured from the Eastern Islands.

The Dooka.
 The Namuam.
 The Mangusteen.
 The Nutmeg.

A variety of Grafts have also been taken from trees already in the Garden, and the attention of the Committee has been called to the mode of propagating different species by layers, and also by the China mode of grafting, and successful experiments have been made therein.

Your Committee have also ordered that every new tree received into the Garden should have a small spelter Plate, containing a number, fastened to it when planted out, which numbers are entered in a book, kept for that purpose, in which also the description of tree, the donors name, and the manner in which such trees are disposed of, will for the future be regularly entered.

The Committee have endeavoured to carry into effect the resolution of the Society, that such Grafts and Plants as can be spared should be liberally distributed to all applicants, and a considerable distribution has accordingly been made.

The former experiment as to the culture of the Grape Vines having failed.

The Vines have been removed to another part of the Garden better adapted to their cultivation, and have been replanted in a rich compost, prepared for their reception and strong Trelles work has been erected for their support, to which they are now trained. The result of the present experiments shall at a future period be presented to the Society.

Your Committee have also to bring to the notice of the Society, that they have erected a cistern of Pucka Masonry, for the reception of the beautiful Madras Brahmin Lotus, and other aquatic plants; that they have purchased a pair of strong efficient Bullocks for the use of the Garden, together with such Garden Tools as were requisite. That an English pump has also been erected on the large Tank with moveable wooden Troughs for the purpose of irrigating the Garden. And that such books on Horticulture have also been procured as were considered necessary.

Your Committee have also erected a new Gatéway, and Porter's lodge, and have caused the Garden walks to be dug up, and new laid with Kunkur. The borders have been dressed, and planted with flowering shrubs.

At the proper season of the last year, English and acclimated Garden Vegetable seeds were distributed to the Members of the Society, as also to ninety native Gardeners in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, to whom plants were likewise bestowed.

Your Committee have also sent English seeds to various parts of the Upper Provinces, for the purpose of being acclimated, but they regret to state, that consider-

able disappointment has been experienced by one entire investment of seeds sent out to them by Mr. Cunningham having totally failed.

In consequence of this, your Committee have, under the sanction of the Society, taken the necessary measures to secure supplies for the next season from China, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of France, New South Wales, and the Neigherries. Experiments are now under operation in Pruning old Mango Trees, raising Asparagus, and Celery, agreeable to the English modes, and Potatoes from Ships, or culmams. The attention of your Committee has also been particularly called to the cultivation of Virginian and Persian Tobacco and to the Cotton from South America, Egypt and Bourbon, from seeds presented to the Society by Mr. Smithson in the name of his friend Mr. Rawson of the firm of Messrs. Rawson and Co. of London.

Your Committee have thought it right to bring to the notice of the Society the great success which has attended the cultivation of the West Indian Arrow Root. ~~Some~~ about the 10th part of a Begah, upwards of 35 Quarts of Arrow Root were prepared, and distributed to the families of Members during the last season, and have proved of the first quality.—A Begah of ground has been planted out by your Committee with off sets from the above plants, which it is confidently expected will yield an equally productive crop of this valuable root for the ensuing season.

Your Committee do not think it necessary to dwell on the great advantage which the public here must derive from the introduction of an article of such constant demand, and for the supply of which the public has hitherto been obliged to the Foreign markets alone.

A new piece of ground has been rented measuring 6 Begahs very conveniently situated with reference to the Garden, it has been properly enclosed and richly manured, and appropriated to the cultivation of such productions as although coming under the cognizance of the Garden Committee, do not strictly belong to Garden culture. For the present, it has been planted with Arrow Root, Coffee, Plantains, and American Flax, and will in future, be available for experiments in the cultivation and production of Sugar-cane, Cotton, and Tobacco, according to the directions of the Society.

In conclusion your Committee would beg to recall the attention of the Society that all the plans and experiments entered into by your Committee, are still in a state of infancy and that your Committee can only hope their future Reports, may in some degree at least, prove that the expectations of the Society have not been disappointed, nor the care and attention of your Committee, altogether thrown away.

For the Garden Committee,

W. M. CAREY, *Presdt.*

Calcutta, 11th January, 1830.

2d Report.

Since preparing the foregoing Report, your Committee have been furnished with a list of the Prizes and Medals which have been distributed by this Society to the different candidates, from the first institution of the Society to the present period, which your Committee have great pleasure in now bringing to the notice of the Society.

In so doing your Committee cannot but advert, with feelings of the highest satisfaction, to the display of vegetables produced at the last annual exhibition, and distribution of Prizes at the Town Hall on the 13th of January of this present year, a display which would have done honor to any climate, or to any even the most improved system of Horticulture. And when it is considered, that the greater part of the vegetables then produced, were till within these last few years, of a species wholly unknown to the native gardeners, and that their cultivation has been chiefly fostered by the support and countenance of this Society, your Committee must congratulate the Society, on the great and practical benefits which have arisen from the exertions of this institution.

Your Committee would now also briefly notice, that of the experimental composts referred to in their 1st report, that detailed under No. 3. has been considered as by far the most successful, the vegetables produced therefrom, having been of a very superior quality.

Your Committee have great pleasure in stating that their experiment in the production of Celery, has been very satisfactory, and that the plants produced under their superintendence, have been considered both in size, and flavour, as very superior to those hitherto produced in India. The mode adopted was that pursued by Mr. Judd, and described in Loudon's Encyclopedia of Gardening, page 722, as follows:—

Judd says, "I prepare the ground for transplanting, by trenching it two spades-deep, mixing with it in the operation a good dressing of well reduced dung from the old forcing beds, I give it a second trenching, that the dung may be better incorporated with the mould, and then leave it in as rough a state as possible till plants are ready to put out. In the ground thus prepared, I form trenches twenty inches wide and six inches deep, at six feet distance from each other measuring from the centre of each trench, before planting, I reduce the depth of each trench to three inches by filling in sufficient dung to fill them so much up; at the time of planting, if the weather be dry, the trenches are well watered in the morning, and the Plants are put on, six inches apart, in the row, in the evening, care being taken, by the mode above mentioned to keep the fibres quite wet whilst out of ground; *as they are drawn from the nursery bed, the plants are dressed for planting, and then laid regularly in the garden-pau. The trenches in which my rows of celery are planted being so very shallow the roots of the plants grow nearly on a level with the surface of the ground: thus I consider particularly advantageous, for as considerable rotities are necessarily framed on each side when the moulding takes place, all injury from stagnant water or excess of moisture is prevented. The trenches when planted are watered, as may be required. He adds that he proposes the ground for celery during the winter and avoids putting much of a crop between the trenches, especially one that grows tall as he finds, that celery does best when it grows as open as possible."

The Flax from North America, which was sown in November produced a very abundant crop, but as your Committee were not in possession of any precise information, as to the process of preparing it, the seed alone was preserved for future experiments. Mr. Holdsworth, who is acquainted with the most approved works of preparing the flax, has kindly offered the Committee the benefit of his experience in any future experiments.

A very luxuriant crop has been produced from the Virginian, and Persian Tobacco seed, as mentioned by your Committee in their Report, and the Leaf is now under preparation according to the mode adopted in America. The result will be submitted to the Society, with specimens of the Tobacco.

Your Committee would also mention that they have been enabled to distribute 177 Grafts from the choicest fruit Trees, and 147 flowering shrubs of a rare species, since the commencement of the present year, and they trust that they shall be enabled in the course of a short time greatly to encrease that number.

For the Horticultural or Garden Committee,

WM. CAREY, *President, Garden Committee.*

Calcutta, 1st June, 1830.

List of Mallies who have gained the Medals and First Prizes of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society for the best Potatoes, Cauli-flowers, Cabbages, Peas, Asparagus and Strawberries, since 1st January 1827, when these prizes were instituted, viz.

Exhibition and competition of 1827, held on the 1st January.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Ramtono of Gobrah, for the best Potatoes.

Silver Medal to Hulloobur of Intally, for the best Peas.

Silver Medal to the same Ramtono for the best Cauliflowers.

Silver Medal and twenty Rupees to the same Ramtono, for the best Cabbage.

2d Exhibition and competition of 1827, held on 24th January.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Eusuf of Moocheekolah for the best Potatoes.

Silver Medal to Surroop Doss, of Motee Jeel for the best Peas.

Silver Medal to Jaroolah of Allipore, for the best Cauliflowers.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Petumber Doss of Moocheekolah, for the best Cabbages.

3d Exhibition and competition of 1827, held on the 16th April.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Petumber Doss of Mootee Jeel for the best Asparagus.

* When the plants are from two or three inches high, he pricks out into a nursery bed, immersing the plants, as he draws them in water, so as they may remain moist while out of the ground. The plants remain in the nursery bed till they become very strong.

Exhibition and competition of 1828 held on the 9th January.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Jussuf of Moocheekolah, for the best Potatoes.

Silver Medal to Cossinauth Doss of Chitpore for the best Murrow fat Peas.

Silver Medal to Nubho Kistine of Kidderpore for the best Cauliflowers.

Silver Medal to Hulludhur of Sunnae, for the best Sugar-loaf Cabbages.

2d Exhibition and competition of 1828 held on the 16th January.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Sona Oollah of Moocheekolah for the best Potatoes.

Silver Medal to Binauth of Sonae for the best Cauliflowers.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Krishana of Dum-Dum road, for the best Peas.

Silver Medal to Petumber of Mootes Jeel, for the best Sugar loaf Cabbages.

Silver Medal to Rammohun Ghose of Kidderpore, for the best Cow of a true Native breed.

Exhibition and competition on the 14th January, 1829.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Shumbhoo of Dowlutpore, for the best Potatoes.

Silver Medal to Sunkur of Shyam Bazar, for the best Peas.

Silver Medal to Umeer of Moonsalaga, for the best Cauliflowers.

Silver Medal to Firoollah of Moocheekolah for the best Cabbages.

Exhibition and competition on the 13th January, 1830.

Silver Medal and forty Rupees to Gooroochurn Doss of Moocheekolah, for the best Cauliflowers.

Silver Medal to Peetumber Doss of Mootes Jeel for the best Cabbages.

Silver Medal to Anunderam of Singoor, for the best Potatoes.

Read the following report by Garden Committee on the future importation of fruit trees, for the use of the Society.

"At a Meeting of the Garden Committee held within the Town Hall on Saturday the 3d day of July, 1830, it was Resolved, to propose to the Society at its next General Meeting, that in place of commissioning, as heretofore, the whole of our grafted fruit trees from Liverpool to the extent of Rs. 1,000, that sum be placed at the disposal of the Committee, for the purpose of obtaining grafted fruit trees from the places following, viz. England, France, Cape of Good Hope, Brazils, Portugal and Van Dieman's Land."

Resolved, that the report be approved of, and that Rs. 1000 be now placed at the disposal of the Garden Committee for the purposes mentioned in the report.

The Secretary to the Garden Committee, stated that the sum of Rs. 500, placed at its disposal last year for the purpose of procuring Garden Seeds from the Cape, Van Dieman's Land, China, the Neelgherries, and the Upper Provinces, for distribution among the Members of the Society, and Native Malles, during the present season, has been carefully applied, and he hoped soon to report a favourable result;—he now was requested to state the wish of the Committee to be permitted to remit Rs. 500, to England and France for the purpose of procuring Seeds from those countries for distribution as hitherto, during the season of 1831.

It was doubted whether the Funds of the Society would permit such a further demand upon them, and at the same time pay the expense of printing a second vol. of its transactions now in hand, but in consequence of Baboo Ram Comul Sen, Collector, stating that a very considerable arrear of subscriptions was due to the Society; it was resolved, to sanction this further grant for the purchase of Seeds, and the Collector was requested to exert himself in collecting the arrears.

The Garden Committee placed on the Table a box of Cheroots (consisting of about 3000) manufactured from Tobacco raised in the Society's Garden from the Seed of the Peraian Tobacco furnished last year by Mr. Piddington; each Member present, was requested to take a portion, and report his opinion on the quality of the Tobacco, at the next meeting of the Society.

The Garden Committee further stated, that they had lately sent home a case of the same Tobacco in leaf, for the inspection of the Honourable the Court of Directors.

The following Report of the Garden Committee was approved of at the Meeting of 23d June, but omitted to be inserted in the proceedings.

At a Meeting of the Garden Committee of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society held in the Town Hall on Monday the 24th May, 1830, the following pro-

posals were read, and it was Resolved, that the same should be submitted to the Society at their first general Meeting for approval:---

"The object of the Society in incurring the expence of importing Trees from England, being to introduce and spread throughout India the best descriptions of European Fruits; to effect which we should endeavour to insure for them the most careful and skilful treatment on their first arrival, as well as the most congenial climate afterwards. With this view, it is proposed that the system hitherto adopted of selling the plants, be discontinued, and, the Horticultural Committee be authorized to make the best arrangements they can for the attainment of the wished-for ends.

Bengal having been found the most ungenial climate for English Trees, it is proposed that only a small portion be distributed here, and to those only of the European and Native gentlemen, whose Horticultural tastes, gardens, and establishments, hold out a fair prospect of successful cultivation.

The Hill Provinces being the most promising climate for European productions, it is proposed that, as many plants, as can possibly be spared, be transmitted to them on their arrival, and that as the Sylhet Hills are in point of facility of access particularly favourable, our first despatch be to that quarter, Mr. D. Scott having kindly undertaken their superintendence, and propagation by grafting on hill stocks.

That they be also forwarded to Poonah, where, through the influence of Mr. Hodgson, Resident in Nepal, hill stocks could be easily procured for grafting on.

Could the difficulty of distance be surmounted it is desirable that a portion of the Trees be sent to Katmandoo, and placed under Mr. Hodgson's care, more especially some Gooseberries and Filberts.

It might also be advisable to give some of the Trees a trial at the following stations, viz. Patna, Purneah, Hazareebaug, Rungpore, and Dacca.

That besides the Native gentlemen, who may be in possession of good gardens in and near Calcutta, Trees be sent to the Hon'ble Company's Botanic garden, to the garden at Barrackpore, Mr. Havel's farm, at Dinapore, and to such European gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, as are known by the Committee to be good Horticulturalists."

For the Garden Committee,

(Signed)

R. D. COLQUHOUN, Secy. Gar. Committee.

CALCUTTA TRADE ASSOCIATION.

At a numerous Meeting of the Tradesmen of Calcutta, held at the Exchange Rooms, on Monday, the 5th July, at 9 A. M. pursuant to circular invitation and public Advertisement, for the purpose of adopting some measures for their general benefit—Mr. Samuel Smith being called to the Chair, addressed the meeting to the following effect:—

Gentlemen, I feel, as I ought to do, the honor you have done me, in calling upon me to preside over this numerous and respectable Meeting. I could have wished, however, that you had selected some person better fitted than myself to explain the objects of the Meeting, and to represent the wealth and talent here assembled: but as your choice has fallen on me, I shall endeavour, to the best of my ability, properly to discharge the onerous duties that belong to the Chair. In so doing, I hope for your indulgence and support: your indulgence if I should be found wanting, as I fear I shall, in the duty of Chairman of a Public Meeting which I am now for the first time, called upon to perform, and your support should you perceive any approach to disorder and confusion, which would reflect disgrace upon us and the objects we are assembled to discuss; while good order and good feeling will advance our cause and be creditable to us all collectively and individually. But I have little fear on this subject; for I do not anticipate any confusion and having called me to this Chair, I am sure you will view my efforts with indulgence and support, if necessary in the execution of my duty.

"I shall not waste your time, which I know is valuable, by any useless expenditure of words, nor by any vain attempts at fine speaking; I have not the gift, and if I had, I would not exercise it on this occasion. I shall, as I think you will desire that I should, proceed at once, in a brief and business-like way, to explain the origin and the objects of the Association we are here assembled to establish.

The case of a Subaltern Officer of the Bengal Army, who has lately obtained the benefit of the Insolvent Act, occasioned several meetings amongst the principal Tradesmen of Calcutta, who, at a general Meeting, appointed a Provisional Committee, to take into consideration certain suggestions which had been made for the general benefit of the Tradesmen of Calcutta; the Committee having fulfilled the duties entrusted to it, is now desirous to lay the result of its labours before this Meeting in the shape of proposed resolutions, which the Members consider the best method of accomplishing the desired object.

Although the case I have alluded to, may be considered as the *immediate* cause, still the great progressive cause which has led to this meeting, and which must, sooner or later, have had a similar result, is the system of indiscriminate and almost unlimited credit which has for many years obtained to the serious injury of the honest Tradesman and the manifest disadvantage of that portion of the public who have been in the habit of paying for what they have purchased.

At the time when that indiscriminate and almost unlimited credit, of which we complain, first obtained, the European population was small and wealthy; Tradesmen were few and well supported; their profits were large; their bills were paid sooner or later, with good interest; and if, occasionally, gentlemen in the H. Co.'s Civil or Military Service did, in the course of years, contract debts to a larger amount than they were able to pay, they could, when their creditors became clamorous, always apply, with success, to their agents, when the matter was forthwith adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties.

But the times are sadly altered, Gentlemen, in and out of the Service, have still continued to obtain the usual credit, but they have not their former means—almost all the allowances in the Civil Service have been greatly reduced; Half Batta has been introduced into the Army; Money has become scarce; the Agents are not now, as formerly, ready to become peace-makers between Debtors and Creditors, and the consequence is that Debtors cannot pay as they used to do; the Insolvent Court relieves those who apply to it; while Creditors have but a choice of difficulties: they must quietly lose their money or adopt legal measures, neither of which steps are advisable or agreeable. I know no course to recommend but that they join us in establishing an Association for the purpose of protecting ourselves from continued losses and ultimate ruin. We must suit our terms of business to the times we live in; we must understand with whom it is safe to deal and endeavour to adopt measures for the realization of the outstandings due to us.

These outstandings are not of small amount; the total of ten establishments, who have handed in memorandums, amount to no less a sum than about 50 lacs of Rupees; this sum does not include several of the largest establishments, amongst which are the three Auction Houses, and I am led to believe, that the total amount of debts due to the tradesmen of Calcutta, is not less than a crore of rupees, or a million of English money.

I have now, I hope intelligibly, explained the origin and nature of the proposed Association; its objects, will be more distinctly stated in several resolutions, which will be submitted to the consideration of this meeting. These resolutions will also give an outline, sufficient to enable the Committee to draw up a code of regulations, for the future management of the Association.

I shall delay you no longer than to suggest, that if good order and proper feeling be maintained, as I have no doubt they will, we shall get through much

business in an hour and be able to return to our respective occupations without having occasioned or suffered any inconvenience by our attendance here. With this view I beg to suggest, that any Tradesman present, who is desirous to make any proposition will do so in writing, and hand it to Mr. Hadow, who has kindly undertaken the office of Honorary Secretary for this occasion—he will be called upon to speak in support of his proposition in due course.

Any person desirous to address the Meeting on the general question of the advantage or propriety of our proceeding to establish the proposed Association, agreeably to the Circular Letter and Advertizement, which has appeared in all the Calcutta Papers, will have an opportunity of doing so, when the first resolution is proposed, which embraces that subject.

I have but one more observation to make: it has been asked why in our circular* we have only invited "TRADESMEN" by which it has been suggested, is generally understood *Shopkeepers or Retail Dealers*? The Provisional Committee who approved and issued that circular did not so understand the term: they considered that all who *bought and sold* were Tradesmen: Merchants were Tradesmen, wholesale it is true, but still Tradesmen; Artists they considered also as Tradesmen; Artists buy materials, add thereto their talent and labor and the produce is sold:—they considered, in short, as Tradesmen. every man connected in any way with Trade, and thought they were using the most comprehensive term, the English language afforded. It was their object to do so and it is therefore I am desirous to explain, that we consider all persons, embraced within the fullest acceptation of the term, to be eligible as Members of the proposed Association, and to be entitled to speak and vote at this Meeting.

If there be any other point that requires explanation, I shall be happy to afford it to the best of my information, and where that is deficient, the Tradesmen who form the Provisional Committee will, I am sure, assist me.

The information afforded by the Chairman, being considered sufficiently full and clear, he concluded by moving

Resolution I.—That an Association be forthwith formed to be denominated the CALCUTTA TRADE ASSOCIATION, and that its objects be as follows:—

1st. To encourage the adoption of the system of ready money payments which prevails in all other parts of the world, and which enables the Tradesman to sell at lower rates than those of Calcutta can afford to do from the prevalence of the ruinous system of indiscriminate credit which has obtained for many years, to the serious injury of the Tradesman and the manifest disadvantage of the public.

2nd. To define the terms of credit when credit is allowed, and to prescribe measures calculated to ensure payment and guard against future loss where the terms of that credit are violated.

* The following is a copy of the Circular.

Calcutta, 28th June, 1830.

At a General Meeting of the Tradesmen of the Town of Calcutta, held at the Office of Messrs. Leyburn and Co. on Saturday, the 12th instant, a Committee of thirteen Members was appointed, to take into their consideration, certain propositions for the formation of a Society for general benefit, and to frame therefrom some plan for carrying into effect the object of these propositions.

The Committee having to the best of their ability, performed the duties entrusted to them, beg to invite your attendance at a General Meeting to be held at the Exchange Rooms, on Monday next, the 5th July, at the hour of 9 A. M. when the prospectus and propositions which they have prepared will be submitted to the consideration of the Meeting, and, if approved, the Association will at once be formed, and commence its operations as speedily as practicable.

It being peculiarly desirable that the Meeting now convened should be as general as possible, each establishment is requested to send at least one Member, and to assist in making it generally known, that all Tradesmen are invited to attend, whether personally addressed

Chair to be taken at 9 A. M. precisely.

3rd. To encourage a friendly communication amongst persons engaged in business in Calcutta, especially on subjects involving their common interests ; an object which appears hitherto to have been neglected.

The above motion being seconded by Mr. W. H. Twentyman, the Chairman asked if any persons present wished to address themselves to the motion before the Meeting, as he should be happy to hear any suggestions or improvements that might be offered, and to be guided entirely by the sense of the Meeting.

No person appearing to object, the Resolution was put, and carried *unanimously*.

Mr. Hadow then rose, and addressed the Meeting to the following effect :—
“ In rising to propose to you, gentlemen, the second resolution, I shall not detain you by many observations as it must be unnecessary for me to give my sentiments, after the Chairman has so ably and so clearly explained to you the immediate objects of the Association. I consider the great object in the formation of such an Association will be to make it as general as possible, and I therefore beg to propose

Resolution II.—That it do consist of an unlimited number of Merchants, Tradesmen, Artists, and others who may be disposed to aid in the accomplishment of the objects of this Association.

This Resolution being seconded by Mr. Burkinyoung, was carried *unanimously*.

Mr. John Hastie said that in order to carry the objects of the Association more fully into effect, he should propose

Resolution III.—That the affairs of the Association be managed by a Committee consisting of a President and thirteen Members including a Treasurer and Secretary, to be elected annually—any five Members to form a quorum.

This Resolution was seconded by Mr. A. Rogers and carried *unanimously*.

Mr. W. F. Gibbon proposed, that the following gentlemen be elected to form a Committee for the ensuing year :—

Mr. Gibbon here read a list which was seconded by Mr. A. Pittar, but which was amended at the suggestion of Mr. Parker and the following Committee was appointed :—

Messrs. S. Smith, C. S. Hadow, R. S. Thomson, W. H. Twentyman, Geo. Jessop, H. McKellar, F. Burkinyoung, D. Mills, A. Rogers, George Shearwood, John Hastie, John McFarlan, Geo. Parbury, and J. P. Parker.

Mr. R. S. Thomson next rose and spoke nearly to the following effect :—
Gentlemen, there is no point more important or that will tend more to increase the stability of the Association than a judicious selection of one, who has the will as well as the ability to preside over your Meetings for the first season of its operation. I am aware of the difficulties, under which a man labours who has the helm to guide of an infant Society such as the present ; the channels of its usefulness are yet unopened to us ; the good to be derived from thus uniting yourselves together, cannot be ascertained without putting in practice those resolutions which have been submitted for your approval, and I have not the least doubt but the judgement and discrimination of the gentleman I am about to propose as your President, connected with the zeal of a well selected Committee, will realize all the objects of the association to its fullest extent and the satisfaction of those who may become its Members. It has been the wish of the Committee to confine or limit the objects of the Association within such bound as are unlikely to retard its progress or destroy its permanency. That it has been much wanted in Calcutta amongst the Merchants and Tradesmen must be obvious to you all and when the good effects of its operation begin to be realized you will then wonder at the apathy and unsociableness which has supervened and kept you so long strangers to each other, except in

name. One would think the utility and prosperity of such Societies, which exist every where else, would have long ago acted as a spur to the Citizens of Calcutta not to be held up to the world as a solitary exception. Public spirit seems to have been extinct, or if it has ever had an existence in this City of Palaces, selfish motives or private interest have always been at hand to crush it in the bud. It is true we are but sojourners in a land which was once known to be flowing with milk and honey, but those days are gone by, I am sorry to say, and they may consider themselves lucky indeed who can gather sufficient of the cream of the one or the sweets of the other (to continue the figurative expression) to enable them to leave it with any degree of comfort or independence. It therefore becomes the more necessary to guard against losses in trade as much as possible by a more friendly intercourse amongst ourselves and to establish a fund for the purpose of carrying that into execution, is, what I understand to be the principal object of the association; the details must be left to a Committee in whose judgement the members can place unlimited confidence and that the details may be so framed as not to clog the infant society with too many purposes to accomplish, I most strenuously recommend. For this reason I have declined at present bringing to the notice of the meeting my wish for extending its usefulness beyond the present resolutions; at some future period I may press it, when the association may be able to assume a more important aspect and stand on higher ground and in a situation which will give it stronger claims on your assistance and support.

Mr. Smith has with much clearness and perspicuity shewn to you what benefits may be derived from an association so formed, which has for its object the public good as well as your own private advantage. From Mr. Smith's general knowledge of the mode of conducting such societies; the means he possesses of obtaining the best information, and his well known zeal on behalf of every thing he undertakes, I consider the duties of Chairman to this association could not light on better shoulders, and I feel persuaded his unwearied application to its best interests will not be wanting to fully realize our most sanguine expectations; I therefore move

Resolution V.—That Mr. Samuel Smith be requested to undertake the duties of President of the Association.

This Resolution having been seconded by Mr. C. S. Hadow, Mr. Smith called upon the Meeting to reflect well before they appointed him to fill the important Office of President of the Association and to consider maturely if they could not appoint one more fully qualified to fulfil its duties; but the meeting appearing to desire his acceptance of the office, the Resolution was put by the Mover and carried *unanimously*.

Mr. Smith expressed himself much gratified with this fresh instance of the confidence which the Meeting reposed in him and pledged himself not to be wanting in zeal for the cause; but he feared that the Tradesmen of Calcutta would be disappointed, in the high expectations which they appeared to entertain of him, and if they were so, they must not blame him but themselves, as he had confessed his deficiencies and solicited them to amend their nomination. As they had, however, elected him, he hoped they would afford him the aid of the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Hadow who was one of the first and most zealous promoters of the Association and who, he thought, would have made much better Chairman than himself. He begged permission to propose

Resolution VI.—That Mr. C. S. Hadow be requested to undertake the duties of Treasurer and Honorary Secretary to the Association.

• This Resolution was seconded by Mr. R. S. Thomson and carried *unanimously*.

Mr. H. McKellar next moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. W. H. Twentyman, and carried *unanimously*.

Resolution VII.—That an Assistant Secretary, with such office establishment as to the Committee may seem requisite, be allowed to the Treasurer and Secretary, from the funds of the Society.

Mr. George Jessop begged to propose the next Resolution which was seconded by Mr. G. Parbury.

Resolution VIII.—That each Individual or Firm becoming a Member of the Association do pay the sum of Fifty Sicca Rupees into the hands of the Treasurer, as a donation towards forming a Fund for the use of the Society.

Mr. Finlay thought such a Resolution was premature before the Meeting could know what the expences were likely to be and he would move as an amendment—

That on an estimate of the necessary expences being furnished the Members of the Association be called upon to pay their equal shares.

Mr. Hadow reminded Mr. Finlay that such would be in opposition to one of the principal objects of the Association, viz. the adoption of a system of ready money payments.

This Amendment was not seconded.

Some gentlemen appearing to think the subscription should be brought within the means of all classes of Traders, Mr. W. H. Twentyman proposed

That instead of a fixed sum of fifty rupees, the donation upon admittance to the Society, the sum be left to the discretion of the party wishing to become a member.

This Amendment having been seconded by Mr. Jacobs, was put to the vote, but lost by a considerable majority.

The original motion was then put and carried.

Mr. G. Parbury said, that as the Meeting had disposed of the last question, he would beg to propose the next Resolution, which was seconded by Mr. P. Palmer, and carried *unanimously*.

Resolution IX.—That a Monthly Subscription of Six Sicca Rupees towards the aforesaid Funds be levied from each Member, to be paid on presentation of a receipt signed by the Treasurer and Secretary.

Mr. W. H. Twentyman proposed the next resolution which was to the following effect:

Resolution X.—That the Meetings of the Committee be held as frequently as to the Members may seem requisite for the welfare of the Association.

This resolution was seconded by Mr. J. Jacobs, and carried *unanimously*.

Mr. A. Rogers proposed

Resolution XI.—That the Committee be requested to form a Sub Committee, consisting of as many Members as to them may seem adequate, for the purpose of framing a code of Regulations for the government of the Association, founded upon the propositions carried at the present Meeting.

The above resolution was seconded by Mr. Twentyman and *unanimously* adopted.

Mr. Hadow proposed

Resolution XII.—That the Committee be authorised, upon application from an Individual or firm, properly proposed and seconded, to proceed to ballot for his admission to the Association, and that if elected, such party shall be considered a member.

This was seconded by Mr. John Hastie and *unanimously* carried. Mr. Twentyman proposed

Resolution XIII.—That a quarterly General Meeting be held on the first Monday of January, April, July and October, when a report of the progress of the Society, together with a statement of its funds, will be submitted for the information of the Members.

Mr. W. Turner seconded this resolution which was carried *unanimously*.

Mr. Burkiyoung said, he had a Resolution to propose without which he considered there would be no Association at all, and it was

Resolution XIV.—That all persons present, who desire to become Members of this Association do forthwith enter their names as such, in a book provided for the purpose, which will remain open at the office of the Secretary for the reception of names to the end of the present week, and that no one whose name is not entered previous to six o'clock on the evening of Saturday the 10th July, can be admitted without ballot.

The above Resolution was seconded by Mr. Allardice and carried *unanimously*.

It was next proposed by Mr. George Parbury and seconded by Mr. R. S. Thomson—

Resolution XV.—That the thanks of this Meeting be voted to Messrs. Macdonald, Lyall and Co. for having most obligingly allowed the Meeting to be held in their rooms—carried *unanimously*.

It was next moved by Mr. R. S. Thomson and seconded by Mr. Twentyman:

Resolution XVI.—That Mr. C. S. Hadow is entitled to the thanks of this Meeting for his kindness in undertaking the duties of Secretary and for the great zeal he has evinced in the establishment of the CALCUTTA TRADE ASSOCIATION.

The Chairman having dismissed the Meeting, it was proposed by Mr. Dykes, seconded by Mr. Rogers and carried *unanimously*.

Resolution XVII.—That the thanks of this Meeting be given to Mr. Samuel Smith for his able conduct in the Chair.

The Chair was taken at half-past nine, and the Meeting broke up at half-past ten, A. M.

OCHTERLONY MONUMENT.

It is with great reluctance and much regret that the Committee elected at the General Meeting of Subscribers, for deciding on Plans, and Superintending the Erection of the Monument to the Memory of Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, are now constrained to appeal to the public.

It is generally known, that Messrs. Palmer and Co. at the request of the General Meeting, undertook to collect the Money subscribed, taking charge by the same at the current rate of interest. In consequence, however, of that firm stopping payment, a great part of the Fund placed in their hands is, of course, lost, and the remainder for an indefinite period, rendered utterly unavailable for the completion of the Monument.

The Committee having approved of the Estimate submitted by Mr. Parker, Architect, a Bond was entered into with that person, to which some of the Members of the Committee, signed their names, guaranteeing to him, as per Estimate, the payment of Sixty Rupees 30,000, for the erection of the Monument, according to an approved plan—part by Instalments during the progress of the work, and part on its completion; as also the liquidation of such unforeseen, extra, or contingent expenses, as might, on consideration, be deemed absolutely necessary, and should be ordered in writing by C. K. Robinson, Esquire—who kindly undertook to act as Surveyor to the Committee.

•The sum for which Palmer and Co. credited the Committee, amounted, exclusive of Interest, to Sicca Rupees 37,000. Of this amount Sicca Rupees 15,000 have been advanced to Mr. Parker, and the remainder of Sicca Rupees 22,000—as already stated, is for the present unfortunately rendered unavailable for the objects in view—although the Subscribers to the Bond are legally accountable to Mr. Parker as follows :—

For half the amount of the Original Estimate,	15,000
<i>Contingent extra charges sanctioned by C. K. Robison, Esq. vis.</i>	
—Additional piles and foundation,	1,080
—Stone roof over door-way and iron gate,	200
—Fixing and engraving marble slabs,	500
—Extra stone in the Capital,	250

Total still due to Mr. Parker, Sa. Rs. 17,030

Mr. Parker, who has actually expended about twenty-two thousand Rupees upon the work, has applied for a further remittance to enable him to proceed, and the Subscribers to the Bond with him are thus, owing to an unforeseen misfortune, placed in a situation of unexpected personal responsibility on account of an object of Public Interest.

As to the progress of the work, it may be proper to state for the information of people in the Interior, that the first Tower and Shaft are completed, and the Capital is nearly finished, so that the whole, including the upper Tower and Dome, can be completed in two months time, if funds are available. To persons at the Presidency, its appearance now is so grandly developed, that by the most casual observer the Ochterlony Monument cannot fail to be immediately recognised as one of the most conspicuously ornamental features of the Capital of British India. As such alone, it will be most interesting, putting aside its more sacred claims to admiration, as commemorating the distinguished and glorious career of one whose eminent merits were not only honorable to himself, but to the country, which was the cherished scene of his services and exploits—that country, to the interests of which he was, through life, so entirely devoted.

Under all these circumstances, the Committee confidently make this appeal to the liberality of the admirers of Sir David Ochterlony, fully assured that even those who have already subscribed will assert their continued respect for his Memory, by enabling the Committee to proceed actively with the Monument consecrated to his talents and his virtues; and that those who, on the former occasion were, from absence or other causes, prevented from contributing, will now gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to do so.

Calcutta, April, 1830.

At the request of the Committee, Messrs. Mackintosh and Co. have kindly consented to receive the amount of the several Subscriptions, and will grant receipts.

J. BRYANT, Secretary.

INSOLVENT COURT,—JUNE 17TH AND 18TH.

PALMER AND CO.

On the former day several of the Assignees of Messrs. Palmer and Co. attended the Court, for the purpose of submitting certain questions to the Presiding Judge, Sir Edward Ryan, who thought it better they should be deferred till the next day, in order that the benefit of the learned Chief Justice's opinion might also be obtained. On one point, however, viz.; the power of the Assignees to sue debtors of the late Firm, Sir E. Ryan was of an affirmative opinion.

On the 18th Mr. Cleland, on the part of the Assignees, applied that powers should be given to them to refer to arbitration any differences which might arise

between them and other persons, and he mentioned a case between them and the Bank of Bengal in illustration. The learned Judges thought the facts stated were not sufficiently full, and that the Court could not, in consequence comply with the Petition of the Assignees.

Mr. Cleland then presented a Petition from the Assignees, praying that they may be permitted to advance such sum monthly to Mrs. Anna Speke, in anticipation of a dividend, as they may consider proper. Mrs. Speke was one of a numerous class of persons, deeply affected by the late failure, whose subsistence depended upon the interest, which used to be paid monthly, of funds placed with Messrs. Palmer and Co. Mrs. Speke's affidavit stated that her balance amounted to Sa. Rs. 10,885, 14, and that she received Sa. Rs. 40 monthly from the firm, on behalf of Captain Eatwell, whose funds were in the same predicament as her own.

Sir Charles Grey was aware of the existence of much distress amongst such persons, and if the Court could afford them relief, it would be a great relief to the Court to do so. But under the act they had no power to pay one creditor before another, and therefore all must wait. He could not decide upon feeling, but merely upon the Act, and indeed it would be endless to decide upon such matters. In his portfolio, he had more than one application of peculiar hardship and if any creditor felt, or fancied, he was a loser by this arrangement which the Assignees proposed, he could apply to the Court on the subject. He felt deeply for the parties, but found there was no remedy.

Mr. Cleland again applied to the Court, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Assignees had the power of compromising debts due to the Firm, on which some doubts were entertained. Many offers of compromise had been made, some of them very beneficial, and if they could not be accepted now, great loss might ensue.

Sir C. Grey had no doubt on the subject. The Assignees could compromise after the hearing, but not without the sanction of the Court or the Creditors. For himself, he could only say, that if the Assignees assured him, that if without a compromise the whole of a debt would be lost, while by it, a part might be saved, he would not hesitate to direct it. And he thought no mischief could arise from the delay occasioned by an application to the Court, for if he had been of another opinion, he would have fixed the day for hearing earlier than the 4th January, 1831, after which, the Assignees, under certain circumstances, had undoubtedly the power to compromise. The news of such a failure must ere this have flown all over India, and all the creditors must have heard of it, and have given instructions for the protection of their interests. But intermediately, the Court could act for the creditors, and give consent and approbation to a compromise before the hearing. He was ready to take this responsibility on himself, and if a compromise were directed by a Court of competent authority, no objection could be made to it as regarded the Assignees.

Sir Edward Ryan differed from the Chief Justice. He had great doubts whether the Court could direct a compromise before the hearing. If the Court, however, took it on itself to do so, the Assignees would be relieved. It would have been desirable that the hearing should have been fixed for an earlier day, but the act had provided not only that notices should be given to creditors, but that they should have time to come in to examine the Schedules and object to them. He therefore thought the time fixed a proper one, and doubted whether it could have been fixed earlier. After the hearing the Assignees could do that which they sought to do now, and he thought it better at once to put his opinion on record.

Sir C. Grey thought if it were a matter of great importance that the Assignees should have immediate power to compromise, that no insuperable object existed to have a Meeting for the purpose of giving them the power forthwith, and so to postpone, from time to time, the day of hearing. But he did not think it of paramount importance, because he should not be afraid to order a compromise, which at most could only be construed into an error of judgement, as regarded the construction of a highly remedial act. If a competent Court ordered the compromise, the assignees would not be affected, though the party who compromised might perhaps be called upon by the creditors of Palmer and Co. This objection would not have

been started but for what Sir Edward Ryan had said, and because he thought it fair to all parties, to know how they would stand relatively. But if compromises were fairly and bona fide made, he thought no creditor would venture to disturb them.

Mr. Young enquired whether, when any particular case should be submitted, it would be necessary to offer evidence that the compromise would be beneficial, or would the opinion of the Assignees be sufficient.

Sir C. Grey could not say that the opinion of the Assignees would be sufficient, for if this were to be the sole guide of the Court, full powers to compromise might as well be given at once to the Assignees. He did not wish to look into the private affairs of parties more than was necessary, but so much must be shewn as would prove a compromise to be beneficial.

Mr. Young observed that but for this, a particular petition would have been then brought forward.

The Hon'ble J. E. Elliot, enquired whether the names, situations, position, age and affairs of parties, as far as it was necessary to detail them for such a purpose, might not be brought forward in writing, and thus publicity be avoided.

Sir C. Grey, feared not, nor could they be detailed in Chambers, for that Court was an open Court, and its proceedings ought to be before the public, for the satisfaction of the creditors, any of whom, if he pleased, might come forward, and oppose the direction which the Assignees might pray the Court to give.

SUPREME COURT,—JUNE 28, 1830.

SHAMIAL MITTER, *versus* RADHAMOHON DUTT AND ANOTHER.

Mr. Cleland had moved for a rule to shew cause why Mr. Belli, Collector of Hoogley, should not pay into the hands of the Sheriff, the surplus in his hands on the sale of some lands of one of the defendants.

The Chief Justice stated, that the motion was of some importance, and wished the Advocate General to attend to it. The application was for an order nisi on Mr. Belli, Collector of Hoogley, to pay over money in his hands surplus after sale of lands. Mr. Cleland moves on an affidavit, and the Sheriff in his return states, that Mr. Belli has informed him that he does hold the money, but that he holds it under an order of the Zillah Court of Hoogley.

I have to consider whether we should issue this order nisi.

First, it has been ascertained, that it has been the usual course to issue these orders nisi on the Collector.

But I am not inclined to be guided by precedent in these cases. There is a great deal in the temper of the times. What might be done at another time, might not be done so now. By danger I mean merely the danger of opposition. We have to consider whether we have Jurisdiction. The Charter gives authority to the Sheriff to take debts, and provides that after notice the party cannot discharge himself by any payment, except under an order of the Court. It is quite clear therefore in an ordinary case. But the Collector being a revenue officer, we have the difficulty of being obliged to say, whether this comes within the part of the 21 Geo. 3, which prohibits us intermeddling with Revenue matters.

If it does there might be considerable hardness as to the suitors of this Court.

On the other hand by collusion the party might seize all the surplus in the hands of the Collector. But this could not affect the Revenue, but other parties suing in other Courts might be put to some loss.

But I should be inclined to think that this money might not be within the clause of the 21 Geo. 3. but I am not confident, I should say it is a debt within the provisions of the Charter, and not prohibited by the 21 Geo. 3. I should consider that an action for money had and received would lie, but I don't give a decided opinion.

But if this action would not lie, some other process would reach it—something like the proceedings on an extent. We might direct the Sheriff to summon a Jury, and the Collector would have to account.

We have secondly to consider whether what the Collector has stated would take away our jurisdiction that is, that he holds it under the order of a Provincial Court. I am aware of a recent decision. But a Collector is not an officer of that Court. One does not know what order could have been made. We have no parties names, nor any mode of arriving at the facts. We should have all this from the officer of the Court.

I should incline to the right to proceed for this debt.

I am inclined against it on other grounds. The only way in which I could enforce it would be by attachment. And in the present circumstances, I would not wish to make an order which I might not enforce and expose the power of this Court. If an action be brought, the Collector must plead. He runs the risk of having to pay the sum twice over.

Sir E. Ryan.—I am of opinion that this does not come within the clause of the Charter (reads part). Mr. Cleland applies under the Charter. The doubt is, whether the grounds make it out a debt. First, the affidavit calls it a surplus at credit of the defendant. The Sheriff's return sets out the Collector's letter in which the latter says, he holds it under the order of the Zillah Court of Hoogley. It does not appear that there is in the hands of the Collector a clear debt. The order cannot be made.

The Chief Justice alluded to notice served on the Zillah Court of Hoogley. There could not be a debt in their hands, it could not be so in ours. The Sheriff ought to abstain from giving notice to a Judge of Court. As long as it is in the hands of a Judge of Court it cannot be considered as a debt. I cannot conceive that it was the object of the legislature that the Collector should be entitled to hold a surplus arising after the payment of the Revenue.

The Advocate General stated, that if application were made in the proper quarter there would be no difficulty, but every facility afforded.

Our readers will find under our Supreme Court head, a report of the proceedings on a rule *nisi*, which we consider very important, as exhibiting the effect which the humiliation of honest Judges for the fearless and conscientious discharge of their duty is likely to have upon the administration of justice in the only Courts to which his Majesty's subjects in India can look for protection against the oppressions of the Company's governments or their servants. Here is a case, the justice of which is obvious and the law of which as explained by the Chief Justice himself, appears clear as the sun at noon day, to every man of plain understanding. The learned Judge admits, that it has been the usual course to issue these orders *nisi* on the Collector: but declares "that he is not inclined to be guided by precedent in these cases." "There is," says his Lordship "a great deal in the temper of the times." There is indeed, and it is a melancholy truth, that that temper is decidedly such, as to justify even more than that caution evinced on this occasion.

The jurisdiction of the Court in this case has never been denied, and there is merely a shadow of a shade of a doubt, whether in contradiction to invariable practice, the ingenuity of a Company's advocate might not raise a pretext if so instructed, that it did possibly come within the clause, which prohibits the Court from intermeddling with revenue. The learned Chief however, seems clear in his own mind, that it does not come within the prohibition, and how it could ever be imagined that it did, surpasses our comprehension. It is admitted, that when a man has paid his taxes in regular course, the State cannot seize his property for those taxes. Is the case not precisely similar in law and justice.

and common sense, with the surplus of the proceeds of property seized and sold to satisfy the State demand? Can there be any doubt that whatever remains over and above that demand, is *not* the property of the State; in any way or under any designation? By what ingenious logic then, could it be pretended, that this surplus was *revenue*? It is as much the private property of the individual as any thing that ever belonged to him. What then is the obstacle? Clearly "the temper of the times." "I would not wish," says the learned Chief, "to make an order which I might not enforce and thus expose the power of the Court," for in this instance, it could only be enforced by an attachment which a Governor with Sir John Malcolm's views, would no doubt have resisted.

Sir Edward Ryan drew a distinction which we own is far too subtle for our comprehension. He was not satisfied that the debt had been sufficiently made out, for the affidavit called the amount in the Collector's hands "a surplus at credit of the defendant"! In law we of course infer, that the distinction is plain and palpable: but it seems difficult to reconcile it to common sense. Supposing, however, this obstacle not to have intervened, it does not appear, that his Lordship had any doubt of the jurisdiction or the practice, and the Advocate General declared, that so far from any opposition being likely to be offered, if application to the proper quarter were made, every facility would be afforded. We may consider therefore, that as to the jurisdiction and the practice, there was no doubt; and yet even in such a case, the Court fears to exercise its authority!

Still we repeat, that the caution of the learned Chief Justice, is more than justified by the result of the recent collision of the Bombay Court and Government? Is not the very case to which we have referred then, an instructive commentary upon the text of the Elephantine epistle writer, and of the unbiassed Lord Melville, as to the independence of Judges. We say unbiassed, for His Lordship's pension from the Company of £2000 per annum, granted to him on account of the distinguished services of his celebrated father, actually ceased six years ago! these authorities have laid down a new doctrine for judicial conduct, and it is held and almost in so many words proclaimed by them that henceforth, law and justice are to be of no avail in any case where any Governor shall deem or allege, that they may be opposed to considerations of expediency, that the object of protecting the subject against the oppressions of the Company's servants, is no longer one which comes within the scope of the Court's power; and while such doctrines are held and enforced by the degradation of those judges who dare to disregard them, we see no good that can result from any Judge's becoming a martyr in the cause of right. In every case in which it can be supposed, that the Company's Governments may feel an interest, a prudent Judge would now do well to consult their wishes and refuse to hear such cases, much less issue out processes in contradiction to them; and who will venture to cast blame upon him for such conduct? Any other course would be equally useless to himself and to the public in the present "temper of the times," which we repeat, is in so far as the expression applies to the views of Ministry, utterly hostile to judicial independence.—*Hurkaru.*

The proceedings in the Supreme Court on the 28th ultimo, in the case of *Shamlal Mitter versus Radhamohun* and another, are worthy of notice. It appears that some lands belonging to one of the defendants have been sold by Mr. BELL, the Collector of Hoogley, for arrears of revenue; and that he retains the surplus proceeds under an order of the Zillah Court: the object of the motion in the Supreme Court was for a rule to show cause why the Collector should not pay this surplus into the hands of the Sheriff. It is

stated to have been the usual course hitherto to issue such orders on the Collector; "but," says the learned Chief Justice, "I am not inclined to be guided by precedent in these cases. *There is a great deal in the temper of the times. What might be done at another time, might not be done so now.* By danger I mean merely the danger of opposition. We have to consider whether we have jurisdiction." There is here a very proper desire expressed to avoid exceeding the legitimate jurisdiction of the Court; and on the other hand, the Advocate General states that "in the proper quarter" every facility would be afforded to execute its process; but from the language which is reported to have fallen from the Chief Justice, we should infer that recent events had excited in his mind an apprehension of causeless and captious opposition. The temper of the times with regard to the King's Courts in India, is not what it once was. Once they were regarded as checks on the Company's Courts and Governments, as constituting a power to which governors and governed were alike amenable. Now there is an evident disposition in Ministers, which Governors have not been slow to discover and act upon, to abridge their jurisdiction, to lessen their influence, and to degrade their character, by denying their independence and making a temporary expediency and the pleasure of the local rulers, not the provisions of their Charters, the standard of their duties and powers. The mutual jealousy of the King's and Company's Courts is natural, and it is to be regretted that the expensiveness of the former, the corruption of the latter, and the delays of both, afford such strong grounds of objection to them, on the part of the community, whose only object is to obtain prompt, cheap, and effectual justice. This, it is to be feared, is equally unattainable in most cases, from either the one or the other; but so long as the independence of the King's Courts was recognized, maintained, and enforced, they possessed a quality which, with all their faults, rendered them valuable barriers against the encroachments of arbitrary power. The public now can have little confidence in that protection which they formerly sought from them. In the present instance the Chief Justice on a view of the whole case concludes that the Court possesses the right to issue an order on the Collector for the surplus funds in his hands belonging to the defendant, after the arrears of revenue have been paid; but he hesitates to issue such an order, because the only way he could enforce it would be by attachment, and, until assured by the Advocate General, he seems not to have known whether such a process would be respected. Is it right and proper that the King's Court should have one eye directed to its Charter, to discover what it ought to do, and the other eye to the Organ of the Local Government, to ascertain what it will be permitted to do and supported in doing? Is not the Court entitled to assume as a matter of course that it will be aided and upheld in the execution of its processes in all matters to which, after hearing argument, and after due deliberation, it considers its jurisdiction to extend? Yet, if we may judge from these proceedings, the contrary is the *unfortunate* position (a stronger term would more *best* the occasion) in which recent events and decisions appear to have placed the Court. But it is not thus that the public will be satisfied that justice is faithfully administered between man and man; and it remains yet for the Indian Governments to discover that in shaking the confidence of the people in the impartial administration of justice, they are adopting the most effectual measures to *lessen* the stability of their own power.—*India Gazette.*

MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 3d July, Mr. White, Assistant Surgeon, Bombay Service—and Dr. D. M'Leod, Assistant Surgeon, Bengal Service, were elected Members—and Dr. La Fontane, of Paris, was elected a Corresponding Member. Mr. Spry's case of Lithotomy, Mr. Chartres' paper on Colica Pictonum, Mr. Raleigh's case of Medullary Sarcoma, and Mr. Twining's account of experiments with the Bengal Extract of Hyosciamus, were then read and discussed by the meeting.

Mr. Spry's case was that of an Indo-Briton boy. The operation was performed successfully—the patient being discharged well on the 21st day afterwards.

Colica Pictonum—or that form of Colic called painters' or white lead, originating from the presence of that mineral in the system, is a disease that does not often fall within the range of the common routine of Indian practice. The circumstances attending the cases detailed by Dr. Chartres, rendered the nature of the complaint, until a fuller development of the symptoms, rather obscure. It was reported to him on his arrival at the station, after a short absence, that two Sowers of Cavalry, who had been his patients for a wholly different complaint a few months before, were suffering from pain in the bowels, attended with obstinate constipation. At this time no particular symptoms presented themselves differing from those of a common attack of Colic. They obtained no relief, however, from the usual remedies, and it was not till two or three days after Dr. Chartres saw them, that the disease assumed an unequivocal form. The symptoms that now supervened, were, cutting pain at the pit of the stomach, extending laterally and to the umbilicus—and which was decidedly increased on pressure—great weakness and pain in the extremities—and a peculiar expression of countenance indicating anxiety and distress. The tongue was perfectly clean and moist—there was no thirst—the skin was cool—the pulse not at all affected—occasional nausea with retching, and bowels obstinately bound. Suspecting, at length, from the nature of the symptoms, that these were occasioned by some preparation of lead or other poison—the men were questioned minutely whether they had received any medicine, or taken any thing else peculiar during Dr. Chartres' absence. They then confessed that they had applied to a Fakier, who had given them some white powders. This person was sought after, and being found, very readily answered that he had prescribed, as he had often done before in other cases—a nostrum composed principally of litharge. The quantity of this drug swallowed within two or three days was enormous, being about an ounce to each individual. The treatment which appears to have been of a very active and judicious kind, consisted in the steady exhibition of strong purgatives—with occasional opiates as indicated by circumstances. Very decided relief was produced by bleeding.

Mr. Raleigh's case was peculiarly interesting, as affording an instance of recovery from that formidable disease Lock Jaw. The subject was a Native boy of thirteen—the son of a Brahman—who came from his village in the country to Calcutta for advice. On enquiry, it appeared that the boy had enjoyed perfect health until his tenth year, when he became blind of the right eye. In process of time the organ enlarged, protruded beyond its natural limits—and continued to increase slowly in size, although with but little pain. Some three months, however, before admission, the growth had been rapid, accompanied with excruciating pain of the head, face and back—with loss of appetite and generally declining health. On presenting himself to Mr. R. the boy appeared considerably emaciated, and suffered much pain of the right half of the face, head, and dorsal spine. He appeared averse to moving his head—and constantly cowered and moaned; his pulse was small, soft, and rather quick. The spine was well shaped, and there was no indication of visceral disease.

The fungous disease appeared in the form of a tumour escaping from the orbit—of considerable dimensions, and carrying before it the palpebrae, detaching the conjunctive from their inner surfaces, and elongating it into a covering for the whole mass. The tumour descended down the cheek as low as the tip of the

pose, and was of a long spheroidal shape, not unlike the larger half of a pear. And its lower and anterior part, its surface was puckered, and in its centre was indistinctly defined the cornea in a staphylomatous state, forming a dark, rough, irregular spot. At its upper part, the external tumour was about the size of a turkey's egg, and of a bright red purply hue. On being touched, it felt solid and doughy, and on its outside minute vessels were very conspicuous. On introducing the finger beneath the orbital ridge, the cavity of the orbit was found to be completely filled with a hard mass adapting itself to the former. As nothing but the removal of this sarcomatous fungus offered a chance of respite from misery and speedy death, Mr. Raleigh determined upon the operation.

It was performed accordingly in the usual way, on the 10th of October last—the tumour being excised as far back as possible from its connection with the optic nerve, by means of a pair of curved scissors—the cavity being with some trouble cleared of its contents as far down as the optic foramen. The hæmorrhage was comparatively slight. The patient, on the 11th, had a quiet night. On the 12th, he also rested well, but complained of soreness of the orbit and side of the face—pulse soft but rather quick. From this date to the 19th October—matters continued going on as well as could be expected. During the night of the 19th, however, he suffered much pain in the back part of his head and down the spine—with stiffness of the muscles of the jaw—incapacity of opening the mouth beyond half its extension. The muscles of the right side of the neck and trunk were frequently seized with spasm, and he could not bear the slightest motion of the head, which he kept nearly in contact with the elevated shoulder, pulse quick and small—and countenance anxious. In the evening, the jaws were completely locked, and the masticatory muscles, with those of the back and side of the neck, felt rigid and tense, and there were frequent severe spasms of the muscles of the right half of the neck and trunk. A blister was applied over the head and along the whole length of the spine—and a combination of belladonna, camphor, and quinine ordered every three hours.

On the 20th, he passed a restless night—but the jaws were not so firmly clenched as the previous day—admitting of being opened sufficiently to admit a common black lead pencil to enter between the teeth. The spasms, too, were less frequent, and the interior of the orbit looked well—pulse small—soft—and rather quick. The surface of the rigid muscles was smeared with opium, a fresh blister was applied over the head and spine—and the belladonna, &c. continued—on the 21st, he was considerably improved—the countenance was less anxious—the spasms were less severe and not so frequent—medicines and applications continued. On the 23d, we find reported that there were no spasms through the night. The muscles of the right side of the face appeared somewhat paralysed—but the jaws were sufficiently separable to allow of the thumb being passed into the mouth. On the 27th, he is reported as gradually improving from the last date—still continuing the same remedies, along with others that we have not mentioned. By the 15th of November, he had regained very good health, the natural action of the muscles being nearly restored, and the orbit looking well. He was now allowed to proceed to his home, under promise of returning at the expiration of three months, or earlier, in case of bad symptoms coming on—but he was not afterwards heard of, from which it may be inferred that he is doing well.

The appearance of the Extract of Hyosciamus, prepared at the H. C. Garden at Mussorie Tibba, Mr. Twining states, in his report of experiments with it, corresponds with that of the best prepared vegetable extracts. The consistence is very uniform, the colour a deep opaque green, inclining to black, the smell peculiar, and not quite resembling that of the best European Extract of Hyosciamus. The Extract was tried in fifty-seven cases, with sufficiently marked beneficial effect as a soporific of pain and irritability, and as a hypnotic. The dose generally was eight grains. The medicine in that proportion had no effect on the pulse, but occasionally induced cold sweat. A dose of twelve grains, in several instances, produced acceleration of the pulse, and sometimes a heavy pain in the back of the head, without anodyne or soporific effect, in a degree corresponding with the increase of the dose.—*Government Gazette.*

ASIATIC SOCIETY—PHYSICAL COMMITTEE.

At the meeting of the Committee held on Thursday, the 19th August, the President, Sir Edward Ryan, in the Chair—a report of the progress of the Boring in the Fort, was presented by Messrs. Strong and Ross, which being read, it was Resolved—that a Sub-Committee of the following gentlemen be appointed to investigate and report upon the Boring now going on in Fort William, and that they meet there at three o'clock P.M. on Tuesday next—viz. Mr. James Prinsep—Mr. Kyd—Mr. Hurry—Mr. Calder—and Captain Forbes.

A series of stalagmitic balls, with some animal remains, were presented by Mr. Swinton, on the part of Mr. Scott—with a short notice of the same. These stalagmitic balls were found in the cave in the Cossyah hills already alluded to at a former Meeting.

A letter was read from the Secretary, stating his inability, from the pressure of public business, to attend to the duties of the office, and begging to be allowed to resign. This request was acceded to, and the thanks of the Meeting were voted to Mr. Ross, for his past conduct in the office of Secretary. It was then moved and unanimously carried, that Mr. James Prinsep be requested to accept the office for the future. Mr. Prinsep being present—expressed his acceptance of the same.

Mr. Hardie's paper, forming a supplement to his Sketch of the Geology of Central India, was then read. In a practical point of view, the Author deems it convenient, in the first place, to separate the older rocks of Central India into three distinct classes—viz.—the granite series—the micaceous schist series, and the argillaceous schist series—"Tho' it must be confessed that the rocks of this district are frequently associated together in such a manner as to set all rules of classification at defiance, still when we view the subject on an extended scale, we shall not fail to observe distinct indications of the three successive series above enumerated." Into the details of the super-position of these, and the varieties included in them, we cannot enter. Under one or other of the above three heads, however, he arranges all of the more important of the primordial rocks of Central India. The three series repose on each other, in the order enumerated, though, in as far as the individual members of such series are concerned, there does not appear to be any very uniform or regular order of super-position.

"The absence of deposits of rock salt and gypsum, throughout extensive sandstone tracts of Central India, is a fact which ought not to be lost sight of. I have not heard even of a single specimen of selenite having been met with in this portion of the country, and the saline efflorescences which are frequently observed at the surface of the soil, together with the great beds of alluvium, which are found to be impregnated with chloride of sodium, and from which salt is manufactured for domestic use, afford but very doubtful evidence on this head. Deposits of rock salt, we are aware, occur to the north-west of Ajmere, &c. and the saline soils above alluded to, do not seem to be confined to tracts where the sandstones under consideration are observed, but appears to be most extensively distributed throughout Hindostan, without reference either to the sub-jacent or neighbouring strata. Such soils might have been transported from a distance."

"In constructing a Geological Map of this portion of India, it would require microscopic minuteness to mark out the different belts of rock as they succeed each other, and if neglecting these minute divisions, we were to lay down any particular portion of country, as a formation of granites or of gneiss for example, we should, in the great majority of instances, convey an incorrect idea of its geology. In almost every case, these rocks are associated with some or with all the formations included in the granite series; and for practical purposes, it will merely be necessary to arrange the different rocks in classes as above, and to appropriate each class a particular colour by which it may be distinguished." The author particularises the geological composition of the different ranges of hills—into the details of which want of space precludes our following him. The tract between Jay-

pore and Bhurtpore is thus generally described. "In travelling from Jaypur to Bhurtpore direct, the route lies over a level platform, covered, to a great depth, in the first instance, by a sandy and afterwards by a calcareous soil. Immediately to the north of (and occasionally traversing) the line of march, occur numerous hill ranges and groups, in which quartz rocks, variously modified, are exceedingly abundant. These are arranged in nearly vertical strata, which in the neighbourhood of Jaypur, bear to the E. of N. though in this last respect, there does not appear to be any uniformity, as the strata are also occasionally seen bearing to the W. of N. and other intermediate points between N. W. and N. E. The hills of this quartz rock formation are generally ridge-shaped, their summits exhibiting a sharp spine, either denticulated or even and uniform in its outline, and they may be distinguished almost at any distance, by the singular and unweathered aspect of their declivities." Speaking very generally, the Author states that we may say the bearing of the strata of Central India is northerly and southerly. In some parts of Central India, Mr. Hardie appears disposed to conclude, that violent convulsions of nature must have occurred posterior to the formation of the new red sandstones, as these rocks are inferior to the overlying traps of their neighbourhood. Of all the formations in the area alluded to, quartz rocks appear to be the most metalliferous. Iron is abundant in almost all the varieties, and is frequently associated with manganese. Lead is also said to occur at the village of Savar, in Meikwar—copper has not yet been found in any great abundance in Central India—and silver, though the Natives mention that it was formerly mined to great advantage in Meikwar, has only been found associated in very small quantities, with the galenas of Ajmere. In a statistical point of view, the marbles of course are the most important of the rock formations of this district. These, generally speaking, are coarse granular, but slabs of a very fine texture and pure alabaster white, are also quarried in some situations. There are various geological facts and interesting speculations founded upon them in Mr. Hardie's paper, which our circumscribed limits prevent our submitting to our readers.—*Govt. Gaz.*

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a special Meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India held within the Town Hall on Monday afternoon the 23d August.

Sir Edward Ryan, President in the Chair.

The following Gentlemen were proposed and duly elected Members of the Society, viz. :—

The Lord Bishop of Calcutta; Captain Parby, Bengal Artillery; Baboo Ram Rutton Mookerjee; Major Taylor of Engineers; Captain Alves of Bopaul; Captain Wilkison, 6th Light Cavalry; Captain Winfield, Bopaul; John Gilmore, Esq. Calcutta; Wm. F. Fergusson, Esq., Calcutta; and William Dampier, Esq. Commissioner of Sunderboons.

Read two letters from Captain Penny of Dinapore, dated 30th July and 17th August, informing the Society that the Dinapore Agricultural and Horticultural branch had duly constituted itself, and elected its office bearers—that it had framed a set of rules for its future guidance, of which a copy was inclosed, and that the office bearers of the Society had been chosen for the following year, viz. :—

Lieut. Col. Sale, C. B. H. M. 13th Regiment, President.

Major J. Thomson, Treasurer and Capt. Wm. Penny, Secretary.

Members.—Revd. W. A. Ruspini; Wm. Lambert, Esq. Captain C. Marshall, 68th Regiment Native Infantry; Captain Sage, Department of public works; Lieut. Wedg. H. M. 13th Light Infantry; Captain Steel, D. J. A. General; Captain Chadwick, H. M. 13th Light Infantry; T. P. Woodcock, Esq. Civil Service; Lieut.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. CCXXXI

G. P. Brooke, 68th Regiment Native Infantry ; Lieut. Borrodaile, 68th Regiment Native Infantry ; Lieutenant Shakespear, H. M. 13th Regiment, Light Infantry ; Lieutenant S. P. Wade, H. M. 13th Regiment, Light Infantry ; Lieutenant Backhouse, 68th Regiment Native Infantry ; S. Harrington, Esq. Civil Service ; Major Dennie, C. B. H. M. 13th Light Infantry ; Lieut. Col. Walker ; Sir Charles Doyle, Baronet ; S. B. Elliott, Esq. Civil Service ; H. Douglas, Esq. Civil Service ; Captain Jeremie ; Captain Wynne ; J. B. Biscoe, Esq. Civil Service ; W. St. Quintin Quintin, Esq. Civil Service ; G. Udny, Esq. Civil Service ; Wm. Spence, Esq. and Lieutenant L. Ross.

The Society expressed the most lively satisfaction at Captain Penny's communications, and the above Gentlemen were enrolled Members of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, in terms of the previous correspondence with Captain Sage.

This Meeting being a special one to receive the report of the Agricultural Committee on the subject of an experimental farm, to be recommended to Government in terms of Mr. Officiating Secretary Macnaghten's letter to the Society of the 18th May last.

Read a report presented by the Secretary of the Agricultural Committee, recommending for this purpose a portion of the lands of Akrah or old Powder Mills, 8 miles below Calcutta, which had been offered to the Society by Mr. Myers, at Rs. 3-8 per biggah ; and also an estimate of the probable expence of instituting and carrying on such an establishment.

Resolved that the Report and estimates be approved of, and that a letter be addressed to Government in terms of this resolution.

Read a letter from George A. Prinsep, Esq. forwarding a parcel of Cuba and Guatamala Indigo Seed ; the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Prinsep, and the Secretary was requested to distribute the seed to such Members as applied for it.

Read a letter from Messrs. Smithson and Holdsworth, forwarding samples of Bowed and Demerara Cotton and also some of the seed.

The thanks of the Meeting were voted to these gentlemen, and it was resolved to retain the seed for experiment by the Society.

Read a letter from Mr. Officiating Secretary Macnaghten intimating that a further supply of Tensasereem Cotton seed had been received by Government and placed at the disposal of the Society.

Read letters from Mr. Sheppard, of Liverpool, intimating the dispatch of the Society's indent of garden seeds on the ship *Calcutta*, and a further supply of grafted fruit trees, on the *Frances Anne*.

The Secretary informed the Meeting that the seeds had been received from the ship apparently in good order, but that he had not yet been able to procure delivery of all the boxes of fruit trees by the *Frances Anne*.

Resolved that the seeds and fruit trees be placed at the disposal of the Garden Committee in terms of previous resolutions.

Read a letter from Mr. Newman of the Royal Botanical Garden of the Mauritius expressing a wish to open a correspondence with this Society.

Resolved, that the Secretary be requested to write to Mr. Newman, expressing the satisfaction of this Society of the proposal, and endeavour to ascertain in what manner the two Institutions can best assist each other.

Read a letter from Mr. Neave, of Sheerghatty, dated 17th July last, pointing out that district as very favorable for the cultivation of foreign Fruit trees, and offering to bestow his personal attention on any imported or other trees, with which the Society might be pleased to supply him, Also applying for a small portion of the foreign Cotton Seed, to be cultivated under his own inspection.

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The Secretary was requested to send Mr. Neave a supply of the Cotton Seed and the matter of the supplying Mr. Neave, with imported Fruit trees was referred to the Garden Committee.

Read a paper by Rajah Kaleekrishen Bahaddoor on the Cultivation of Sugar and Silk.

These were referred to the Agricultural Committee, and the thanks of the Meeting were voted to the Rajah.—*Hurk.*

At the meeting held within the Town Hall, on the 8th September, the President, Sir Edward Ryan, in the chair,—Mr. Boyd, of Kishnaghur, and Mr. Bagshaw, of Calcutta, were elected Members. Letters were read from the Secretaries of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Horticultural Society of London, of the Geological Society of London, and of the Royal Asiatic Society, acknowledging receipt of the first Volume of the Transactions. A letter was read from H. H. Wilson, Esq. Secretary to the Asiatic Society, referring to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society a letter on the rearing of silk worms, and a specimen of silk, which had been transmitted to that Society, by "*A Friend to Industry*," at Kemptee, near Nagpore; and also one from a Lady to the Secretary of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, giving her real name, and stating herself to be the "*Friend to Industry*"—and soliciting a pecuniary loan, and a donation of silk worms. A communication, it was determined, should be sent to the writer, stating, that some silk worms should be sent, but expressing the inability of the Society to make any pecuniary advances. A letter was read from R. S. Græme, Esq. Resident at Nagpore, recommending Nagpore as a fit place for the rearing of fruit trees and exotics, and offering to bestow attention on any which the Society might be willing to send there for cultivation. Also requesting a supply of American cotton and tobacco seeds. The Secretary was requested to reply to Mr. Græme, and to express the anxiety of the Society to comply with his wishes. The Secretary submitted a list of applications for garden seeds, which had been complied with, including packages, sent by the Society, on a large scale, to Dinapore, Poosah, Saharunpore, Nipal, Almorah, Simlah, Sylhet, and Moulmien, amounting to ninety-three packages, and nearly exhausting the stock in hand. A letter was read from Mr. Calder, offering to the Society, at prime cost, a quantity of Garden and flower seeds, also of marrow-fat peas, grapes, and oats, just arrived from Aberdeen, and supplied by Mr. Gibbon, formerly an Indigo Planter at Tirhoot—Resolved, that the seeds be taken on the terms proposed, and that they be made over to the Garden Committee, with instructions to dispose of the flower seeds, grapes, and oats, and to retain the garden seeds for further distribution to Members of the Society and Native Mallies. The following donation of books was received from Mr. Robinson; Deewan Pusind, a treatise on Agriculture, translated by Mr. Lewis Da Costa; a Treatise on the cultivation of Sugar, Indigo, &c. by Mr. Fitzmaurice; American Gardener's Calendar, by Bernard MacMahon; Speechly on the Vine, and the Pine-apple; Ditto on Rural Economy. A letter was read from Rajah Kalee Kissen Bahadur, submitting a treatise by him on the cultivation of tobacco. A letter was read from Mr. Hill, of Madras, transmitting a small quantity of the seeds of the umbrella tree, which had lately been introduced there. Sir Robert Colquhoun informed the meeting, that Mr. Patullo, of Pinang, had just brought with him from that place, and presented to the Society's Garden, a number of Mangosteen trees, Orange, Dooreans, Nam Nam, and variegated Pine-apple Plants. Mr. Abbot presented six boxes of Virginian tobacco, grown in the Society's Garden, and made up after the fashion of Havannah Segars; by Mr. Van Zandyk, of Chinnarah. The Secretary was requested to transmit four of those boxes to the Honorable the Court of Directors, with a letter, explanatory of their history. It was resolved, that Mr. Patrick be invited to make trial of the Cotton Saw Gin at Glenar Works for a month, and be requested to report the result of the trial to the Secretary. A list was submitted by the Secretary of eighty-five applicants for the American cotton and tobacco seeds, lately furnished by Government, shewing delivery and transmission to almost every part of this Presidency.

• With reference to Mr. Græme's letter, the several peculiarities of Nagpore, as to temperature, &c. are adverted to. From about the middle of June to the middle of October, the weather is rainy or cloudy, and the temperature moderate—from that period to the end of February, it is cold; March, April, May, and the middle of June, are exceedingly dry and hot months. At a distance of seventy-five miles north of Nagpore, Sindwund, above the Deopurh mountains, in an elevation about one thousand feet higher, or two thousand above the level of the sea—and in a well cultivated country—presents even a more favourable climate than Nagpore for European products, and they might also be introduced, it is suggested, into Puch. murree, which is about sixty miles from Chindwara, and the table land about one thousand miles higher. It is not difficult of access, but not well peopled, and horticulture might not advance very rapidly, unless from its salubrity it became to be a station for Europeans; but in Nagpore itself, the orange, the peach, the cabbage and the cauliflower thrive well, and the apple promises favourably with a little care. The orange in particular is celebrated. It was introduced from Aurungabad, and is supposed to have come originally from China. It is called always the Cintra by Europeans, and Srintra by the Natives, and the same kind is thought to be in Portugal.

The Lady who signed herself "a Friend to Industry"—notwithstanding that she had no previous instruction respecting the care of them, or experience of their habits, appears to have taken a very great interest in observing the manufacturing labours, &c. of those diligent insects—silk worms. She was, however very limited in her means of keeping them, and found that they had many enemies to contend with, particularly ants. With a little assistance, she seems to indulge sanguine hopes of extending the pursuit, and making it a very profitable one. A specimen of the silk produced, accompanied her communication.

In his observation on the culture of tobacco, Rajah Kallee Kishen remarks, that it appears from a proclamation of the Emperor Jehangeer, that the plant was introduced by Europeans into India, either in his own reign, (the beginning of the 17th century) or during that of his father Akber. From that period it has gradually extended over India. Its culture has succeeded more in the northern than the southern quarters of Bengal. The Zillahs which produce the largest quantity, are those of Nuddea, Burdwan, Dacca, Bhaghulpore, Dinagapore and Rungpoor. After the conclusion of the rains, or in the month of September, October and November, tobacco is cultivated to a considerable extent on the low and loamy soils. Previous to its cultivation, a small piece of ground must be repeatedly ploughed to pulverize the clods, and destroy the large quantity of weeds, which usually spring up after the rains, and are extremely injurious to the young plants if allowed to remain—when the land is properly ploughed, cleared, manured, and harrowed, the seed of the plant, (which are reddish,) are carefully scattered over the prepared soil. The husbandman has next to labour incessantly, from morning till evening, in gently watering the seed, in shading the young plants when they first appear, and in clearing it from weeds. Small frogs frequently come in large numbers from adjacent places, and destroy the seeds, to prevent which the husbandman pours hooks, or tobacco-water on the balk, or border which surrounds the field. The seeds spring up in the beginning of December, and great care must then be taken. The young plants, when they become large enough, are to be transplanted in rows to another field, which is also to be well ploughed and manured. When these plants begin to grow after being transplanted, great care is required in loosening the soil near the roots and applying at some little distance all round the plant a quantity of *Kole*,* to increase its growth. Tobacco plants grow generally two cubits in height, and their leaves are one cubit in breadth, but those which are of the best quality, rise to no less than three cubits in height, with leaves nearly two cubits in breadth. At the end of December, when they attain their greatest height, they begin to flower, and on their leaves are seen innumerable small spots. When the flowers appear, they must be plucked off, as otherwise the strength of the plant will be much diminished. About this time it is generally understood that the plant is ripe, and the leaves only are cut. This method differs a little from what is practised in the northern parts of Bengal. There the husbandman generally cuts the leaves together with the stalks, and leaves them to be

* *Kole*, oil cake made of the refuse of mustard, when the oil is expressed.

dried in the sun. Afterwards they are kept for some time in water, in order that they may have a strong scent. At length they are tied, as in other parts of the country, in small bundles. The Tobacco in the northern districts of Bengal, is of a superior quality. It is used by the Natives as medicine, and is called by the name of Ducata, or Ingly."

At a special meeting of the Society, held on the 13th September, Sir Edward Ryan in the Chair. Mr. W. Hickey, of Tirhoot, and Mr. Henley, were elected members. A letter was read from the Secretaries to the Royal Society, and to the Linnæan Society of London, acknowledging receipt of the first vol. of the Society's Transactions.

A letter was read from Mr. W. H. Macnaghten, Deputy Secretary to Government, dated 7th September, acknowledging receipt of the Secretary's letter of the 26th August, and stating that, under the circumstances therein mentioned, the Governor General in Council approved of the suggestions of the Society, respecting an experimental plantation to be conducted by the Society—and authorised the acceptance of Mr. Myers' offer of 500 biggahs of land at Akrah, at the rate of Rs. 3-8 per biggah, for three years—the Society reserving the right of continuing to occupy the ground from year to year thereafter, on the same terms; and that Government had further sanctioned, for the same period, an annual disbursement of 10,000 Rupees for all charges of cultivation and superintendence, together with the sum of 4,500 Rupees for the erection of buildings and the provision of stock suitable to each farm. It was resolved, that the Society be requested to reply to the letter of Mr. Macnaghten to the Society, and express their grateful acknowledgment of the liberality with which Government have complied with their suggestions—and to assure the Right Honorable the Governor General in Council of the earnest and anxious desire of the Society, by every means in their power, to further the objects in view, and for which Government have assisted them in making experiments in the cultivation of cotton and other articles of raw produce.

A letter was read from Mr. Smoult, forwarding an account of the expense incurred by him, since last December, in forming a cotton and tobacco plantation at Akrah, of between 60 and 70 biggahs, (amounting to 566 rupees, including rent)—and which plantation he was willing to hand over to the Society, as, it now stood, upon being reimbursed his outlay: also offering for the acceptance of the Society a machine for cleaning cotton, sent to him from the Isle of France by Mr. Telfier—a specimen of Mr. Smoult's tobacco was submitted. It was resolved, that as the abovementioned plantation forms a portion of the ground which the Society wished to rent from Mr. Myers, Mr. Smoult's offer be accepted on the terms stated by him—the management of the plantation to be placed in the hands of the Committee. Resolved, that Mr. C. F. Hunter be added to the Agricultural Committee.

A letter was read from Mr. Biscoe, of Chuprah, presenting three varieties of pears, reared at the station, and varying from 2½ sicca weight to 12, and measuring some of them 10½ inches in circumference.

A letter was read from Mr. Blacquire, presenting a sample of Nankeen cotton, and a piece of cloth made from it, of a beautiful texture and great strength. A few years ago, Dr Wallich supplied Mr. Blacquire with a few plants, among which was one said to be the plant which produced the cotton from which Nankeen had its origin. The plant is the *Gossypium religiosum* of Roxborough. In due time it produced pods in a considerable number, and cotton in a fair quantity with reference to their size. At length, from repeated sowings the cotton accumulated to a sufficient quantity to encourage an experiment of manufacturing it. It was spun into the thread of different degrees of fineness, out of which pieces of cloth of different widths were woven, which looked like dark Nankeen. Four of the pieces of cloth have been worn, and found to be durable and pleasant, and to retain the colour under constant and repeated washings.—*Genl. Gazette*,

MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of 4th September, Sir Gilbert Blane was elected an Honorary Member of the Society. A letter was read from Mr. Royle, submitting an account of the Senna produced at the Saharunpore gardens, as well as a specimen of the plant. A letter was read from the Secretary to the Physical Committee of the Asiatic Society, accompanying a specimen of the Morungpoison, and requesting that its properties should be investigated. Mr. Hutchinson's paper on Alvine fluxes of the natives of Hindoostan, was then read and discussed. From the commencement of the year till June, the number and severity of the diseases in Native Hospitals, Mr. Hutchinson states, to be few and unimportant. From July to the end of the year, however, there is a great increase of disease, consisting principally, in the early part of that time, of remittent fevers; while from September to the end of the year, bowel complaints prevail with increased frequency and severity, attended with a proportionate mortality. The fluxes of the Natives are in many instances, ascribed to imperfect convalescence, after the fevers, at the early period of the rains. The author states his experience of the remote evils arising from the frequent use of mercury, and the unfavourable state in which the constitution remains after free use of it, which produces a tendency to the worst and most protracted forms of Alvine flux. Numerous observations on the subject induced him to adopt another method, which was so generally successful, that he strongly recommends it. His treatment of the fevers of the Natives is upon an Emeto-Cathartic plan, followed, when necessary, by a light tonic. These remedies, however, are inadmissible, while determinations exist to particular organs—when the chief reliance is to be placed in blood-letting, by means of leeches or the lancet. The author then points out five different species of Alvine flux. The first is the simple diarrhoea, by the severe and protracted form of which, the patient is often exhausted and sinks. The second is the true dysentery. The third is indicated by a sullen pasty countenance, and slight swelling of the abdomen. The fourth species runs a very rapid course, and there are indications of considerable putrefactive action. The fifth species happens in patients with livid cachectic countenances; they have slight fever, with some tumefaction of the abdomen. This form of the disease is supposed to be connected with splenic cachexia. The nature of the subject precludes our entering into the details of each variety. The author acknowledges, that, the data on which some of these species are founded, are too slight to be absolutely depended upon. Ipecacuanha is the principal remedy on which he relies for the cure of these bowel complaints, and this medicine is modified and combined in various ways. Inflammatory action is to be obviated in some cases by leeches and venesection—Opium, he generally disapproves of, although under some circumstances, recourse to it occasionally cannot be avoided. Calomel, he considers objectionable, as a general remedy, especially at the close of the rains and commencement of the cold season.

At the Meeting of the 2d October, Mr. Ogilvy, the President, in the Chair—the following communications were laid before the Society. A letter from Mr. R. Frith, requesting his name to be withdrawn from the list of Members, on account of his proceeding to sea. A case of laceration of intestine, from external violence, causing death, by Mr. Hutchinson. A letter from Mr. Burnard, relative to several cases of operation of Lithotomy performed successfully by himself on Natives at Benares; and also an account of amputation at the hip joint on a Native. An account of the medical purposes to which the Natives of Bengal apply the Docas or Ingly, by Rajah Kallee Kishen, communicated by Mr. Grant. The Society then proceeded to ballot for a Secretary, and Mr. Twining was declared duly elected to that office. Baboo Ram Comul Sen, a member of the Society, was appointed Collector. Mr. Tyder now called the attention of the Meeting to the necessity of making some addition to the Library, stating that, it was expedient to possess

complete copies of the works of the Greek and Arabian Physicians, and the principal medical works of Hindoostan. Dr. R. Tytler's case of Fungus Hæmatodes—Dr. Mackinnon's medical and surgical cases—Dr. Gilmore's case of Traumatic Tetanus—and Mr. Royle's letter concerning the Senna grown at the H. C. Gardens at Saharunpore, were then read and discussed by the Meeting.

Dr. Tytler's case of Fungus Hæmatodes, was the first of that formidable disease he had witnessed in this country in a Native. The patient was a Gowallah, and came to Dr. Tytler to implore his professional assistance. The tumour had all the characters of the genuine Fungus Hæmatodes—and was as large as a child's head, being apparently attached by a narrow base to the integuments and cellular substance covering the Biceps muscle of the right arm. The excrescence was first noticed by the patient about a twelve month previous to his presenting himself to Dr. Tytler. At first, it was about the size of an ordinary gram seed, unaccompanied with pain, and arose without any obvious cause, gradually increasing to the size mentioned. The man was about thirty years of age, and, with the exception of the tumour, in good health. As the only chance of relief, Dr. Tytler lost no time in performing the necessary operation for the removal of the tumour, which was speedily and happily effected—and the case was going on well at the date of Dr. Tytler's writing.

Dr. Mackinnon's cases include one of fracture of the fibula—dislocation of the shoulder joint—encysted tumours of the scalp—traumatic tetanus, &c. The tumours of the scalp were removed by operation—and the patient did well. The traumatic tetanus followed a wound in the neck received by a Native in an affray. There was no lock jaw—but general spasms came on over the whole body. Latterly, however, the complaint was confined to the back, and back of the neck. The treatment consisted of opiates with occasional purgatives.

Dr. Gilmore's case of traumatic tetanus occurred in a well formed muscular native of middle age, who had received a severe sword-cut down to the bone, about four inches above the right knee. He first began to complain of stiffness in the neck, pain in the throat, and difficulty of swallowing. These symptoms yielded to calomel and opium, &c. but in two or three days afterwards Dr. Gilmore found his patient labouring under violent spasms, affecting principally the wounded thigh, the abdomen, and the chest, during the paroxysm of which the man was, as it were, doubled up, sitting forward and grasping the bedstead convulsively with his hands, bathed in a profuse cold sweat—the pulse being quick, small, and frequent—an antispasmodic draught was immediately administered, and a vein opened in the arm, whence the blood was allowed to flow freely, until the spasms were somewhat alleviated, and the man became faint. The draught was repeated, and active purgatives afterwards administered. Next day, though the cathartics had acted well, the spasms of the muscles of the trunk, and right thigh, remained unabated. Calomel, opium, and camphor were administered in combination, and the thigh was enveloped in a large cataplasm. Next day the bowels and stomach were actively moved by an emetic mixture—and from this time the case assumed a more favourable aspect—for on the same evening, the man was decidedly better—and he gradually became convalescent.

Dr. Royle's communication referred to a small box of dried Senna leaves, grown at the Saharunpore Gardens, (partly from some seed derived from the Calcutta Botanic Garden—but chiefly from seed picked out of the Senna sold in the Saharunpore bazar) dispatched to the Medical Board, and described as perfectly dry, and of a fine light green colour.—*Government Gazette.*

ENGLISH PROTESTANT NUNNERIES.

Our notice having been drawn to a late report of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, which stated that a Miss Davy had submitted a plan for a Protestant Nunnery to be supported by the cultivation of the Mulberry Tree and rearing the

Silk-worm, we applied to the Secretary, and obtained a sight of Miss Davy's plan, which had been rejected by the Society as not coming within the scope of its means or objects.

We do not pretend to have considered Miss Davy's plan with very minute attention, but it appears to us, from a cursory consideration of the subject, that with a little patronage and encouragement from a few Ladies of rank and influence in this community, her suggestions might be acted upon with a fair prospect of the most desirable results. The funds requisite in the first instance for the establishment of a Silk Factory and an Asylum for the employment of females in distress, might we think, very speedily be raised, if a proper appeal were made to the Indian Public, which there is no reason to suppose would be backward in contributing to such a purpose. We have no doubt, there are numbers of English and British Indian females in this country who are living in a state of penury and dependence, exposed to all those miseries and temptations, which so fearfully assail the gentler sex in the hour of distress, who would grasp at any means of gaining a respectable livelihood, and who would fly to such a refuge as that now proposed, with eagerness and gratitude.

We shall not here enter into any minute particulars as to the general management and the various regulations of such an Establishment, but we may observe *en passant* that the employment of the females need not be wholly confined to the silk factory. For instance, young Ladies might be boarded and educated in the same institution upon a plan and in a manner that would be both creditable and advantageous to all concerned.

Under the severe system of retrenchment that now pervades every department of Government, we could not expect that much effective pecuniary aid would be granted to the institution, but a small annual donation from the Public Treasury, and the expressed sanction of the Ruling Powers, could very possibly be procured by any influential patron. We have heard indeed, that one Lady, who is still more distinguished for her humanity and condescension than her exalted rank,—has expressed her concurrence in Miss Davy's wishes, though she has some doubts of the practicability of her plan, chiefly, we believe, on account of the probable difficulty of raising sufficient funds for the purpose. As however, very small sums, from a great number of individuals, would answer the purpose, and the nature of the appeal would come home to the bosoms of the whole community, we should hardly anticipate failure on pecuniary grounds.

The first difficulty would be to convince the public of the necessity or propriety of the proposed asylum, for there may be many of our countrymen in India, particularly in the Mofussil, who, having but seldom met with instances of female destitution in this country, may be slow to credit the existence of that extensive distress among the gentler sex which would warrant their support of such an institution. Others again might doubt whether respectable females accustomed to an Indian life, would not soon grow weary of the proposed employments, and the rigid regularity of a secluded nunnery-like establishment; the result of which might be quarrels among themselves or with those placed in authority over them.

These points should be perspicuously explained, and Miss Davy, from her talents and good sense, we should suppose well qualified to enter into a more elaborate statement and consideration of her plans, their prospective advantages, and possible obstacles than she has yet offered.

From her letter to the President of the Horticultural Society, we extract the following paragraphs illustrative of her views, and to these we have annexed an article on the subject of Protestant Nunneries, from a London Periodical, which should be read by those who take any interest in Miss Davy's propositions.—*Bengal Hurkaru*, Oct. 19.

[EXTRACTS FROM MISS DAVY'S LETTER.]

I have the honor to transmit herewith two treatises—one on the Chinese and another on the French method of rearing the Silk worm. The latter is, I understand, the only one in the country, and is in the hands of the Company's Agents in the Mofussil.

It must be obvious to the most superficial person, that the French is vastly inferior to the Chinese method, which is more analogous to the soil, and climate of India: for instance; the Mulberry tree in France, is of one hundred years' duration; in India, they are past service in three, in the way they are managed; and the directions for feeding, and rearing the silk worm, are very vague, and imperfect, whereas, the Chinese, describes the most minute details, and turns every thing to account.

My motive for laying the treatise before the Society, is with the hope of obtaining support for myself, and other destitute females, of the better classes of Society by the establishment of a PROTESTANT NUNNERY. The outline of my plan I have now the honor to forward to you,* and you will thereby perceive that I have adapted the regulations, to the state of Society in India.

As there are no Ladies of fortune in India, who would by spending a large income, in such an asylum, enable the managers, to receive those persons who could not pay, I propose annexing an extensive Silk Factory to the establishment, for rearing the Silk worm, and out of the profits of the Silk, to allow to each Lady, so employed, a small monthly payment.

Rearing the Silk worm, has been the occupation of the Chinese Ladies, from the earliest records of their history, and might with great advantage be introduced in India: it would be the means of giving assistance to numbers, who are at this time, languishing in obscurity and want.

Doubtless it would be very difficult by individual exertion to raise funds for such an undertaking, but a wise government, extends its justice, and its benefits, alike, to all descriptions of people; surely the Widows and Orphans, of the natural born subjects of Great Britain, whose Fathers, and relatives, have rendered good service to the state, have some claims upon the sympathies of Englishmen, and the protecting care of the British Government. While Colleges are erected, and enclosed, and Schools established, for the population, and for those of the Chinese and Malay, no funds can be found for the shelter, and protection, of the destitute females of British parentage, who, when their Fathers or Husbands have departed this life, their Widows and Children, if without fortune, are left in a state of earthly purgatory, without the possibility, from the state of Indian Society, of being able to earn an honourable support for themselves. Their wants and miseries, so far from meeting with commiseration, are repelled with insult and contempt, by a new set of public functionaries, and past services are forgotten. I speak from sorrowful experience. If the Government, would give its sanction, to a lottery on the same principle as that for the improvement of Calcutta, sufficient funds might be raised, in three successive years, to furnish the means of carrying so desirable an object into execution.

It is not Charity I am soliciting, on my own behalf, and that of other distressed ladies, who would be thankful in being allowed to earn a subsistence for themselves, if the means were within their power to obtain it. We have a stronger claim on the Government. The Portuguese, our predecessors in the East, although their conquests, were made in a semi barbarous age, have set us a noble example of public institutions; in their confraternity of the Misericordia, which has been extended to all their Colonies, and is exempt from the law of mortmain; they erect hospitals for the sick, they bury the dead, and relieve the widow and orphan: in the lapse of years, they have saved thousands of Chinese infants from destruction. Their services, are extended alike to the mariners of all nations. Not long since an English country ship was wrecked in the Chinese seas; the crew, with a lady, the wife of an officer of the ship, were picked up in an open boat, by a Chinese Junk, bound for Canton, where the British factory, those dignified personages, living under the influence of the Celestial Empire, being elevated above the common feelings of humanity, did not think proper, to give her the protection of a British subject; the Chinese Mandarin was in consequence, obliged to deliver her over to the Portuguese, with a chop to the senate in Macao, by whom she was hospitably entertained, and clothed until her return to Bombar: they also supported the Frenchman, who had the good fortune to escape

Being murdered, on board the Chin Chew Junck, and enabled him to prosecute the destroyers of his countrymen, when such a terrible instance of Chinese justice, was given to the European nations. They likewise assist young men, with money on respondentia, for commercial adventure; they have an institution for merchant's daughters, and others, whose Fathers, have held respectable stations in their settlements, and likewise convents, for those who are religiously disposed. The Portuguese power and dominion in the East, has now past away, but their institutions, having permanent funds for their support, have survived the wreck of their fortunes, and afford the means of subsistence, to their impoverished descendants.

The English, with all the power and wealth of India at command, have not a single institution established on a permanent basis; they are all supported by annual voluntary subscription, excepting the Upper Military Orphan School, for the support of which, the pay of the officers, is deducted by the pay master of the forces, but by the existing regulations numbers of Officer's daughters, are without the means of support. A Government and community, purely commercial, such as British India, must be subject to great vicissitudes of fortune, and individuals, who are in affluence, and splendor to day, may be involved in utter ruin to-morrow; the general distress which at present prevails from the extensive bankruptcies, that have taken place, has involved numbers of Widows and Orphans in one general ruin, and as the numbers of cases of distress, have increased tenfold, the means of affording relief, has decreased in the same proportion; which would not be the case, if there were established funds, to support public institutions.

* ENGLISH PROTESTANT NUNNERIES.

In the wholesale extirpation of monastic institutions, the nunneries were swept away. The good which would have resulted from converting them into Protestant establishments is so obvious, that few persons can have regarded the present state of society in these kingdoms as it affects women, without regretting that an opportunity for alleviating so much evil should have been neglected.

Women in the lower classes take their full share of occupation, and there is always occupation for them. But in all the intermediate stages between low and high life they feel the effects of a crowded population far more severely than the other sex, and more in England than in any other countries, for many reasons. Great part of the shop business on the continent is carried on by women, in England very little; partly because the spirit wherewith trade is carried on requires, in most branches, an exertion of strength and activity which they are not able to sustain; and partly also because men have intruded themselves into those branches in which women might more fittingly be employed. In no other country is the general character of society so ambitious as in this, or the general habits so expensive. They have become so during the present reign in consequence of the extraordinary impulse communicated to industry and enterprise by the calls which the state has made upon them, and by the improvements in machinery. As the value of money lessened and the demand for it increased owing to the exigencies of the state, it was both a heartless and a hopeless attempt for individuals to accommodate their manner of living to the altered circumstances of the age by retrenchment; the severest economy was insufficient for this. The whole pressure of the times fell upon those who had no other resource, persons who had retired from business with what had been a fair competence when they withdrew; widows and single women who had no opportunity of improving their limited means, the most suffering but always the most uncomplaining part of the community. Upon the stirring and active members of society who had hope to aid them, the effect was like that of task-work upon the willing labourer; every man increased his exertions, widened his views, and extended his concerns. The natural consequence of this was a liberal or rather a profuse expenditure. Frugality is the virtue of a quiet age, when men are contented with small and regular gains. Speculation leads to extravagance, and when expensive habits become prevalent, and the rank which individuals hold in society is chiefly determined by the appearance which they make, many persons from policy as well as from pride, think it necessary to make an appearance beyond their means. In this state of things throughout the middle and lower classes of society, children have been educated for a stage above that

in which they were born. And now when the peace which we have won so bravely has put an end to our extraordinary exertions, as well as to the dreadful expenditure of human life, the evil of a redundant population in the educated classes becomes every year more and more apparent and the consequences more and more distressing; every profession and every way of business is overstocked, nor can there be any other remedy than colonization. But modern governments have not been accustomed to consider colonization as a necessary part of their economy; and it cannot be expected that the best means of relieving the country from its sur-charge should be devised at once, nor that the public feeling should accommodate itself immediately to regular migrations of this kind, which are absolutely indispensable for the general good.

All these changes have had an unfavourable effect upon the condition of women. They also, throughout the intermediate classes, have been educated for refined life. But it is in refined life that the moral checks to population operate with full force—with such force indeed as to make celibacy the lot of far the greater number of females who have little or no fortune. Foreigners used to say of England that it was the paradise of women and the hell of horses. It is more the hell of horses at this time than it could possibly have been before mail-coaches were invented, and it is less the paradise of women. For though domestic happiness is both higher in kind and greater in degree than it possibly can be in countries where morals are at a lower standard, manners more frivolous, and minds less cultivated, that happiness is comparatively the lot of few; and the condition of unprotected women is perhaps the greatest evil in our present system of society. The man who is cast upon the world has many chances; he can bestir himself to better his fortunes, or, at the worst, *Omne solum fortis patria*, the world is all before him where to chuse; if he fail of in success his own country, other countries are open which want inhabitants, where he may find sure subsistence for himself, and reasonably hope to form an establishment for a family. But how many daughters of the clergy, of military and naval officers, of that numerous class who derive their support from life-incomes, and of those whom the vicissitudes which are always occurring in commercial countries have reduced from affluence to distress, are yearly left with a scanty provision, or with none! All the circumstances and all the prejudices of society are against them. Of the few employments which are left for them, there is not one to which they can betake themselves without a certain degree of degradation, and all are overstocked. They are fallen from the rank in which they have grown up, and they wither on the stalk, not in single blessedness, but in forlorn desertion; with no other joys than what religion can bestow, and no hope in this life except the prospect of the next, and the belief that an all-wise and almighty Creator, who has made none of his creatures to be miserable, will reward them in a better world for the privations and trials which are their portion in this!

As a remedy for this evil, though it was far less in his days than in ours, Richardson suggested the establishment of Protestant Nunneries in every country, "in which single women of small or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit whenever they pleased. The governesses," he would have had, to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants for the slighter services should be the hopeful female children of the honest poor. "Do you not imagine," he continues, "that such a society as this, all women of unblemished reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius) at her admission shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more some at less expence to the foundation, according to their circumstances, might become a national good; and particularly a seminary for good wives, and the institution a stand for virtue in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous?"

Richardson's scheme proceeded no farther than this suggestion; but even this, as coming from a man of such deserved celebrity, is interesting. Among the attempts which have been made to institute something like a Protestant nunnery, Mr. Fosbrook mentions the curious establishment of the Ferrar family at Little Gidding. He is mistaken in calling it a nunnery, because it contained persons of both sexes; and he is mistaken also in saying that "this Protestant nunnery was no other than the old beguine." The house at Little Gidding bore no resemblance whatever to a beguineage. A more plausible scheme was proposed in 1674, for "an academy, or college, wherein," says the programme, "young ladies may, at every moderate expence, be instructed in the true Protestant religion, and in all virtuous qualities that

may adorn that sex ; also be carefully preserved and secured till the day of their marriage, under the tuition of a lady governess, and grave society of widows and virgins, who have resolved to lead the rest of their lives in a single, retired, religious way, according to the pattern of some Protestant colleges in Germany."

A similar establishment was instituted in 1816, under the sanction of her late Majesty ; nor has there ever been any institution more worthy of the attention and the liberal patronage of the public.

In the spring of 1815, the Dowager Duchess of Buccleugh, Lady Carysfoot, Lady Anson, Lady Willoughby, and Lady Clonbrook, having taken into consideration the plan of an institution calculated to afford the comforts of life at a moderate expense to ladies of respectability and small fortunes, agreed to form an association for the purpose of promoting establishments of that nature. Lady Isabella King is the person to whom the merit of having originated this association is due, and the still higher merit of having hitherto superintended the institution which by her means was formed. The most frequent objections which she had heard advanced against her favourite object were, that a society of women—*English women*, belonging to the church of England, could never be expected to live together in peace. With the fervent hope of proving that these reflexions on her sex, her country, and her religion were unfounded, Lady Isabella quitted a life more congenial with her taste and inclinations, and engaged in this undertaking.

The general object of the plan as first proposed, was the promotion of societies so regulated that the larger payments of one part of the community thrown into a joint stock, should reduce the payments of the remainder to a convenient limit, without subjecting them to any unpleasant feeling of pecuniary obligation, and that all should engage themselves, as far as their situation would admit, in benevolent and useful occupation, their agreements in such pursuits serving as a bond of union. It was thought, however, upon further consideration, that no institution ought to rest wholly for support on an arrangement which would expose it to great inconvenience, perhaps total failure, on the removal of the richer members. It was agreed, therefore, that a sum of from ten to fifteen thousand pounds should be raised by the association as an endowment for the primary establishment ; and that, as an additional support, a limited number of apartments should be allotted to such ladies, friends of the undertaking, as would agree to reside there, paying a high yearly rent for their rooms to the funds of the establishment, and conforming equally with the other inmates to the rules of the institution. The Queen contributed £300, and signified her intention of subscribing £100 annually. The late Princess Charlotte, and the other Princesses, contributed £50 each. But notwithstanding this distinguished patronage, the whole sum which could be collected in the course of a year fell considerably short of five thousand pounds, whereas it had been hoped that from ten to fifteen thousand pounds might be raised, and less could not suffice for putting the institution upon a permanent establishment. Anxious, however, that the institution should be no longer delayed, and hoping that when its practicability should have been tried and proved, the good would be so manifest as to ensure success in a future appeal for public support, Lady Isabella King offered to take upon herself whatever risk or responsibility might attend it, and proposed to give £200 a year for a furnished house in Derbyshire. Lady Willoughby was of opinion that it would be better to have the institution in the immediate vicinity of Bath, and offered to pay the difference of rent which this arrangement would occasion. Accordingly a lease of Braybrook House near that city, was taken for three years, at a rent of £400 a year.

It had originally been designed that for each £50 accruing yearly to the institution from the interest of the collected fund, one lady should be admitted, paying on her part £50 annually for her apartment and board. But the first step taken by the residing managers was to make known their determination of not drawing upon the fund, but leaving it to accumulate for three years, during which time the society engaged to defray every expence of the establishment, rent and taxes included.

The three years devoted to the experiment have elapsed. To those who consider the formation of such institutions as desirable, it will be gratifying to learn that all who are personally concerned in promoting this undertaking, all who have actually visited the establishment and made themselves thoroughly acquainted with its arrangements, are cordially desirous of its continuance. The experiment was fairly tried, and it succeeded perfectly. No lady quitted the society who was elected after the first year that is after the principles of the society were more generally

known, and its regular and retired habits fully understood. It has been proved that such a society of ladies may live in harmony, that they can consider themselves fixed though bound by no vows, and be contented and happy in their retirement though not upon compulsion. The late excellent Queen inspected the establishment in person during the last year of her life. She expressed the most unqualified approbation of its principles and regulations, and emphatically pronounced it "a blessed asylum." Though nothing was drawn from the fund, eight lady associates had been received on the original plan. The establishment was enabled to afford this by the ladies president and vice-president residing in it at considerable expence, but it is observed that such a mode of upholding it cannot be rested upon as permanent and it was soon found that many ladies looked with an anxious but hopeless eye to this retreat, because their total want of fortune precluded their admission, though for all circumstances of manners, birth, education, and principles, they would be peculiarly desirable as inmates. A few official situations in the establishment were therefore instituted within the last year for ladies thus circumstanced, and they were admitted gratuitously.

There is no want of money among the Catholics for any object connected with the propagation of their doctrine. They can erect colleges and purchase estates for their support. Means are never wanting where there is zeal. And can there be none excited for this Protestant institution, the purport of which is rational, its intention pure, its principles just—and which is so excellently adapted to its object, and so worthy of an enlightened age and country? It is no doubtful benefit which is proposed, no untried theory, no project of visionary benevolence, no narrow or confined advantage. And when we consider the crying necessity for such institutions, and the great and certain good which they would produce, we cannot but feel that we are performing a public duty in thus endeavouring to excite public attention to the subject.

LUCKNOW AFFAIRS.

LUCKNOW.—A file of translated Akbbars from this quarter shows little worth extracting, much speculation appears to be entertained as to the probability of the King's succeeding in detaining Aga Meer in continued imprisonment, a proclamation had invited all classes to prefer claims on that individual. Numerous and multifarious demands had accordingly been preferred. "The life of Noah (says the news writer) would not suffice for the investigation and determination of these and the other various claims, which have been set up on the part of the king."

The zeal of the Nawab Muntazin-ul-mulk for economy had exposed him to rather a discouraging reproof. He had selected the old bullocks and horses attached to the royal establishment at Lucknow for the purpose of being sent into the interior to graze, on hearing this His Majesty observed, that these old servants had passed their youth in the service of the state and were now in their old age unable to subsist by grazing. Besides observed His Majesty, "if this is the order of the day, let all the old in our employ return to their homes." The veteran Nawab was abashed. An act of His Majesty not exactly in the spirit of this sentimental benevolence is mentioned. The Police had been seizing in all directions the daughters of the sweepers, for distribution in the different female establishments of His Majesty. This proceeding had given a favourable opportunity for contention to those employed in carrying it into effect. The king had rewarded those who had brought him a girl of peculiar beauty belonging to this class.—*Bengal Hurkuru, August 28.*

To the Editor of the John Bull.

SIR,—Having lately perused much in the columns of your contemporary, on the subject of Lucknow affairs, and particularly in reference to the virtues of Hukeem Mehdi Uly Khan, I cannot help remarking, that your contemporary must be unaware of the following passages, in print, in the 17th No. of the Asiatic Journal for January 1826, under the head of "The Oude Papers," "Original Correspondence," submitted to the Proprietors of East India Stock.

"Hukeem Mehdi Uly Khan, was originally the Agent of an extensive district, Kynard; the merits of this person seems to have recommended him at Court, but

no distinct complaint of his influence has appeared to us, in the correspondence of the Resident there (Colonel Baillie) till the month of December, 1813, when he is described as a person, "whose disaffection to the British Government, and the general vices of his character have frequently fallen under his (Colonel Baillie's) observation, and have been brought to the notice of Government by his predecessor, as well as by himself," and whose pernicious counsels, as well as the false reports of intriguing agents employed by the Hakeem at the Presidency, as well as in the city of Lucknow, induced the Vizier to depart from his promise of regarding the measures of reform. Upon his Excellency's wishes (the Nuwab Vizier's) being consulted as to his ministers, he desired that Hukeem Mehdee might be Paishkar to his son, the nominal minister, and on His Lordship (the Governor General) remarking, that the Hukeem had not the confidence of the British Government, the Vizier replied he had his confidence."

In another passage an answer to a minute of the Governor General in Council, "Colonel Baillie begins by adverting to the introduction of Hukeem Mehdee at the late Vizier's (Tandut Ullah's) Court in 1811, and ascribes to that person the obstruction of the reform, and every untoward circumstance, which took place at Lucknow. One of his first devices was to excite a personal enmity in the Vizier towards the Resident, whom he desired to remove from his Post. He endeavoured to intrigue by means of Agents in Calcutta, and when Capt. McLeod arrived in Lucknow in 1811, Colonel Baillie was informed, that the Hukeem endeavoured to open an intercourse with him; and as Capt. McLeod was on intimate terms with the Resident, the latter cautioned him against the Hukeem. The Vizier's reconciliation with the Resident, took place on the 2d October 1813, when Hukeem Mehdee had been banished from "His Excellency's Councils, and treated as an enemy and a traitor !!!!!!! "The grounds of the Hukeem's animosity to the Resident must be obvious; he had opposed his accession to power; he had disappointed his views of proceeding to Lord Hastings with treasure, and he had urged a reform which must prejudice his interests. Hukeem Mehdee's Amilship must have been valuable, the district he farmed yielded a revenue of thirty lacs per annum."

I have no wish, Mr. Editor, to enter the arena of contest with one, so versed in the wiles of court intrigue as the gentleman whose praises occupy so large a space in the columns of a cotemporary, but printed documents are like facts, stubborn things: besides we know it to be a favorite "ruse" or this hoary headed politician to send remarks upon himself to the Editors of public journals.

Your's obedient servant,

In the neighbourhood of Lucknow, 14th August, 1830.

PAUL PRY.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL HURKARU* AND *CHRONICLE*.

SIR,—PAUL PRY of Lucknow, a splenetic correspondent of the *Bull*, appears offended by the able and lively delineation of the character of Hakeem Mehdi Ali Khan, by a correspondent of yours. With amusing naivete, he would have the public condemn that individual, because, forsooth, Colonel Baillie, a former Resident, denounced his disaffection to the British Government, "and the general vices of his character," and that denunciation too is in print! Think of that Mr. Editor!!

Disaffection to the British Government represented by Colonel Baillie!! In the hideous enormity of this offence "*the general vices*" sink into insignificance, or probably Colonel Baillie would have condescended to particularize. Until something specific is shewn it will be not unreasonable to value this sweeping charge at exactly what it is worth—nothing.

The Hakeem is said to have been guilty of "*Lèse-Majesté*" in aiding and abetting his Master to oppose what he deemed (of course without reason) encroachments on his legitimate authority and thus rendered himself obnoxious to Colonel Baillie, on whose representation an order was issued by Lord Minto's Government for the Hakeem's banishment from Lucknow. This is the truth, but not the whole truth.

PAUL PRY should have added another "stubborn fact," Lord Hastings reversed this order as unjust.

I think it likely enough that "this hoary headed politician" is practised in the intrigues which are a necessary part of the game of ambition. What aspiring politician of what country is not? But I think it unlikely that he would resort to the bungling "ruse" of puffing himself in the Newspapers. His talents and qualifications for administration are confessed, and since Lord Hastings corrected the injustice which had been done him, he could have no motive to employ so stale a trick.

Cuttack; August 31st, 1830.

FAIR PLAY.

We publish a letter signed FAIR PLAY, which replies to a letter from PAUL PRY in the *John Bull*, by which Hakim Mehdi Ali Khan, the present Minister of Oude, is condemned as disaffected to the British Government. FAIR PLAY meets the "stubborn facts" of PAUL PRY by facts as stubborn. We take no interest in the discussion and beg to assure PAUL that we are indifferent as to the virtues or the vices of the individual in question with whom we have never directly or indirectly exchanged communication. We believe, his character so graphically drawn by a correspondent of ours, to be just and correct. For the accuracy of the panegyrical notices of the Nawab, which we have transplanted from the native papers, we are not responsible; we believe them however to be well deserved, and are confirmed by the opinions of European officers who have witnessed the condition of the part of the country formerly administered by this veteran Statesman.—*Bengal Hurkaru, September 1.*

Lucknow.—Notices from this quarter speculate on the probabilities that Mehdi Ali Khan, will be finally and formally confirmed in the office of Minister, and that Agha Meer will be released; or otherwise. Though not obviously related, these events, it would seem, are in some degree connected.

The King is stated to have written to the Resident, proposing a particular day for the formal investiture (in his presence) of Mehdi Ali Khan with the Robe and other insignia of the office of Minister.

As no notice had been taken of this communication, inferences were drawn, that the measure was one on which the British Government had not finally decided, and the Nawab is stated in consequence to have withdrawn, for the present, from interference in public affairs. The sentiments of the English Government on the question were expected with considerable anxiety.

The guards of the King, (previously removed from the house of Aga Meer) had been also removed from those of his dependants in consequence of a communication on the part of the British Government. Aga Meer had made successively several large deposits of money in the Treasury of the Resident to meet eventually any part of the various claims which had been set up against him on the part of the King and others, means of conveyance for a journey had also been collected. Such are the circumstances mentioned indicating the probability of his departure; and of these it would seem, his rivals had adroitly availed themselves to injure Mehdi Ali Khan with the King. They are stated to have urged that their efforts during two and half years had detained the object of H. M.'s hatred and his dependants in confinement, but that Mehdi Ali Khan in a few weeks had allowed the withdrawal of the King's guards and contributed to the enlargement of Aga Meer; events which under their management would never have taken place. It is mentioned that these representations had made some impression on the mind of his Majesty and that the party by whom they were made had prepared for His Majesty a letter of remonstrance to the Governor General which the King had forwarded to the Resident. Subsequently however it would seem from the same cause, Sabit Ali the unfortunate Moonshi who drafted this letter had been placed by the King in arrest.

"Nothing (says the news-writer) is fixed or settled in this country, God only knows what will be presented to our eyes from behind the Curtain of Mystery." Ram Dyal it was expected would be soon enlarged. Subsequent to his examination at the Presidency he is said to have addressed an ari to the Resident on the subject of his imprisonment and to have received a reply that he was not confined at the instance of, or for any offence towards, the British Government; to whom his release was a matter of indifference.

* The King had added to his establishment another Lady denominated the *Mahlnow* and a suitable retinue had been assigned her.—*Bengal Hurkaru, September 7.*

Lucknow.—The complexion of affairs in this quarter appears unaltered. A serious difference is mentioned as existing between the King and the Resident, in consequence of the letter of complaint addressed by the former to the Governor General. The writer of this letter Moushi Sahib Ali (as stated in our last notice of Lucknow news.) had been confined by the King. It was reported to His Majesty that the writers in the Residency Persian Office had openly repeated the tenor of an order received from Calcutta, viz. "That whenever the individual who had created the difference and ill will between the Resident and the King was expelled from the Court of the latter, the intercourse between the Resident and the King would be resumed: otherwise there was no necessity for the same."

Mehdi Ali Khan is understood to be the Individual here glanced at. The News-writer accordingly observes, that this individual was singularly unfortunate. "The King is displeased with him on account of the relaxation of securities in respect to Aga Meer and the approaching release of that person; while the Resident apparently is offended by a remonstrance on this subject addressed by the King to the Governor General. True it is, that that Mehdi Ali Khan had come very inopportunistically. The Resident had required from the King the surrender of the English Writer of Mehdi Ali Khan, an European, and had dismissed him after the confinement of two days. The ground of his arrest and detention are not stated.

Sonaullah, and the other eight Hircarrabs of the Residency who were imprisoned a year ago when Colonel Lockett had taken charge of the Residency, have been lately sent by the King to the Resident. "People are inquisitive as to the nature of the offence charged against them which has subjected them to so severe a punishment. It must have been great, otherwise complaisance has been pushed to its utmost."

A reconciliation had been effected between the King and his Uncles who had been released from arrest. It is also mentioned that the King had ordered a Crore of the old Treasure to be disbursed for the payment of their Stipend and other arrears.—*Bengal Hurkaru, September 13.*

Lucknow.—The Nawab has not yet been invested with the *Khilat* and it is probable he must wait for some time before he regularly assumes the Oude Ministry. Mr. Maddock the Resident objects, it is understood, to his entering into office until the Ex-minister leaves Lucknow; when this will take place, it is impossible to say. Aga Meer has however, got his Majesty's permission to leave the Oude Territories, with the whole of his family, whenever he pleases, and the Nuwab is doing all he can to expedite his (Aga Meer's) removal from hence. The Nuwab is in great favor with the King, and since his arrival at Lucknow has done great service to the state. He is at present very busy regulating the Financial departments, and the result of his labours will, ere long, exhibit a most flattering view of the improvement brought about in so short a time. Most of the troops which were 12, 14 and some 20 months in arrears have been paid up, and a number of reductions have been made in the public establishment. The Police system has also been materially improved, and tumult and bloodshed have been completely done away with.—*Cawnpore, 14th Sept.—Bengal Hurkaru, October 2.*

Lucknow.—A mass of these Akhbars as usual afford little worth extracting. The most prominent topic is the expected release of the long imprisoned Agha Meer. His family and effects had been conveyed to Cawnpore under charge of a strong escort of Dragoons and Infantry. The Resident is stated to have adopted this precaution on an apprehension that some attempt might be made to intercept the party on its route. It was expected that Agha Meer would follow immediately. These events are stated as very unpalatable to the king who had calculated on the indefinite detention of the prisoner. The party at Court opposed to Montazim-ud-Dowlah, were taking advantage of these occurrences to divert from the Nawab the Royal favor by representing that his bad management and interference had caused what was so offensive to his Majesty. The Nawab however appears to be

still in possession of the Royal confidence, but it is anticipated that the expected release of the favorite Ram Dyal would impair his influence. This individual had again been at the Residency, and he and his party were much elated since the assurance of the Resident that his enlargement would not be displeasing to the British government. "God alone is omniscient (says the pious news writer) and we his creatures can only admire the strange vicissitudes in human affairs."

Munim Khan and Mohammad Bukhsh who performed certain useful administrative offices for his Majesty, had been punished and disgraced. It would seem that they had erroneously deemed it part of their duty to take a foretaste of the delicacies which they catered for the Royal appetite.

Janki Purshad who transacted the pecuniary affairs of the deceased Minister Fazl Ali had withdrawn from Lucknow.

The Resident had made a written communication to the king to release Jafir-oort Zuman. This individual had originally been confined at the Residency as implicated in a forgery connected with the case of Ram Dyal and thence transferred to the king, under the influence of Montazim-ud-Daulah.

Great progress had been made towards the liquidation of the long arrears due to the servants of the State, and the relations of the king. For this purpose the Nawab had raised a large sum on his personal credit. He had also undertaken for the punctual collection of the public revenues for five years at a considerable advance. From this arrangement which appears to have occasioned general satisfaction, extensive benefit was anticipated. It placed the public receipts on a secure footing, and at the same time relieved the agricultural population from the oppressive exactions of numerous and constantly changing independent Amils. It appears to be understood that the arrangement now made with the Nawab is a preliminary to the general introduction of a direct settlement with the individual Zemindars and occupants of the soil.—*Bengal Hurkaru, Oct. 15.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—As I do not observe any communications purely of an epistolary nature in the Literary Gazette, I know not whether you will admit one. Mine however claims a place in your columns from its reference to an article in your last Sunday's journal, giving necessarily an extensive circulation to an anecdote which has evidently been written under some misapprehension.

I allude to the story told of Hakim Mhsindee in the lately published life of the lamented Heber, wherein an atrocious abuse of power is attributed to that personage, in the case of an Engineer: who had succeeded in engaging the King's notice and patronage.

The Hakim is stated to have been the Minister of the late King. He never was so. He was his father, Saadut Ally's favorite, but that was such a number of years back that the Bishop could never have intended to allude to him as the actual possessor of power at Lucknow at the time he wrote, nor could Mrs. Heber who edits the work, have spoken of her unwillingness to publish that which could be injurious to Hakim Mhsindee the Minister then at the head of affairs, when it is known that until the last few months, the Hakim has been living for many years in retirement at Furruckabad.

But there is other evidence of error in the union of Hakim Mhsindee's name with this very abominable story.

The unfortunate Engineer is stated to have become obnoxious to the minister (Hakim Mhsindee Aly Khan) because that person "feared a rising competitor; as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement."

Now if you will look into Vol. 2, of the late Bishop's interesting journal you will find that he states distinctly that the Hakim is a man of great hereditary affluence and influence, a statement quite incompatible with that above recorded of his supposed birth and functions.

It seems clear therefore that Bishop Heber alluded to Aga Meer, the late minister to the late King, who was a man of low birth, and functions, and who was Minister at the period when the Bishop wrote; and in all probability at the time when his correspondence was prepared for the press by his widow.

I am Sir, your obedient Servant,

A FRIEND OF HEBER AND THE HAKHEEM.

SUPREME COURT,—NOVEMBER 4, 1830.

C. MARTIN AND OTHERS, *versus* R. SPANKIE, ESQ. AND OTHERS.*Before the Chief Justice and Justice Ryan.*

In the case of the Will of General Martin, the three suits consolidated in 1819, came on for hearing this day upon further direction.

We do not pretend to give at length the arguments of the learned Counsel in this case, they would not in full be generally interesting to our readers; they would be far beyond what our limits could afford, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to a general view of the points upon which they rested their clients' interests and the arguments urged in support of them.

The Advocate General, after Mr. Cochrane had opened the case, said, that notwithstanding its importance he trusted he should not be compelled to go at length into the entire case, stating its different details, but that it would be sufficient for him in the first instance, to address himself to the principal points, for he would be followed by his learned friends for the City of Lyons, whose interests were nearly connected with his own, and they would fill up any omissions which he might make.

The Advocate General first addressed his remarks, to the domicile of the testator, urging that it was English, or at least such as rendered it impossible, that his property and effects, could under the will, be otherwise distributed than by English law. The next point he took was as to the residue, which with the exception of four lacs and half, he might perhaps feel it his duty to claim on behalf of the Crown, he considered should be distributed according to the will of the testator, or his meaning as it could be collected from it, and go amongst the different charities mentioned in that will. With reference to the first point, the domicile, he would look to the evidence which had been given before the Master on the reference and from that he collected; that General Martin was a Frenchman and had come out to Pondicherry at an early age in the service of his country; that he subsequently entered the service of the United Company as a Cadet and rose through its different gradations till he arrived at the rank of a Major General; that he lived for some time at Lucknow where he died and now lies buried, and then urging such arguments as he could advance, leave it open to the Court to determine, where his domicile was, but he would contend, that from the time of his first being a Cadet till the period of his death, he was under the controul, and entire political controul, of the United Company; receiving, though for a number of years in the service of a foreign state then in alliance with it, his half-pay, all he was entitled to under existing regulations; that he took no office though in the service of that country, except by consent already obtained, and was appointed to his command there at the recommendation of the United Company.

In proof of these facts, the Advocate General first referred to the evidence of Col. Imlack, who stated, that the testator had lived at Lucknow and commanded the Vizier's troops in the Mysore; that he continued in his service till his death, and could only have taken that command by consent of the British Government.

The next evidence to which the Advocate General referred, was a letter from Government in January 1786, which showed that General Martin then went into the service of Oude, on an application from the Vizier to the British Government, to have a proper officer appointed to the superintendence of his arsenal and only by the consent or rather the appointment of the British Government.

The next was a letter to the Resident at the Vizier's Court acquainting him with the appointment of Captain Martin, and then a letter of a subsequent date to the Resident from Lord Cornwallis, requesting him personally to explain to Col. Martin, in answer to his remonstrance, that according to stipulation, he could only have half-pay and should look for the rest to the Vizier; and the next piece

of evidence was an extract of a letter from the Resident to Lord Mornington, stating the appointment of the testator to the command of the Vizier's troops in the field, dated in December, 1798, a few months before his demise, together with the consent of government that he should assume that command, (and then follows the material part) from his known zeal and activity in the *service of the United Company*.

The Advocate General did not know that, in the first instance he would be required to show, that the testator had an English domicile, but he considered that his taking office in the service of the British Government was sufficient to prove that; in this opinion the Chief Justice agreed, and the Advocate General cited the case of an Alderman of the Mayor's Court of Calcutta a German, to show that a foreigner having ever taken upon himself the legal character of an Englishman, could not plead that he was a foreigner; and also, the case of Bruce and Bruce, where it was decided, that a Scotchman, when he was in the Company's service in India, had acquired an English domicile, though he had remitted home funds to the country of his birth, and stated, that it was his intention to reside there, and that his property and effects should be administered according to the English law, and stated that it was supposed the testator had died at sea, yet the place of demise formed no part of the consideration in determining that case.

The Chief Justice remarked that there could be no doubt, that in the *Mofussil* a Scotchman was subject to English laws, but he believed foreigners were not considered in the same light as Englishmen, unless resident in Calcutta. In the Upper Provinces a Scotchman would no doubt have the same rights as an English or an Irishman, a Frenchman he thought would not.

The Advocate General thought that, this distinction, in the present case, had been done away with, in consequence of the testator's having entered the military service of the United Company, which has been decided to give an English domicile; and therefore, though he might be a foreigner, he would be still subject to the jurisdiction of this Court; then if General Martin had by such service acquired an English domicile, he contended that such was his domicile when he died, for, from the cases which he cited it appeared, that no person could abandon an old domicile till he had regularly acquired a new one; that the original domicile continued in this instance was plain indeed, for he never divested himself of the controul of the British government, up to the time of his death he received half-pay as an officer from the East India Company, and never assumed command in any other service, except by their consent first had; for these reasons he contended the testator had acquired an Indian domicile, which was in effect the same as an English. India for that purpose being considered within Canterbury, and not such a domicile as would affect the distribution of his property according to his will under the English law.

The Advocate General next referred to the evidence of a Mussulman taken before the Master, from which it appeared, that the testator according to the Mahomedan law could have had no domicile, under the circumstances, in a Mahomedan country, and further that after his death his will should be carried into effect, not according to the laws of that country but his own, for he says, a Mustameen he considers not to be a subject; he can leave the country when he likes, and go where he pleases; if he dies, his property will go to his christian relatives, and if sent to a christian country, will be divided according to the law of that country; but if those relatives went into the Mussulman country, it would be divided according to Mahomedan law; but in case it got into the hands of persons residing in Calcutta, it was his opinion it would be divided according to the laws prevalent there, unless the Court wished it to be divided according to the Mussulman law. This witness considered an officer lent to the Prince of a Mussulman country, where he resided, to be a Mustameen and not a subject.

The Chief Justice here remarked, that the only point upon which he felt any doubt, for he was sure the Company had taken care to place their officers above the native or any Mahomedan laws, was as to the manner of disposing of the property of foreigners who died in the *Mofussil*.

In the case of an Armenian he was sure the property would be distributed by the Provincial Courts, according to the Armenian law; and then putting the case

of a Frenchman not a British subject, how would it be disposed of and what was the usage? on this point his Lordship appeared to think it would be necessary to have a reference.

The Advocate General feared that nothing satisfactory could be obtained from such a reference, as to the practice of the Mofussil Courts, but the Chief Justice remarked that the Master had not informed the Court whether any cases of that kind had been brought before it, and if so what had been the practice and all this he could have ascertained by examining the Ecclesiastical Register, and then the Court could, if the case were carried further, be able to furnish the authorities at home with all information in their power, as to what had hitherto been the practice in such cases in this country.

The Advocate General felt so strongly the weight of the cases he had cited, and he knew it would be so much to the benefit of his friends for that next of kin to press that investigation that he should not be disposed to occupy further their Lordships' attention upon it, but he would submit that unless it were uninterrupted usage recognized by law, it would be of little weight.

The Advocate General next came to the question of the residue, and he was informed that his learned friends for the next of kin would claim that part of it unappropriated under the will, but this he contended could not have been the intention of the testator, for charity seemed to have been the object continually in his view and from his own words it might be collected, that he wished to be remembered by his charity in the world as the great benefactor of man. The Advocate General read sections from the will to show, that he had directed certain funds to be invested, and Indigo Factories to be carried on, and when the profits increased above a certain sum they were to go to the benefit of charities and could it at the same time he contended, that he intended to leave these sums to those to whom he had bequeathed certain specific legacies; then if such was not the intention of the testator and that any of these proposed charities or establishments could not be carried into effect, their Lordships would appropriate the Funds to the credit of those charities in such a way as would, as nearly, as possible come within the intention of the testator, and he, the Advocate General, would contend that they should be distributed between the other charities.

Mr. Advocate General concluded by stating, that he did not abandon, but might perhaps feel it his duty to lay claim on behalf of the Crown, to the real estate in Calcutta and its proceeds, amounting in all to four lacs and a half of rupees, on the ground of General Martin having been an alien.

Mr. Cochrane followed and went into a lengthened history of the proceedings in the case, from the death of General Martin to the consolidation of the three suits in 1819, and subsequently from that year to the present time, and stated that some unaccountable delay marked the entire proceedings. He contended that the question of domicile had already been decided; it was argued on exceptions to the Master's report and determined, and against that decree the parties interested had not appealed or taken any further proceedings, and he therefore considered that they were now bound by it and that the Court could not alter it if there was to be any consistency in judicial investigations, and if the public had any right to see their Lordships' decrees supported, and what he asked would be the consequence if the doctrine was to be now raised, that the Court was not to be bound by these decrees, and that the domicile of the testator should be found to be in Oude? why that all the money which had been expended under the will was illegally paid out, for the testator was a Mussulman.

Mr. Cochrane next applied his arguments to the residue and contended that the great principle, throughout the different clauses of the will, was charity, in the testator's own words "that the donor might be known after his death" for he ordered the funds for the charitable bequests and pensions to be set aside from the best part of his fortune and deposited in the safest possible security.

The Learned Gentleman here cited cases to show that the Court was empowered, where they could not give full effect to a charity mentioned in the will, to carry the testator's intention into operation in some manner, as nearly as possible approaching to his expressed wishes. That charity was his grand object he contended from various parts of the will upon which he relied, so if the Court could

not carry into effect the Lucknow charity, it would not give the funds appropriated to that, to the next of kin, for such could not have been his intention, where he gave them specific legacies; the question would then be, in what manner it was to be applied? and he should contend that the Calcutta charity was best entitled to it, as the most beneficial institution.

The Chief Justice stated that he thought at present that there should be a further investigation, first upon the point, whether any qualification of his naturalization as alien born, took place from his long service in this country; secondly, how the effects of an alien born officer in the service have hitherto been disposed of; thirdly, what was the whole estate of Louis Martin which went to his children.

There was also another point which we did not exactly collect, as to the application by Louis Martin of a certain fund.

Mr. Dickens handed to the Bench reports of the cases decided in the Sudder Dewany as to the distributions of the property of foreigners. The Court adjourned at four o'clock.

NOVEMBER 5, 1830.

SECOND DAY.

On the Chief Justice taking his seat this day, he observed, with reference to the first point which he thought yesterday evening would require further investigation, that taking into consideration the fact, that at the time of the testator's death, England was at war with France, in which country a system of government and laws existed to which the testator owed no allegiance, and which were never recognised by England, or any rule, other than that of the exiled King, the only protection the Government could hold out to the testator was the English law and that coupled with his long service, he considered sufficient to show his domicile to be in England.

Mr. Minchin wished his friends for the City of Lyons to address the Court first.

Mr. Prinsep had no objection, and after what had fallen from the Court in the course of yesterday, the remarks he should have to offer would not occupy much of their Lordships' attention. What he should first observe, was, that he had not been instructed to oppose the interests of the next of kin, but rather the contrary; however, at the same time he should not neglect the interests of those he represented. Upon the question of domicile, Mr. Prinsep would have little to say after the intimation which had been given by the Court, but would first draw their Lordships' attention to the treaties by which Europeans were permitted to reside in Oude. The first to which Mr. Prinsep alluded was the treaty between the Vizier and Sir John Shore on the part of the United Company, dated 21st February, 1790, by the fifteenth clause of which the terms were provided in these words, "The Nabob Saudut Ali Khan engages and promises, that he will not entertain any Europeans of any description in his service, nor allow them to settle in his country without the consent of the Company," and next cited part of the second article of the treaty between the Company and the Vizier of the 21st of May, 1775, which ran thus: "He also engages, not for any cause, or under any pretence, to entertain Europeans of any nation in his service without the consent of the English company; that he will prevent, oppose, and send back, such as offer to come into, pass through, or remain, or shall be in his dominions without the perwanaah of the English Company. The Europeans of every nation in the service of the said Nabob are hereby dismissed; and now, and in the future, he engages never to entertain the said Europeans, and to deliver up to the English Company such of their servants who have deserted, or may desert, in case of his apprehending them."

There was a subsequent treaty after the death of General Martin to which it was unnecessary to allude but from these documents Mr. Prinsep argued, that the testator could have had no domicile in Oude, and though he might have resided there for a number of years and until his death, he was still subject to the United Company, in whose service he was. Then, if his domicile was not in Oude, he could not be in France, for the original testament under which he was

Born, was no longer in existence there, and he could therefore only owe allegiance to the British Crown, holding as he did, whilst it was at war with France, a commission in the service of the United Company, which upon the authority of cases already cited, gave him a domicile in England.

Mr. Prinsep considered that in this country there existed no power, for the crown could not delegate it, to naturalize foreign subjects, though it might to a certain extent make a denizen, and he apprehended the court would not, from the circumstances, look at denizens here in the same light as in other places, for this country was acquired by conquest, and then it was an admitted principle, that in all such cases, the old law must prevail unless new ones are introduced, now in the Mofussil no law of escheat existed but Magistrates tried all cases of escheats under the Mahomedan law, and if it were so, then in this case all property went as directed by the will, and did not revert to the crown, but to his relatives in his native country. If the Mahomedan law of escheats prevailed in this case, it would go far to settle the question, for then all property went under the will, which the court had declared to be good and sufficient, and put at once an end to any claim on the part of the crown for these provinces had been conquered, and the government have no rights, but what had been given by the Mahomedan law, and for this reason it was important to decide the question, by what law the real property in Calcutta was to be distributed; it would come to the point, does property granted to aliens revert to the crown after their death? this was of great importance, for nothing could be more dangerous than the principle contended for when so much land was held by foreigners in this country.

Mr. Prinsep next remarked, that he had been given to understand, the next kin claimed the unapplied residue and the legacy left for the establishment of the Lucknow charity, because it could not be carried into effect. To such claims he was not instructed to offer any opposition, but he should imagine their Lordships were not inclined to raise any new charities, and would therefore divide these sums amongst those already in existence, for to his relations, the testator left specific legacies, while the absolute sum to charities could not be well ascertained as it was to go on increasing and being applied to the enlargement of them, and this showed that such charity was the object, principally kept in view by the testator and for this reason the residue ought to be divided between the Calcutta and City of Lyons Charities.

Mr. Prinsep said it had been referred to the Master to enquire as to the will of Louis Martin, with a view to ascertaining the residue, and beyond this, with the exception of the practice in the Mofussil of distributing the property of foreigners, there appeared nothing to be referred back and he thought that the Court was in such a situation, as to determine most of the points and settle whether all the property was to pass under the will or a part was to revert to the Company as the delegated Sovereigns of the country. If the testator had a right to hold land in the Mofussil by deed, he might pass it to another, by will to his Trustees, as was meant to be done in this case, and it had been decided by the Court in a former instance, that in the case of an alien holding lands in Calcutta, the widow was entitled to her dower, so that the son of an alien, he being born in Calcutta, might inherit.

The Chief Justice remarked that it had been also decided, that an alien the son of an alien could not inherit.

Mr. Clarendon followed Mr. Prinsep on the same side, and he contended for two points: first, that the testator at the time of his death had an English domicile; secondly, that the residue, as the Lucknow charity could not be effected, must go to the other charities and that the doctrine of *cy pres* did not apply to it. Upon the first point the case of Bruce and Bruce was strong, as he held a commission in the Company's Service, and the case of Munro and Douglas was also worthy of much attention; in that case the testator died in Scotland. Mrs. Munro claimed that his domicile was Scotch, which if she could maintain, by the law of that country she would be entitled to half his property and she founded her claim upon the principle of Scotch law, that when a man has acquired a new domicile and loses it, he is considered to belong to his domicile in origin; in England he is considered to belong to the second, till he has regularly acquired a new one; and in

that case it was decided, that Munro, holding a commission, had acquired an English domicile and where he died did not signify. The case of the Indian Chief showed that a foreigner residing within any of the Factories of the East, was subject to the British law; and that an Indian domicile was in fact an English one, the case of Bruce and Bruce was an express authority.

Mr Cleland contended, that the Court would not consider this as a case of intestacy, where the testator had put himself under the protection of the British law and wished, as was evident from his will, his domicile to be considered as English; and this he considered took it out of the cases of intestacy. It appeared from the will, (part of which he here read at length) that the intention of the testator was, that the residue should be kept till it amounted to ten lacs, and then be distributed amongst the Calcutta and Lyons charity, and as that in Oude could not be established, it must revert to the other two mentioned. The court could only appropriate the fund for Lucknow in the way stated in the will, for though the general rule was as laid down by Mr. Roper, that where a charitable bequest could not be given effect to in the way stated in the will, the doctrine *cy-près* applied and the funds, should be appropriated as nearly as possible in accordance with the wishes of the testator; but there was an exception to this where a specific not a general charity was the intention, as in the case before the court, where the clear object was to gratify his ambition by the establishments and support of particular institutions.

Mr. Cleland cited several cases to shew first that, where a bequest was left for a specific charitable purpose, that to apply it to any other was a bad bequest; secondly, that where a charity was left for a particular purpose, it could not be given to the poor at large; thirdly, that if it was the intention of the testator to give charity generally, the rule was the Court could apply it, but not unless it appeared so clearly from the will, so that, the Lucknow charity having been given for the establishment of a College, the Court could apply it in no other way, but the funds must go with the residue to the other charities, as they appeared from the will to be the great objects of the testator's care. With reference to the landed property in Oude, under the Musselman Law, he had a right to distribute that under his will.

Mr. Minchin began by stating to the Court, on the part of one of the next of kin, who had sent out a power of Attorney to Mr. Abbott with directions to bring his interests forward, his right, on the authority of a case in England, to be allowed to come in now, though at a late period, consenting to be bound by the decree.

The Chief Justice remarked that he might, but it should be brought forward by a specific motion and it might, he thought, be done after the hearing.

The Chief Justice enquired who was the attorney for the city of Lyons and was informed that Mr. Abbott had a power of Attorney for both the City of Lyons and the next of kin, and that Messrs. Ronald and Master were the Attornies in both cases.

Mr. Minchin began by stating, that if General Martin had not been a Christian, residing in the kingdom of Oude, he should have held that he had, at the time of his death, a Mahomedan domicile, but he felt the weight of that fact, and would not press it, but would apply his arguments to the charities.

Mr. Minchin in his remarks, took four different points, upon which he argued with great talent; the first was, that where the charity was to be established out of the jurisdiction of the Court, in a foreign country, the Court had no power over the funds to distribute them, and he cited in support, the case of the Provost of Edinburgh *versus* Aubry, by which it appeared, that where a bequest was made in England for the establishment of a charity in Scotland, the Court of Chancery had no power to distribute it, but must pay it over to the Scottish Court to be by them applied.

The Chief Justice remarked, that this was a christian charity, and asked if its distribution was to be left to the Mahomedan Government of Oude, and was Constantia House to be kept up for no purpose?

Mr. Minchin observed, that he was for that reason to consider it void, and even if the Court felt itself bound to keep up the House where the testator lies buried, the other parts were void; he next came to the second part of his argument which

was; that there being a particular mode of distribution pointed out by the will of the testator, which formed the essence of the bequest; that it could not be distributed in any other way than that pointed out, or the bequest was void. The testator in his will, at great length pointed out, the manner in which the building was to be carried on, and it could hardly be denied that the great object and essence was the establishment of a College for christian education within the walls of Constantia, and the release of prisoners; from the Report of the Master, it appeared that effect could be given to neither of the objects, those were therefore void; but beyond this, there was the fact of their being in a foreign country, and their Lordships had therefore no jurisdiction over the funds to distribute them.

The Chief Justice remarked, that there was no finding in the report of the Master, that the House of Constantia could not be kept up, and the Court might still appropriate funds for that purpose, but was not some beneficial use to be made of it?

Mr. Minchin contended, that if the charity could not be carried fully into effect, in all particulars, that being void in part, it was void in all; but the doctrine of *cypré* or the argument that their Lordships could apply it in any other way was of no weight in the case before the Court; there was no doubt they would when the charity was given for a general purpose, and if there were no trustees, the King as *parens patriæ* could distribute the funds in any charity he pleased. He cited the case of Maurice versus the Bishop of Durham, and contended that the Court had no power to distribute the funds in a foreign country, and provided the bequest failed by the law of that country, it was void, and then went to the third point; that where there was a bequest which could not be carried into effect, it goes to the next of kin and not into the residue. This Mr. Minchin contended he would show from the will itself, and for this purpose he read the first clause by which it appeared the testator had applied a specific sum to it, and the last to show that he had not provided for it in the residuary clause, as he never contemplated a failure of the charity, and cited a case where the testator directed, that after the payment of all debts and legacies, the residue should be given *so and so*, but one of the sons dying it was decided that his legacy should be divided between the next of kin, and not go into the general residue.

Mr. Minchin came lastly to the point; where by the residuary clause, it was provided, that the residue, if it amounted to ten lacks was to be divided, if the third of that sum, in consequence of the inability of the Court to give effect to the Lucknow charity, be carried to the credit of the others, that would be a residue upon a residue and must therefore go to the next of kin, and this he supported upon a case cited from first Swanson. Mr. Minchin also claimed the legacy which had been left by the testator to Pere Martin, and there was no doubt that it had lapsed, as he died in the life time of the testator, and this amounted to forty thousand rupees with interest. With reference to the question whether or not the general residue had been disposed of by the will, he had felt the force of it very strongly, and he should not press it, but he claimed on behalf of the next of kin, the entire amount of the bequest to the Lucknow charity, which could not be carried into effect; the sum which was to be invested, sufficient to realise four thousand rupees a year, to be paid for the release of prisoners in Oude, which could not be done; the third of the residue of ten lacks which was to go to the Lucknow charity, and the lapsed legacy of Pere Martin.

NOVEMBER 6, 1830.

THIRD DAY.

Mr. Dickens appeared on behalf of the next of kin, and supported the arguments of Mr. Minchin; the first question to be considered was the domicile of testator, and upon this point he would not go over the ground nor cite the authorities which had, in the course of this case, been so frequently discussed; but he contended that if it had not been for the religion of General Martin, his domicile would have been *ex-facto* in Lucknow, and held that if a European foreigner, dying in the Mofussil, had other than a British domicile, which was an important consideration in the present case, it would depend upon the powers

of the Governor General in Council, to make regulations. The first act which gave him that power was the 13 of G. III. chap. 63; Mr. Dickens then cited the 21 G. III. chap. 70; the 33 G. III.; the 37 G. III. chap. 142, which brought him down to the year 1797, when the state of Factories in the East might have been pretty well considered to have ceased; then the 37, and 40 of G. III. chap. 73, in which nothing was said of Factories and brought the time down to 1800, in which year the testator died; and then the 47 G. III. chap. 78 sec. 2 which fixed the powers of legislation of the Governor General in Council up to 1807, and he said, that from a careful consideration of these different acts, it was his opinion, that the point rested thus; if a European foreigner, residing in India, had an English domicile, no regulation of the Governor General in Council had power to alter it, except that regulation was duly registered in the Supreme Court; certainly not if unregistered. Mr. Dickens said, that the reason he was anxious to have the testator still considered a Frenchman, and that he had an English domicile, was simply that he was ignorant what harm he might be doing to some of his clients, if it were determined otherwise by the Court, for he could not say by what law, these funds, which were now litigating in France, might there be distributed. In this country, he said, all foreigners required the licence of the United Company.

The Chief Justice knew of no act of Parliament, which required a foreigner to have a licence.

Mr. Dickens said, perhaps not to come to Bengal, but the Governor General in Council, had power to remove a foreigner for a reasonable cause; now in Blackstone, it was laid down as a principle, that in a country where the laws and usages were inapplicable to the foreigner, he took with him so much of the common law of his own country as was necessary for his government; so a foreigner could not be compelled to adopt the British Law, if it did not hold out to him its benefits; if he had not the advantages of that law, he could not be made to suffer by its disabilities, so in the case before the Court the doctrine of escheat could not apply, and he used this argument with reference to the claim which had been set up by the Advocate General, to a portion of the testator's property, on behalf of the crown.

Mr. Dickens next referred to the will, and argued from different clauses of it, that the next of kin were entitled to the residue, and then argued, that the bequest to the Lucknow establishment should go to them also, as the Court had decided it could not give it effect; he contended that the doctrine of *cypres* did not apply, and that it being a bequest for a particular purpose if it failed in part, it failed in the whole, and the fund would fall into the general residue of the estate, or go to the next of kin, to the latter he should contend.

The Chief Justice remarked, that the Master in his report had not taken into consideration, the assistance which might be received from the Supreme Government of this country, and his Lordship did not think it was impossible to have it carried into effect though their assistant.

Mr. Dickens showed that the King of Oude would not permit the liberation of prisoners, and, that though he might sanction the establishment of a College, it was not of such a nature as the one contemplated by the testator, the object of which was conversion to Christianity. The testator never intended to devote Constantia House for a tomb only, but to provide a residence for a limited period for European gentlemen, and when his long residence in the country and the inconvenience which were experienced by Europeans in Oude were considered, he did not know that the plan was an irrational one, considering the prejudices of the East.

The Chief Justice said it would be a strange combination; a Tomb, a School, a Hotel and a Zenanah.

Mr. Dickens showed from the will, that each was to be separate and distinct, and said, that the school was to be one for the instruction of youth in the principles of the Christian religion, under the superintendence of the King of Oude, and from the correspondence which had been given in evidence before the Master, it was evident such an establishment would never be sanctioned at Lucknow.

The Counsel here referred to letters from the Resident at Oude to Mr. Swinton, and one from the same to Mr. Stirling, forwarding a letter from the King decline

ing the money for the release of prisoners, alleging that most of those in jail were for murder or theft, but stating that he had no objection to the erection of a college; the Resident in his letter seemed to despair of the success of such an institution.

The Chief Justice thought it most extraordinary, that the testator who resided so long in Lucknow, should have made so great a mistake, as to leave a large sum of money to be appropriated in a manner which no Court could ever carry into effect; still he was no doubt a man of intelligence and must have been well acquainted with the customs of that country.

Mr. Dickens said, that at the time of the testator's death, the Government of Oude was in different hands, and its Councils were marked with a spirit of comparatively great liberality; he considered that the Court had sufficient evidence now to show, that the Lucknow charity could not be carried into effect, and if not, then it went to the next of kin.

The reference to the Master was under the decree of 1822, to report whether it could be carried into effect with the approbation of the Government of Oude, and it was impossible to suppose a christian college could ever be established with the concurrence of a Mahomedan King, and it would not be contended, he sufficient to establish a school, for the bequest of the testator was specific and if it could not be carried into effect, it was void and must go to the next of kin, on the authority of the case of Maurice against the Bishop of Durham, and he contended that the cases cited by the Advocate General and others, applied only to a general charity, where, no doubt, if it failed the King, as *paterfamilias* could distribute it, but the one in question was specific for a college for the instruction of youth, in the principles of the christian religion.

Mr. Dickens then claimed on the authority of cases which he cited, the third of the residue of ten lacs which could not be applied to the Lucknow charity, on the ground, that to divide it as a residue, would make it a residue, upon a residue, which must go to the next of kin, and he further claimed the lapsed legacy left to Pere Martin.

Mr. Advocate General replied in a short address, in which he regretted that the leader for the City of Lyons, whose interests he conceived were nearly connected with his own, had afforded him so little assistance; he had been told that the Government had no power of escheats, but it had nevertheless, he said, been exercised, and in all cases the property had been restored on petition; he denied that the power of Government in the Mofussil was drawn from any Mahomedan power, but was vested in it by act of Parliament, and then took a review of the different arguments which had been brought forward by the counsel for the next of kin and said, Mr. Minchin had stated that the doctrine of cypres, did not apply to the establishment of a new charity at Lucknow, but where the bequest appeared to have been given in a spirit of general charity and for the purpose of handing down his name to posterity, he, the Advocate General, appearing for the public, did not desire to have it established there. The College was to be for a particular purpose, and where it could not be carried into effect in Oude the establishment of such an institution for the instruction of youth in christian knowledge within the territories of the United Company, would come nearer the intention of the testator, than that the funds should go to those to whom he had left specific legacies. The King of Oude had objected to such an establishment within his territories, and he did not think that the difficulty could be overcome by any application to the Supreme Government; the Governor General had no doubt a great controul over the Military establishments in Oude, but he did not think he had ever attempted to contend for a supremacy in the municipal government of that country, and for this reason he did not think Government would interfere; this he begged to say was only his private opinion drawn from the circumstances. The great object of the testator, he contended, was charity, and for that reason the funds left to Lucknow should go to the other charities, and as he had left a larger sum to that of Calcutta than any other, he considered it should be carried to the credit of that, as it appeared to be the great object of the testator's care.

The Chief Justice, after some consultation with Mr. Justice Ryan, said that the Court would take time to consider what judgment it would give, and what

it was to do, as effect, it appeared, could not be given to the charitable bequest of the testator made to Lucknow, and upon this he felt quite at a loss, what course to pursue. He did not think the Court could refuse to keep up the house of Constantia and an establishment of persons for lighting and taking care the tomb, as directed; then if the house was to be kept up, was no other use to be made of it, and were others to be prevented from employing it to any good purpose? Then how was the sum left for charity to Lucknow to be employed? upon this, his Lordship felt quite at a loss after the opinion which had just been given by the Advocate General. If the Court found it could not apply the fund as directed, it should go to make up the sum of ten lacks and then the first thing, he thought, that should be done, was to be distributed, one-third each to the charities at Lyons and Calcutta, and then one-third would go to the residue which should be divided; still one-third for Lucknow would remain unappropriated and then Mr Dickens' case would apply; but the question would then arise, whether it should fall back or be given to the next of the kin. The Court, his Lordship said, should endeavour to find out a proper person to keep up the house at Constantia as the executor would clearly be bound to do so, and now that Court had taken that office upon itself, it became equally imperative upon it, and he considered it would be wrong to abandon it; but how on earth to effect the rest of the bequest, he felt, he confessed, quite at a loss; this was the great difficulty, and though there were other points, requiring consideration, he did not apprehend he should find much difficulty in making up his mind upon them. As to the question of the heir-at-law, he felt that the court was in a situation to declare there was none according to the English Law, after the commissions to France and the lapse of thirty years.

NOVEMBER 8, 1830.

The arguments upon the Will of General Martin closed yesterday, Mr. Dickens having been heard for the next of kin, and the Advocate General, in reply, for the Informant.

The Court delivered no decision but the Chief Justice said, that the case was one of very great importance, and the Judges would take some time to consider upon it, as it involved several important matters which required much consideration; but upon these, he would feel no difficulty, he apprehended, in making up his mind, but a great difficulty presented itself upon which he felt quite at a loss, the inability of the Court to carry into effect the testator's intentions as to the Charity at Lucknow, in consequence of the refusal of the King of Oude to permit the contemplated establishment in his dominions.

COURT MARTIAL AT BOMBAY.

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL ORDERS, HEAD-QUARTERS, BOMBAY, THURSDAY, 8TH APRIL, 1830.

At a General Court Martial, held at Bombay on Monday the 22d of March 1830, and of which Colonel H. Sullivan, of H. M. 6th Regiment of Foot, is President; Captain William Spiller, of the 5th Regiment Native Infantry, was tried on the following Charge:

Captain William Spiller, of the 5th Regiment of Native Infantry, placed in arrest by order of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, on the following Charge; viz. For highly scandalous and disgraceful conduct, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman in the following instances:

1st Instance.—In having permitted himself to be most grossly insulted on the public race course at Bombay, on the 30th of January 1830, by words expressed to him by Philip Bacon, Esquire, of the Hon'ble Company's Civil Service, without resenting such insult at the time, or taking any steps for the vindication of his character, until six days after the said occurrence had taken place.

2d Instance.—For having in a letter, addressed to Captain T. B. Billamers, of the 1st Grenadier Regiment, and dated the 4th February 1830, and on other occasions

given knowingly a false account of the occurrence referred to in the preceding Instance, and assigned false and unfounded reasons for his not having immediately re-sented the insult therein specified.

3d Instance.—For having by such conduct justly exposed himself to the opprobrium of being informed by the copy of a paper writing, the original of which bears date the 9th February 1830, and is signed in the names and by the desire of a number of gentlemen after they were made fully acquainted with the circumstances of the case, that Mr. Bacon was not bound, after what had passed, to afford him the satisfaction for the insult offered to him, due from one gentleman to another.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) J. W. AITCHISON,

Ajdt. Genl. of the Army.

Adj. Genl.'s Office, Bombay, 8th March, 1830.

Upon which Charge the Court came to the following decision:

Finding and Sentence.—The Court having maturely weighed and considered all that has been adduced in support of the prosecution, as well as what has been brought forward on the defence, are of opinion, that the Prisoner, Captain William Spiller, of the 5th Regiment of Native Infantry, is guilty of all and every part of the Charge which has been preferred against him, with exception of the first part of the second Instance—viz. "in having in a letter addressed to Captain T. R. Billamore, of the 1st Grenadier Regiment, and dated the 4th of February, 1830, and on other occasions, given knowingly a false account of the occurrence referred to in the preceding Instance," of which they do therefore acquit him.

The Court having found the Prisoner guilty to the extent above specified, in breach of the Articles of War in such cases made and provided, do therefore adjudge him, Captain William Spiller, to be dismissed from the Honourable Company's Service.

(Signed) HENRY SULLIVAN,

Col. and Lieut.-Col. H. M. 6th Foot. President.

(Signed) VANS KENNEDY,

Judge Advocate General.

Approved,

(Signed)

SIDNEY BECKWITH, *Lieut. General.*

The Court having performed a painful but imperative duty in finding the Prisoner guilty, beg respectfully to recommend him to the clemency of His Excellency the Commander in Chief.

In thus expressing a wish that mercy may be extended in the present case, the Court are impressed with the hope that the gallantry so frequently displayed by the Prisoner, and the high and apparently merited character which he has hitherto borne, will appear to His Excellency sufficient grounds for the Court thus warmly interesting themselves in the Prisoner's fate.

(Signed) H SULLIVAN,

Col. and Lieut.-Col. H. M. 6th Foot.

The Commander in Chief approves the sentence, but in consideration of the strong recommendation of the Court, remits the punishment.

The pain that has been given the Court to pass the sentence they have done on Captain Spiller is not greater than that which the Commander-in-Chief feels in publishing it to the Army. That an officer, distinguished through a career of long and arduous service, by zeal, activity, and valour, and who has received in high employment such marks of confidence and approbation from the Government he serves, should have forgotten that the strict maintenance of the high character of an officer and a gentleman was a duty on which no reliance on established reputation, much less the sordid calculation of questionable pecuniary transactions, can admit of being compromised for one moment, is a melancholy reflection. Captain Spiller has transgressed against this principle, and subjected himself to the consequent punishment.

The Commander-in-Chief cannot desire to conceal the feeling excited in his mind by the perusal of the Court Martial. He can discover nothing in the conduct of any individual connected with the transaction which he can mark by his approbation. There is much which perhaps it was his duty to comment upon with severity; but he refrains, and also from instituting further proceedings from a wish to protect the honour of the army and harmony of society, from the injury both might sustain by the further agitation of an affair, the recollection of which should only exist to warn all from future concern in such matters.

With this impression the Commander-in-Chief deems it his duty to publish to those under his command, that the re-agitation or revival, in any shape, of the proceedings which have led to this trial, will be visited by his severest displeasure. Captain William Spiller is released from arrest and is to return to his duty.

The General Court Martial, of which Colonel H. Sullivan, of H. M. 6th Regiment of Foot, is President, is dissolved.

S POWELL,

Depty. A'lt. Genl. of the Army.

MR. BACON'S ADDRESS AT THE END OF THE PRINTED TRIAL

In the publication of these proceedings, circulated by him, I have taken upon myself to leave out a few of the words I made use of during the altercation with (between) Captain Spiller and myself. I acknowledge that they were of the gross^{est} nature, and nothing but the extreme state of irritation I was in at the moment could have induced me so far to have forgotten myself, and I trust that by thus frankly confessing my error it may plead as an excuse for not publishing that language, which I must ever regret having made use of.

I have omitted publishing the names of the gentlemen^s who gave their opinions, that I was not bound to give Captain Spiller the satisfaction he required out of delicacy, wishing to connect as few individuals as possible with such extraordinary proceedings.

(Signed) P. BACON

EXTRACT FROM THE COPY OF THE TRIAL, PRINTED AT THE SUMMACHAR PRESS—
PAGE 33.

Philip Bacon, Esq., H. C. Service, examined by the Judge Advocate.

Q. On the race course on the morning of the 30th January, did some words pass between you and Captain Spiller?

A. Yes.

Q. State what these words were?

A. When I got down to the race course, I heard Captain Spiller talking about his horse *Benedict* being distanced, when he said "it was principally done through the evidence of Mr. Bacon's Jockey, whose master I had beaten both here and at Poonah, and who would, in all probability, if he had been asked the question, have declared that my horse *Benedict* was never on the course at all." These words naturally incensed me, and I exclaimed, "I'll be damned if he would have said so. I do not know what right you have to come down on the course insulting every body. You are a damned dirty fellow." Captain Spiller then said, "A dirty fellow." I replied, "Yes, a damned dirty fellow," and then followed the words which I must ever regret having made use of "You may cram that."

Q. In what tone and manner did you address these words to Captain Spiller?

A. In a very incensed manner, feeling so much incensed at the insult offered to me, as I could not but fancy, through my servant.

Q. Was your language intended as an insult?

A. It was intended to convey my thorough disgust at the imputation, and I considered it as an insult on account of the words made use of.

Q. Did Captain Spiller in any manner resent the language addressed by you to him?

A. Not in any way.

Q. Did you afterwards receive a message on the subject from Captain Spiller?

A. Captain Billamore called upon me, Captain Spiller's friend, on Sunday the 7th February, but no message was delivered.

Q. Did you, or a friend on your part, afterwards receive a message from Captain Spiller?

A. Yes, on Monday afternoon a friend on my part received one.

Q. By whom was this message delivered?

A. By Captain Brough.

Then follows this witness's account of the money transactions between him and the accused, and that officer's confederates at the Poonah and Bombay Races.—*From a Correspondent.—Bombay Courier.*

* Above twenty-five convened on the — February, at the house of one of the first gentlemen in the Civil Service. On the trial sat Colonel H. Sullivan, (President,) Thomas, Whip, and Goodfellow, Majors Green, J. W. Darnley, and Nixon; Captains Balton, Manson, Hicks, Stevenson, Schuler, Gilling, Sawsett, and Cooke, with Lieut. Col. Vans Kennedy, J. A. G.

LUCKNOW.

Lucknow is a large, irregular, dirty town, extending along the south side of a small stream called from its serpentine course, the Goomtie or Meander, and decorated with a number of beautiful gardens laid out on its banks. The Palace of the King, lies towards the eastward of the town, on the river side and fronting it. It consists of six principal Courts—the first is an area called Puteh Myhlah for his Majesty's equipage and attendants. The entrance to this place is through two lofty gateways, over the first is a room called the Nowbut Khāna or Orchestra for martial music, which plays morning and evening. The second is the gate apartments encompassing a square garden, together with an external enclosure for smaller rooms. This is called Bowlie, from a large well within it, which includes a stair case and smaller passages, with openings in the well from top to bottom. These rooms are calculated for cool retirement during the hot weather—the apertures through the wall of the well, and the dripping of water renders the air quite refreshing. At the corner opposite the Bowlie is an arcaded chamber with a piazza for sleeping in during the solstitial months, the dimension of it are about 18 feet square, with a boarded floor—purdas, (falling curtains) of khus khus and crimson velvet superbly embroidered fill up the arcades. All round the piazza are fountains falling into a carved marble basin from whence servants continually sprinkle the khus-khus purdahs.

Parallel to the second Court, and to the eastward of it, is a handsome edifice raised on an arched terrace, entirely of stone. This building called Sungea Dalaun (or Stone Court) comprises a grand hall, surrounded with a double arcade crowned with four cupolas at the Corners and one at the principal front, covered with silver doubly gilt, at the extremity of the terrace are two wings for morning and evening resort. From both fronts extends a long flower garden beautifully laid out, and divided into parterres by walks and fountains—along the side walls runs a corridor, forming one continued arbour of vines, which shades its whole roof. To this garden there are four entrances, one on the North side, through a covered passage for the access of the ladies, two others through spacious gateways on the east and west; and a fourth on the south. Within the precincts of this garden is a small mosque with gilt minarets, commodious offices, and swings for ladies exercise.

To the north of the Sungea Dalaun is another garden Court containing public offices erected by Shuj a Dowlah called Mutchee Bhowan, remarkable for nothing further than being the first structure of the Subahs of Lucknow. In a line with Mutchee Bhowan and to the west of it lies the Zunanah, three heavy piles of unshapely houses called Sheesh Muhul, Khoord Muhul, and Rung Muhul, the walls thereof being high, with few windows, and those small and latticed, nothing of course can be discerned within them.

Separated from the palace by a street only is a flower garden called Hoosin Baug bordering on the river, and enclosed with a brick wall covered with vines. In its front stands three stone bastions, the two corner ones supporting on arches, two oval fluted cupolas covered with silver, gilt.

On the centre bastion stands an octagon summer house with a flat roof, and within the Garden are parterres, fountains, baths and dressing rooms. Before all the gateways of the palace and Zunanahs, are sareens, or small walls, which conceal the entrances.

On the summit of almost all the roofs of the palace (particularly the Zunanahs) are bred flocks of pigeons, to the number of about an hundred in each flock. They are selected for the beauty of their plumage and those of similar colour (such as white with black heads, black with white tails, all brown, all mottled &c. &c.) are kept together. Boys are employed to feed and teach them variety of flights. When on the wing they keep in a cluster, and at a whistle fly either away, ascend, descend, or return home according to the signal.

During the whole day and night elephants, camels, and horses, all accoutred, with palkees, guards, and all sorts of attendants ready armed, remain in constant waiting before the gates of the palace. Boats are always in the same readiness too at the water side.

His Majesty seldom moves out of his Palace till after candle light, he is then dressed in the English fashion and attended by European Aids-de-Camp. During the greater part of the day he diverts himself in his Zunanah with the Ladies. His usual conveyance from one Zunanah to another, when cool, is a gold Tonjohn carried by women.

There are few Sovereigns whose retinue and equipages are more sumptuous. Besides a numerous train of elephants, camels, draught cattle of various species, the King of Oude possesses a stud of above two thousand horses, a thousand of which are, perhaps paragons of their kind. On processional festivals two or three hundred are frequently seen together, magnificently caparisoned, and his elephants, palankeens and carriages, resplendent with cloth of gold and embroidery. Contiguous to the palace there is a museum, a menagerie, and an armoury all worthy of observation.—*Bengal Hurk. and Chron. Nov. 1.*

Agha Meer was released from confinement on the 23d Rubi oos-sani and proceeded to join his family at Cawnpore. Out of the sums deposited by him at the Residency to meet claims, considerable sums had been disbursed by the Resident to those whose demands were proved to be just.

Chuprassees on the part of the English Government had been put in charge of the different houses and gardens of Agha Meer. On the occasion of the Resident's visiting one of the gardens, trays in the usual form had been offered on the part of Agha Meer and accepted.

Mohammud Mah, a rebellious chief who had gained some advantages over the King's Troops, had been subdued and slain. His head was exposed on the City Gate.—Shoodeen a noted outlaw Robber had been apprehended.

Begum Gardener had paid a complimentary visit to the King, at Shah Bagh, and was received with attention. The Colonel was also a visitor at Lucknow.

Ram Dyal, who is still under arrest, had had other interviews with the Resident, and is mentioned as having been examined amongst other matters regarding five hundred gold mohurs, which Thukoor Hurkara had taken from him in the King's name and the application of which was involved in some mystery. Thukoor Hurkaru was in confinement at the residency.

The King is represented as in great grief at the departure of Agha Meer. This, and some events preceding it, are surmised as the cause of diminished cordiality between the two states; indicated (among other signs) by the non-reception at the residency of the trays, which had been usually presented on the part of the King, in observance of an estimated complimentary custom.—*Bengal Hurk. and Chron. Nov. 2.*

PROTESTANT NUNNERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE.*

SIR,—From the observations which have appeared in the columns of your paper on the subject of my proposed plan of establishing an asylum for the assistance of females of the better classes of society in Bengal, I consider myself called upon to enter more fully on the subject. I am aware that monastic retirement, and hard labour, would not be considered as relief, to necessitous ladies, whether English, or British Indian, but an increase of evils. The management of a Silk Factory for feeding and rearing the Silk Worm, and winding off the Silk, would involve no such necessity, for when the superintendence is divided among a number of ladies, the confinement and attendance which fall lightly on each individual; all that would be required of them, would be to see that the lower classes performed their duty, and that the worms were fed, and cleansed at stated hours, and to superintend the children, who must be employed in winding off the Silk. Such a mode of supporting themselves, would be the least irksome, that could be offered to ladies desirous of earning a subsistence for themselves, and would give them four months in the year for visiting their friends and relatives. If the more opulent, and influential ladies of the Presidency could be induced to come forward, and give their assistance towards such an establishment, it would be the means of relieving much real misery, and rescuing many of their own sex from destruction. To enter into the details, necessary for the management and government of an in-

stitution of this kind, would be swelling the columns of a newspaper too much. In a committee of ladies, rules and regulations, might be drawn up, to which such ladies as wished to benefit by the institution should be bound to attend, under the forfeiture of their monthly payments, or expectations from the society. I flatter myself, from the experiment made in England, by Lady Isabella King, that the same plans might be carried into effect in this Country for the Protestant Ladies of the East as well disposed to regulate their conduct, by the rules of good manners, and live in the harmony with each other, as those in England. I propose, to assimilate the establishment, as near as possible to that of a Convent near Oporto, where three hundred ladies of the first families in Portugal, but of small fortunes, are received as boarders, but are at liberty, to remove at pleasure, and who are admitted into the first Society in Oporto. As the greatest proportion of the Widows, and Orphans, Civil and Military, have only small pensions to support them, a respectable residence, suited to the circumstances of all those admitted to the establishment, (every Lady being treated with the same respect, whether assisting in the factory, or received as boarders,) would be of the greatest benefit to all: the Widows of Subaltern Officers, and other Ladies in the Army, whose husbands being on service in the field, are left exposed and unprotected in forts, I propose to admit, as boarders, at the rate of their husbands' pay; and the widows according to the amount of their pensions. I apprehend the Hoogly district, in or near Bandel would be the most eligible place for an establishment of the kind, as being but a short distance from the Presidency, and in the neighbourhood of good Society.

There has been hitherto but little encouragement given to ladies, who have established Schools in India, as all who have the means, send their children to England for education, while those who place them in Seminaries here, pay so irregularly, and there are so many children left, in a state of destitution on the hands of the Ladies who have establishments of the kind, that it is not in their power, to pay assistants, properly qualified for the task of tuition. From the information I have received, for the last twenty years, there have been only two Ladies, who have engaged in the Scholastic line, that have realized a competency to retire on. From the retranchments, that have taken place, in every department, and the agents not being disposed to make advances, as heretofore, a new order of things, must take place, which will oblige parents to educate their female children at least, in the country. If the Officers of the Bengal Army, who constitute the greatest proportion of the Company's covenanted servants in this Presidency, would give their support to the annexing a school to the establishment, much good might arise from such an arrangement, as one of the heaviest burthens on a junior Officer, without Staff appointment, is the expence attending the education of his children. If regular payments were made, it would be in the power, of the Lady managers, of such an institution, as is now submitted to the public consideration, and more especially to the Officers of the Bengal Army, to educate children at a less expence, and at the same time, give them the advantage of every accomplishment they could acquire in England. I am of opinion, if the Government would give its support to the undertaking, that the public contributions should be paid into the hands of trustees, appointed by the Supreme Court. No doubt there are many gentlemen attached to it, who would receive the contribution, without charging commission, and appoint a committee to settle in what manner, it should be appropriated: the expence of furnishing a house, for such an establishment, would be much less in India, than in England, as every Lady here, is expected to furnish her own apartment.

Your's obediently,

Sudder Street, Chouringhee, }
Nov. 1, 1830. }

Z. DAVY.

In our Correspondence department will be found a letter from Miss Davy having reference to some remarks of ours on her plan of a proposed Asylum in this country for respectable females of straitened or distressed circumstances. We have already expressed our general approbation of her scheme, though we suggested the probability of any thing like monastic seclusion or severe manual exercise being considered an insuperable objection to females in this country, accustomed to an indolent and easy life, as far as corporeal exertions are concerned. This objectionable point

Miss Davy has satisfactorily explained. No employment of a trving nature would be required, and the retirement would by no means be rigid, as for four months the management of the Silk Factory attached to the establishment, and which would be the principal labour, would be almost suspended, and during this period the ladies might occupy their time as they pleased, in visits to their friends or home occupations and amusements. The proposal of attaching a school to the Asylum for the education of children is one that has our hearty approbation, for in no way could necessitous ladies more gracefully and usefully employ themselves than in teaching the "young idea how to shoot." The time is fast approaching, we fear when many of our countrymen, who in happier days would never have thought of educating their children any where but in England, will be compelled by the narrowness of their means to educate them in this country.

It is therefore highly desirable, that schools should be established on a footing at once reasonable and respectable, and if the proposed Asylum should be carried into effect, we have every reason to suppose that a scholastic institution connected with it, might be the means of increasing the fund of the general establishment, and adding to the comforts of the females, at the same time that many officers and others in limited circumstances might be enabled to rear their children in a decent and creditable manner at a small expense.

We recommend Miss Davy to make her plan somewhat more decisive and explicit, and distribute printed copies of it with applications for patronage and support.—*Bengal Hurk. and Chron.* Nov. 5.

1. ASIATIC SOCIETY—PHYSICAL COMMITTEE.

At the meeting of the Committee, held on Wednesday evening, the 27th October, 1830—the following communications were read :

A letter from the Resident at Nagpoor, requesting information on the subject of the experiment of boring for water.

A letter from the Russian Resident Minister at Hamburgh, Baron Struve, communicated through Mr. H. Valthousen, presenting to the Society a selection of rare Norwegian Minerals, and requesting in return a series of Oriental specimens from the Society's Cabinet.

A letter from the Secretary to the Royal Society, acknowledging the receipt of the First Part of the Asiatic Researches, Physical Class, for 1829.

A letter from Dr. Gerard, of Soanbathoo, transferred from the General Secretary, descriptive of some fossil remains of shells, discovered by him in the Himalayan range.

The lofty position in which the Doctor so unexpectedly encountered an extensive tract of shell formations, was ascertained by himself to have an elevation of 15,000 feet above the sea. One of the larger blocks, composed of a multitude of shells of different sizes, imbedded in a matrix of calcareous tufa, was broken off from a solid mass of 150 cubic feet, apparently all of the same structure.

Upon an examination of these fossils, four classes of shell formation were distinguished.

1st. A bivalve, varying in size from a quarter of an inch to two inches, very closely resembling the *Unio*, a fresh water shell which exists in great abundance in the plains, at the foot of the lower hills, and throughout the Doonab.

2nd. Varieties of the *Cardium*: the matrix in which these are imbedded differs from the former in being more calcareous. Many of the shells are lined with crystals of carbonate of lime.

3rd. Varieties of the *Ammonite*, *Nautilus*, and *Gryphite* genera. Most of them mineralized by iron, clay and pyrites; some enclosing calcareous crystals.

4th. *Belemnites* and *Orthoceratites*, mineralized by the same material as the *Ammonites*. Of the two latter classes of fossils, Dr. Gerard had, on a former occasion, presented a rich assortment to the Society. Their abundance in the beds of various mountainous torrents especially the Gunda, had been long known, as they form an indispensable article in the Sacra of the Hindu Thakoorwarees, under the name of the *Saligram*. The occurrence, however, of the fresh water

shell Unio, at the elevation of 15 000 feet, has been first brought to light by Dr. Gerard's enterprising visit to these lofty regions.

The following contributions to the Museum were laid on the table

1. Specimens of Anthracite Coal, from the Kurukpoor hills, near Baghulpoor, by the Secretary.

2. Bituminous Coal, from the banks of the Warda river, near Chanda, by the Secretary

3. Specimens of the coal from the coal-field at Palamoo, recently opened by Captain Sage Barrack master at Dinapoor, whose report on the subject, together with the previous official correspondence of Captain Franklin, during his visit thither in 1829, formed the subject of a Note drawn up by Captain Herbert, and read to the Society

4. Specimens of the Garnet Sand from Cape Comorin, and some Fossil Seeds of a stratum of brown coal at Warkelly, in Travancore—from Colonel W.

The stratum is stated to have a depth of fifty feet, and to be situated 120 feet below the surface of the ground. The over-living rock is laterite succeeded by strata of friable sand stone, aluminous clay, and bituminous shale. The strata are exposed to view by the encroachment of the sea. The seeds are supposed by Mr. Petter of the Botanical Garden to belong to the genus *Caurium* of the natural order Terebinthaceæ. Seeds are frequently received from Penang and Madras, exactly resembling the fossil specimen.

5. Specimens of the Turquois and of the Rocks whence it is derived,—collected at the mines near Nishapoor, in Persia, by E. Stirling, Esq.

The Turquois occurs in veins or small conchoidal clusters in a matrix of iron clay accompanied with pyrites, jasper, lithomarge, sulphate, and carbonate of lime, hornblende, quartz, and felspar. It varies in colour from white earthy, yellow to light blue, and green of different shades. The blue appears to be the most rare variety.

On an examination of these genuine specimens, it was ascertained that their colouring matter was oxide of copper, united with silice, alumine, iron, water, and sulphuric acid. They did not contain phosphoric acid nor any material percentage of lime. A more complete analysis was promised to the class hereafter.

6. Specimen of sandstone from Agri, exhibiting a striking picture of ferruginous arborescence, presented by Major Jos. Stewart.

7. The progress of the Experimental Boring in the Fort was explained to the meeting, and specimens were produced of the several strata of clay down to the depth of 109 feet. No accident has hitherto occurred to impede the works, owing to the effective apparatus fitted up by Mr. Kvd for lifting the rods.

8. An examination of several bottles of water from the Hot Springs on the Arabian Coast, was communicated by the Secretary. The specimens were as follows:

	Specific gravity.
1. Hot fountain at Fmbien in Tavoy, 1001.7
2. Hot well at Lankyen, ditto, 1002.4
3. Hot fountain at Sienlee, in Martaban, 1000.8
4. Petrifying rivulet at Mergui, 1000.7

Sulphate of Lime was the only salt present in an appreciable quantity in any of these specimens: in No. 2, it subsided in pearly spicular crystals, on boiling down the water to concentration.

Some discussion took place on the enlargement of the Mineralogical Department of the Society's Cabinet, and a resolution was passed, that steps should be taken to procure specimens of the crystalline gems of Ceylon, and the South of India.

MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 6th November, Mr. Allingham was elected a Member of the Society—and Mr. C. C. Egerton, Assistant Secretary. The following communications received since the last meeting, were laid before the Society. Notice of a case of Lithotomy with remarks, by Mr. Lindsay, Assistant Surgeon, Kanchi. Two cases of Abscess of the Liver, communicated by the Medical Board. A letter from the Members of the Medical Society, belonging to the Bombay Presidency, expressing their warm approbation of the proceedings of the Society on the occasion of the death of the late Dr. Adam.

Mr. Burnard's account of amputation of the hip joint and remarks on Lithotomy. Mr. Thomson's case of wounded abdomen; Mr. Hutchinson's communication of a laceration of the small intestine, from external violence. Rajah Kaleekissen's letter on the Medical purpose to which Docata is applied by the Natives of Bengal. Mr. Lindsay's notes on a case of Lithotomy, were then read and discussed at the meeting.

The subject of Mr. Burnard's operation on the hip joint, was a Native boy about twelve years of age, who, by a fall from a tree, had sustained a very severe compound fracture of the right thigh bone, some two inches below its neck. When called to the boy, Mr. Burnard found that the limb up to the fracture, was in a state of mortification. Above the fracture, there was a small extension of mortification—but there appeared no disposition of it to spread higher, and nearly the whole of the parts affected could be included in the incisions forming the flap. The hope of safety in this case was of course very faint, but even this Mr. B. considered it his duty not to abandon, and he performed the operation accordingly. The whole hæmorrhage did not exceed three or four ounces. The operation and dressing occupied but twenty minutes. The boy bore it well, and was returned to his bed very little exhausted. Symptoms of Tetanus, however, supervened—and his life was three days afterwards terminated by the disease.

Mr. Thomson's (of Malacca) case of wound of the abdomen was that of a young Malayan who was reported to have been stabbed through the body with a spear on the 2nd of April, 1840. Mr. Thomson was called to see the man next day. He found him lying on his right side with his legs drawn up, complaining of violent pain in his bowels, with urgent thirst and vomiting. Countenance anxious, skin clammy, respiration difficult, and pulse small and weak. It is unnecessary in this place to particularly describe the wound—suffice it, that it was apparently of a very serious nature, it was carefully and judiciously treated, and that the man was quite well again by the 14th June.

Mr. Hutchinson's case was one of post mortem examination, for judicial investigation. A Native had been beaten and kicked about the stomach, breast, &c. An irregular jagged rent or hole was found in one of the small intestines, which at once pointed out the cause of death.

Rajah Kaleekissen's letter stated that Docata, Ingly, or Tobacco, is used by the Natives as a Narcotic in Toothach. It is so used in Catarrh, and in both instances in the form of cigar. In cases of hoarseness, a little of the smoke is administered in a puff, or in combination with Betel. Accordingly, Natives use it on this account. It is also taken as a Sternutatory, in the form of powder—and in doses of three or four grains is given as a purgative.

Mr. Lindsay's operation of Lithotomy was performed on a Brahmin boy six years old. Mr. Lindsay proceeded upon the principle of what is called the English operation—and the boy did well.—*Government Gazette.*

